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A FIERY ORDEAL.

A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

(Written expressly for the ORIENT.)

It was a June morning in 1870, and such a June morning, one hotter, more sultry and oppressive, had seldom dawned on fair Paris. Not a breeze stirred the leaves of the dusty trees, and the mist that hung over the city did not even serve to intercept the sun's burning rays. But hot as was the morning far hotter grew the noonday, and many a *cocher* on the shadeless cabstand of the Rue Monthabor washed with a wet sponge the nostrils of his tired horses, took a colored handkerchief from the crown of his shining hat, and wiped his streaming forehead, and then, if his cab did not stand near the head of the row, retreated to the shelter of the roof of the *marchand de vin* at the corner, and strive by putting fire within to fight the fire from without, until his red face shone resplendent above his red waistcoat.

At the point where the Rue de Luxembourg intersects the Rue Monthabor several *concierges*, in shirt sleeves and blue cotton trousers, broom or ciring stick in hand, stood gazing on the green trees in the Tuileries garden, or exchanging a friendly "good morning" with about half of the passers-by, for of all the men and women in Paris the *portiers*—and *portières*—are the best known to their neighbours, and the best informed as to their neighbours' affairs, not a few of them indeed having gained an unenviable reputation as gossips and mischief-makers.

The '*fil's*' Martin, so called because his father was still alive, was the best-humored and most popular *conciierge* in the Rue de Luxembourg, and his rotund form was surmounted by a beaming face, on which his fifty winters had but lightly left their mark. That warm June morning he had swept the courtyard and staircases committed to his charge, as he had done every day for the last ten years, and when finished, he threw himself perspiring and puffing into his leather armchair in the lodge, an old man, a shade more jovial than himself, looked up from his task of setting a patch in the seat of some well-worn inexpressibles and inquired if Marie and the *déjeuner* were coming.

Sunshine seldom entered that clean and orderly but rather musty-smelling abode, which, opening under the archway of the *porte-cochère*, commanded the entrance to the courtyard and stairs leading therefrom. In the chimney glass (so rarely absent from any but the poorest dwellings in Paris) a showy clock flanked by many colored vases saw itself reflected, and on one side of the glass hung, in a tarnished gilt frame and under a shade, the bridal wreath of the late Mme. Martin, worn more than half a century before, and jealously guarded ever since. On the other side of the chimney was the cardboard almanack, which no well-bred postman ever forgets to present on or about New Year's day, skilfully graduating the size of his almanack according to the presumed depth of the purse of the receiver. The bed stood in the farthest and darkest corner of the room, and was surmounted by its crimson silk eiderdown and guipure lace cover; and on the window sill, wide for so small a window, stood a row of well-watered plants, while a tame chicken picked up the few crumbs spared by the broom after the last meal.

Mme. Martin, otherwise Marie, was not long in bringing the *déjeuner* from the little kitchen across the court, and Martin *petitfils* also joined the society. He was employed in the office of a neighbouring *avoué*, and his broad shoulders, thick neck, and jovial face proclaimed him a true descendant of his sire and grandsire. A contrast to "*ces messires*" was the pale and sickly-looking Marie, and a doleful habit of shaking her head without visible cause by no means added to the cheerfulness of her countenance; but though always ill, and always complaining, Marie had seen many a stronger one go out feet foremost and take the road to Père la Chaise. She was in reality what is called tough; and one of her greatest troubles was that though her husband waited on her and coaxed her, he, and the other members of her family, never appeared at all anxious about the state of her health.

"Well, *ma fille*, how goes the world with you?" asked her father-in-law as they sat down to a savory dish composed of veal, potatoes and onions all cooked together.

She shook her head and sighed as she answered, "A bad night, father, and such a dream!" for among her other qualities or defects the doleful Marie was a dreamer of dreams, which she could never keep to herself; so her companions told her to begin the recital of her nocturnal woes, in the hope that the beginning would lead in time to the end.

"I had been sleeping but poorly, as usual," she sighed, "and in my sleep I seemed to hear the voices of many cats—"

"Our Minet in conversation with her admirers," said her husband.

"Minet was safe on that chair and her kitten with her," answered the angry matron, outraged in the honor of her favorite. "Soon I saw a

cloud of winged black cats hovering over Paris, and uttering such awful sounds as no one ever heard before. Cats' voices when a little raised are not exactly musical, and no mortal cats ever squalled, hissed and mewed as these did. They hung long in the air, and then there was a pause, but soon the noise became worse than ever, much worse, and some of the dreadful beasts settled on the Column Vendôme, some on the Tuileries, some on the Hôtel de Ville, and one came tumbling and screaming right into our *marmite*. *Ah! mes amis!* misfortune for Paris! misfortune for us!"

"Ah! ah!" answered jovial Père Martin, "the misfortune for Paris is this burning hot day, and the storm which is coming to spoil a few toilettes. The misfortune for us may be—let me see—a rent in your Sunday gown? Never mind, I'll mend it for you. Or the chicken may be taken with convulsions and the kitten forget good manners; well, after all, I never heard of a chicken dying in convulsions, and for the little affair of the kitten, I will help you repair the mischief, and chastise the evil-doer."

Mme. Martin relapsed for a time into sullen silence, but a direction had been given to the conversation, and the three men began to speak of the beauty and prosperity of Paris.

"*Le petit Caporal*" was certainly a great warrior, and the glory of France," said the old man, "but give me this one, who knows how to keep things quiet and comfortable. Was the peasant ever as happy as he is now? Does not the government find work for all who need it? Is not Paris growing more beautiful day by day, and drawing strangers and foreign gold? Are not rents rising and *concierges* well paid, oh, *mes enfants?*"

"No doubt, no doubt, *grandpère*," said Tony Martin, "but there are two sides to the question. The work and the wages draw all the *vauriens* of the provinces to Paris, and the military glory of France gets rusted for want of use."

"*Ta-ta-ta, mon fils*," answered his father, "what is military glory but blood and suffering? The highest praise of His Majesty the Emperor is that he is a man of peace. The millions that now beautify Paris, find work for the idle and bread for the destitute, in a time of war would melt away like mist before the morning sun. Ah, youth! '*Si jeunesse savait et vieillesse pouvait*,' things would go better in this crooked world of ours. Pass the salad, *mon fils*, and, Marie, prepare the coffee if you wish your son to get back to his office before the storm begins."

CHAPTER II.

That same evening, when the predicted storm was long over, and its passage only marked by the well-washed streets and an agreeable freshness

in the air, a young girl descended the staircase leading from the apartment of Mme. Nadier, a fashionable dressmaker in the Rue Vivienne, and joined her sister, who was waiting for her under the *porte-cochère*. Assuredly neither of the sisters could be taken for rich customers of Mme. Nadier, and yet their plain dresses were elegant from their very simplicity, and they attracted more than one admiring glance as they followed the Rue Vivienne, chatting gaily and pausing occasionally at a shop window. Both possessed the grace and vivacity of the genuine Parisienne, in both certain irregularities of feature marred their claims to perfect beauty, and yet, though totally unlike in appearance, each suggested to an observant eye a mixture of foreign blood. The elder and taller one was slight and pale, with masses of dark curly hair, and grey eyes shaded by black lashes, while, in spite of her apparent fragility, her youth and health were sufficiently proclaimed by her red lips, white teeth, and clear complexion. As for Valentine, the younger sister, fairer and more rosy, shorter and stouter than her companion, her face reminded one of a ripe peach touched by a sunbeam, and her form was already of almost matronly amplitude. "*Dis donc, Aimée,*" she was saying, "Jeanne Morel was almost scandalized because I happened to say we intended dining at Trapp's to-night."

"Jeanne Morel can afford to be prudish," was the answer. "She has parents, brothers, and a devoted *prétendu* to follow her about, but we who are alone in the world must learn to take care of ourselves, to go our way as straight as we can, and look to nothing but our own honesty to protect us. So, as Trapp's is a respectable restaurant, and the cheapest and best on our road to-night, to Trapp's we are going. Jeanne was not always prudish," continued Valentine, "but she seems to have taken up new notions since her marriage was decided, and defers in all things to her intended, who it seems made careful inquiries as to her dower before asking for her hand. Ah! I have not the honor to have a *prétendu*, but if I had, the surest way to keep his eyes from wandering and his heart to its alliance would be to become his tyrant rather than his slave. The women who are the best and longest loved are those who love little, or at least know how to appear to love little."

"Your opinion will have more weight when you have had a little experience," laughed Aimée. "Experience!" she exclaimed, "why I have been in love ever since I was five years old; but perhaps after all it was not the real thing, and I may be like Mme. Muller's little Jean, who saw his brother's fingers burnt by touching the red-hot bar and yet could not resist the temptation to try how it felt; but at any rate my eyes are wide open now, and perhaps see all the better that my head is clear and my heart cold. Do you remember Mme. Dupret, who adored her husband and whose husband neglected her till she ceased to care about him, when

he became a model of conjugal devotion? Aimeé, surely that man is following us. Is it for the brunette or the blonde, think you? Let us make haste into Trapp's; I should not like the looks of him even if he had been duly introduced to me as the much to be desired rich suitor for my hand."

The girls threaded quickly the narrow passage leading from the Rue Vivienne into the Palais Royal, and then, instead of following the arcades, cut across the open corner, and up the steps into Trapp's, yet quick as they had been they had hardly taken their places at one of the little tables before the persevering stranger seated himself at another. He swallowed quickly a slight repast, paid for that and a *demi-tasse*, which he sipped as he read a newspaper and kept an eye on the sisters.

"Oh! if he would only go," whispered Valentine; "I know he would wait for us outside, but we might get the waiter to show us out the back way,—there must be an issue on the Rue Richelieu."

"If there is he is aware of it, and will not lose sight of us," said Aimée. "What a vulgar overdressed man he is! What ugly little eyes he has, and how mean he looks with his shaven face and short light hair! Impertinent animal!"

They lingered some time in the vain hope that he might leave first, and, their patience worn out, were no sooner in the street than their follower, having bolted the remainder of his coffee and crammed his newspaper into his pocket, was behind them. They walked fast, took the arcade leading into the Rue Richelieu, gained the Rue St. Honoré, and from thence slipped into a passage which led into the Rue de Rivoli, and was usually rather crowded in the evening. "We shall lose him here," they said, but he emerged from the passage almost as soon as they did, and they then agreed that as it seemed impossible to elude him they would ignore his presence, congratulating themselves at the same time that he would not discover their abode, they being on their way to pay a visit to Mme. Martin, who during several years had acted as foster-mother to them both. As usual, the welcome which awaited them in the concierge's *loge* was of the warmest. The old man turned from his evening game of cards to greet "*ces chères demoiselles*." The dismal Marie actually smiled, and Tony stole up to the room which he shared with his grandfather, somewhere in the upper regions, and put half a pot of pomatum on his hair, to the great detriment of the clean collar with which he at the same time adorned himself.

Before the girls had said a word of their little adventure the unwelcome face of the stranger appeared at the open door of the *loge*. Lifting his hat he inquired if there were any rooms to let. "Several, monsieur," said Marie in her most amiable tones, while the sisters exchanged a glance of dismay and indignation. Fortunately Martin himself came to the rescue, and told the intruder, rather shortly, that it was too late to show rooms,

and if he wanted one he could come again. "I never saw anything like you," whined his doleful half; "we have so much to let, and the proprietor was not pleased to find the house so empty the last time he came in from the country."

"It is not that *pierrrot* I should care to have for a lodger," answered the concierge. He is a cut between Charles Lemaire and the man who stabbed his brother in the Faubourg St. Antoine last year."

"Perhaps you are right," groaned Mme. Martin, "only I did not know all our lodgers must have fine eyes and be quite unlike every criminal who ever existed. But of course you know best, Martin."

Mme. Martin was still more inclined to admit that her husband knew best when her foster-daughters had related their evening's experience, but she did not join in his regret that he had not been acquainted with the facts of the case before the arrival, or at least the departure, of the stranger.

"I, on the contrary, am very glad we had not already spoken of him," said Aimée. "It was much better as it was. He probably supposed us to be lodgers in the house, and came in to find out what he could about us. He must have felt a little taken aback when he saw us here, and was perhaps glad to get away as fast as possible."

Here Tony, who ensconced in a dark corner had hitherto said little, remarked that he had either seen that man's face before or a face very like it. "I believe you remember every face you see in the street," said his father admiringly. "No, only those that strike me," he answered, "and this one is repulsive enough to be striking. Where can I have seen him? For seen him I certainly have." The question appeared to awaken no response either in his own mind or in those of his companions, and, relinquishing the vain effort to seize something which apparently floated only just beyond his reach, he gave himself up to the rare pleasure of an hour passed with Valentine, to watching her bright face as the color came and went, and finally, when all too soon they rose to go, to conveying the sisters to the omnibus, Place de la Madeleine.

"Titine," remarked Aimée that night as Valentine put out the bougie and got into bed, "you can have a real genuine suitor now if you want one, and one too with plenty of money, for père Martin and grandpère also have been saving all their lives."

"I know it," she answered frankly, "I have known it ever since last year when I was ill, and Tony came so often to inquire after me, and brought me, from his mother, more fruit and flowers and nice things than she ever sent. *Mais que veux-tu? il est fils de portier.* I would rather remain single for ever than marry a man I could not look up to," and Valentine sighed a little, as if the prospect of remaining single for ever were not quite agreeable to her.

"You are right," said her sister warmly, "but the fact of his being only a porter's son does not necessarily prevent you from being able to respect him. Ah! if only the one man I could love presented himself as a porter's son, or as something even lower, so he were willing and able to marry me, I can imagine no greater happiness, no more blessed lot, than mine would be. I could afford to laugh at social prejudices then."

"But I could not love Antoine Martin" was Valentine's reply.

"Then of course that settles the question, and there is no need to discuss the difference in position, which is really less than it seems to be at first sight. Tony is tolerably well educated and will be well off, while you have no *dot*, and no hope of ever being able to gain more than a living, or perhaps in time to lay by a small provision for your old age, and then you know —"

"Yes, I know, but your situation is preciously like mine," said the younger sister, "and yet you would consider marriage without love as almost worse than love without marriage. It is the fault of our English education that we cannot look on these things as those around us do. Then, too, that mystery in poor mamma's life (which if she had been conscious of her approaching death would, I am sure, have been cleared up) has made us more serious than most girls of our age. The life we lead is well enough as long as we are young and strong, but I suppose it would be better to be reasonable, and take some husband who does not suit us, rather than run the risk of living always as we do now."

"Be in no hurry," said Aimée sadly, "you have time enough before you yet, and as for me, I have no wish to marry."

"Not even if M. d'Allaire declared himself?" asked Valentine, impelled by the confidential nature of their conversation to touch on a subject which her sister had always avoided.

"There is nothing but friendship and sympathy between us," Aimée answered petulantly. "The question of love or marriage has never arisen. If he marries at all, he must marry a *dot*."

"You may call it friendship and sympathy," broke in Valentine, "but I, who am only a looker-on, say it is love, and that if marriage is really impossible between you, you are both drifting to danger and disaster. He is coming here on Sunday, why not write and say you are compelled to go out, or leave me to receive him alone? He would understand what that meant."

"I cannot, I cannot," sobbed Aimée. "I have not seen him for a month, and the danger you allude to does not exist. If you cannot trust me you might at least trust him, he is true and loyal, he would prefer my happiness to his own, and protect me against all and every one if it were necessary."

"But," said Valentine, "he might have at the same time to protect you against himself, and God only knows at what a fearful cost he might do it. He is not strong, and though Shakespeare says 'Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love,' I believe he was thinking of the cold-blooded men we read of in the English novels, and that it is not altogether impossible to die of love. M. d'Allaire looked very ill the last time we saw him, and I think, for his sake as much as your own, you should take some definite step."

"*Tais-toi, ma petite Titine,*" interrupted Aimée, "I cannot talk of these things, even to you."

And Valentine said no more, but she lay long awake, her eyes fixed on the bright patch of moonlight on the floor, and her mind filled with uneasy forebodings as to the future of the sister who was weeping silently by her side.

CHAPTER III.

During the winter of the year 1850 a sad and delicate-looking stranger, clothed in deep mourning, and calling herself Mme. Vve. Albert, arrived in Paris. The new comer placed her two little children, one of them being still an infant in arms, in care of Mme. Martin, who was then living at Choisy-le-roi, and had recently lost a child; and immediately opened a dress-making establishment, working almost day and night, and taking no recreation except the flying visits she paid to her little ones, who were well loved and cared for by the kind-hearted, but dismal Marie. As for Martin and his father, then following their trade as tailors, they thought almost as much of the little girls as they did of Tony, who was about the same age as the elder of his foster-sisters, and missed the children sorely when Mme. Albert judged it necessary to remove them and commence their education. She selected a small boarding-school at Folkestone; her reason perhaps for this choice being the fact that her children were English born, and their father an Englishman. What it cost the poor widow to toil on without the one joy of her life none but herself knew, but she was resolved that her dowerless girls should have a good education, and she dreaded seeing them take part in the unremitting toil which was slowly wearing her away. Her business was improving, and if a few years did not enable her to make some slight provision for her children, at least they should be perfectly qualified to earn their living as teachers. She kept the girls long at school, as pupils part of the time, and as pupil teachers afterwards, only fetching them home once a year for their summer holiday, and it was during the last of these holidays, two years before our story commences, and while Aimée and Valentine were importuning their mother to let them stay at home and share her work, that the

strained thread of life snapped, and poor Mme. Albert rested at last. Her daughters were of course unable to carry on the business, and they found themselves when that was disposed of, and all claims settled, in possession of only a very moderate sum. There is no doubt they could both have obtained situations in France or in England, but they had resolved not to part, and they saw their small resources diminish considerably before they could obtain employment. Valentine at last found a situation as accountant and English interpreter and correspondent in Mme. Nadier's house, and Aimée gave lessons in a school and several private families. This, then, was their present position; their earnings sufficed for their expenses, especially as they allowed themselves no luxuries, and were content to occupy a simply furnished room and anteroom at Montmartre, but they found it quite impossible to increase the little hoard of a few thousand francs still remaining from their mother's savings.

On the Sunday morning which followed the conversation already recorded, the sisters were dressing in their airy but elevated dwelling, "first floor from the sky." Their summer toilettes lay on the bed. The morning breeze stole through the open windows, and outside, in the wide dry gutter, burned under a coffee pot a handful of *braise* in a portable earthen stove. Sunday, that delicious haven for the weary and overworked, was fully appreciated by them both, and on this particular Sunday morning there was in Aimée's heart a trembling unrest, which, if it was not all joy, at least arose from an anticipation sufficiently agreeable to still for the moment all doubts and fears. The outward signs of this state of mind were a slight flush on her cheeks, and the unusual attention she gave to her coiffure and toilette accessories. Titine found time to set all in order and fetch the milk for their morning meal before Aimée had arranged her wavy locks to her satisfaction and was ready to take her place at the little table drawn near the open window. "*Mon Dieu*, who can that be?" she exclaimed, setting down her untasted coffee at the sound of a low rap on the door. "Titine, hand me my dressing gown and put those old shoes out of sight."

Valentine hastily obeyed, opened the door, and revealed to their dismay the smirking face of the man who had annoyed them a few days before. Hat in hand and bowing low, he had advanced to the middle of the room before Aimée recovered herself sufficiently to ask him what he wanted.

"*Faites excuse, mesdemoiselles*," he said, "for having disturbed you at the hour of your breakfast, but madame the concierge of the Rue de Luxembourg informs me you teach English, and I am willing to pay any price you choose to name for the great pleasure and privilege of taking lessons of you," and he fixed his eyes with an admiring leer on Aimée, sure that his unexceptionable offer could not be refused. "I have no vacancy for a fresh pupil," she answered hastily, while Valentine placed

herself near her, "and I should in any case refuse to hold the slightest communication with a person whose impertinence in forcing an *entrée* here is only equalled by his conduct last Thursday evening. Have the kindness to retire."

"You are cruel, mademoiselle, and as beautiful as you are cruel. Let me explain."

"We want no explanation," broke in Titine, "and if you do not go at once I will call the neighbours and send for the police."

Something in her speech grated most unpleasantly on the man's ear, his smirk changed to a scowl, a cold gleam flashed from his blue eyes, his lower features twitched convulsively, and he changed color.

"Your servant, my fine young ladies," he said, "I am not inclined to stay where I am not welcome, and I hope for your own sakes you may not find out how much better it would have been to have me for a friend than an enemy. Infinitely better and safer. I never forgive an insult."

"*C'est assez*," exclaimed Valentine, whose anger was getting the better of her fear, "go!" and she opened wide the door which he had closed behind him on entering, and indicated with her foot a highly scented handkerchief that he had dropped on the floor.

He picked it up, and pale with rage gained the landing, heard the door locked behind him, and began to descend the stairs. On the first floor he met Antoine Martin, who was coming up, and, as if to hide the paleness or twitching of his face, shaded his mouth and chin with the hat he still held in his hand, and without looking at Tony drew back to allow him to pass. Tony, however, was not one of those who, walking about with their eyes closed or wits asleep, fail to recognize their intimate acquaintances, and as they crossed each other he found time for a scrutinizing glance at the stranger, and immediately allowed a smothered exclamation to escape him. The man started as if struck by sudden terror, but seemed reassured when Tony, apostrophizing his "*diable de cor au pied*," stooped to rub his foot, and declared he had struck it against the edge of the step. The witness of the accident passed on without a word of sympathy, looked indeed too nervous to speak, and as he disappeared the pain in the apocryphal corn ended as suddenly as it had begun. Tony ceased his exclamations, turned round, descended the steps three at a time, and stealthily and rapidly took the same direction as the retreating form that was just disappearing round the next corner and about to follow the steep decline of the Rue Lepic. Here the pursuer was obliged to keep at a certain distance, lest his prey should observe him, and hastening his pace slip from his grasp. Fortunately, however, two *sergents de ville* stood talking together at one corner of the *carrefour* formed by the junction of the streets Blanche and Lepic and the Boulevard Extérieur. The stranger had crossed to the

other side of the way before he came up with them, but Tony rapidly approaching the nearest, touched him on the arm and said in a low eager voice, "I denounce that man as the murderer of Céleste Moreau, arrest him. There is no time to lose. I will come with you, and explain when you have taken him."

There was indeed no time for explanation, the officers recognized the fact, exchanged a look and started in pursuit ; but at this moment the pursued looked furtively back, saw the group and quickened his pace. This of course redoubled the ardour of his followers, and he would have had no chance of distancing them on the Boulevard, crowded as it was by Sunday *promeneurs* so he slipped into the first street on his right, which was a very narrow one, running between high brick walls, leading to a secluded court inhabited by a few washerwomen, and ending in a passage which opened on the Grande Rue des Batignolles. The direction was well chosen. He ran fast, and if he met with no interruption in these quiet back streets the officers were probably foiled. Half the distance to the Grande Rue was traversed. No one had troubled him, and, in spite of the heat, he was not greatly distressed, when coming towards him he saw a simple-looking countryman, who barred the narrow passage, and asked what was his hurry. "For God's sake, don't stop me!" he gasped, "my mother is dying," and the good-natured credulous peasant stood aside to let him pass. The peril was over this time, but another such encounter might be fatal to him, for one of the *sergents de ville*, the younger and lighter of the two, would have been able to keep the runaway in sight if he had not hesitated at a cross passage and so lost time. The flying wretch saw already the Grande Rue. There was comparative safety, for he hoped before the arrival of his pursuers to be able to mix with the crowd, resume a less remarkable gait, and gain certain streets in which it would be difficult to follow him. "Courage, courage, on then!" he said to himself as he emerged from the passage and darted into the very arms of a third police officer, dressed in plain clothes, and far too shrewd and wary a man not to suspect that there was a particular reason for this excessive haste. An instant he scrutinized the panting runaway, whom he held firmly by the arm, and then said in a tone of pleasant raillery, "Ah, my friend, how imprudent to run like that this hot morning! In the interest of your health I cannot allow it. You will be getting a stroke of hydro—what do they call it? and biting the passers-by."

"What right have you to stop me? I tell you my mother is dying," faltered the criminal, who had already realized that even if he could have succeeded in shaking off the strong gripe of his adversary a dozen other hands would be ready to detain him.

"*Bon Dieu*, it is no doubt one of those pickpockets the English are so fond of sending us," observed an old woman, whose brown face was

surmounted by a bright cotton handkerchief. "Eh ! eh ! *la voisine*," said another bystander, "I know something about them ; they stripped my little Toinette of ten francs last Mardi Gras."

Meanwhile Gilbert Dubroc, who for some reason did not choose to declare his official capacity, had enough to do to maintain his hold on his prisoner, and to prevent the rather demonstrative and jeering crowd from closing round them, and he was not sorry to catch the sound of running feet, which might mean aid, and certainly indicated that his interference had been judicious. The despairing wretch by his side heard the sound with very different feelings, and gave himself up for lost, as he reflected bitterly that if he had moderated his pace before leaving the passage he might possibly have mixed with the stream of people without exciting observation, and found time to make good his escape. The new comer, the first *sergent de ville*, exchanged a sign of satisfaction and intelligence with Gilbert Dubroc, and then, panting and perspiring, waited an instant to recover breath before speaking. "To the Poste?" inquired the policeman in plain clothes. "Yes, but wait," was the answer, "there are friends behind."

A few minutes longer and Tony and the other officer, with flaming red faces and very short breath, issued from the passage, followed by several volunteers ; and the party took the road to the nearest station house, where Tony was asked a few questions ; but few, however, for M. Dubroc recognised him as one of the witnesses at the inquest on the body of Céleste Moreau, and with a warning that he would soon be wanted allowed him to depart.

TWO EUROPEAN SCHOOLS OF DESIGN.

I.—SOUTH KENSINGTON.

IF the artistic genius of England were to be judged by its art institutions, its position, already not too high, would become ridiculous : for the occasional individual examples of genuine art-feeling which crop out of the mass of stolid indifference to art seem never by any chance to diffuse their influence into the educational system. In the artistic countries we see schools gathered together by the magnetism and genius of individual masters, and the best talent almost invariably more or less devoted to the perpetuation of its traditions ; but in England, almost without exception, the men who have real talent put it in the market for what it will bring, without a trace of the generous enthusiasm which one finds in the great continental *ateliers*. Artists thrive in England commercially, though art starves, and pictures are sold in quantities and at high prices, and now and then a genuine and remarkable artistic nature does appear ; but in general, art as

art does not enter into English education, or exercise any influence on it.

A popular superstition prevails in England that to have art you need only to have art-schools ; whence South Kensington, with numerous tributaries and yearly competition and prizes ; and as the popular mind is tolerably indifferent to the quality of the art, and the legislative mind utterly in the dark as to the measures to be taken to encourage it, the result has been that South Kensington is a huge receptacle into which everything notable in applied art drifts, and where it lies, the object of indiscriminate and undigesting admiration.

When I last looked through the exhibition of prize drawings for the national competition, I saw a hopeless mass of childish misdirected patience and microscopic enthusiasm. The system of study followed, if it deserved to be called system, seems to be analogous to what geography might be as studied by pismires—the attempt to crawl over and investigate at near sight every point and detail of the subject, without in the least comprehending the larger relations of it, much less the rhythmical tendencies ; in fact, such a mapping of nature as a somewhat intelligent photographic machine would do if left pretty much to itself. Sign of masters or proof of mastery there is none, and of the three general divisions into which the work may be divided—drawing from the cast, from the life, and from nature and decorative design—I was not able to discover a single example which showed the least promise of originality, or betrayed a comprehensive way of looking at things. The drawings from the cast were, in the specimens selected for the chief prizes, mainly distinguished by the carefulness and lithographic quality of the execution, all point-work and painful from the excessive attention to the most minute markings and little fractures in the plaster of the original, and the laborious way in which a flat background was laid in, stippled, and pointed up like common engravers' or lithographers' work. A plaster cast is a good sitter, and the worst lesson in the world ; but at least a draughtsman ought, with time and patience, to be able to rival the photograph in exactitude. Not one of these drawings of antique statues, however, showed more than a superficial apprehension of the original. The clear quality of the lines was gone, the muscle markings were all there, the pose and action no one could miss ; but the subordination of detail to the action and to the larger masses was lost entirely ; the outlines were hesitating and undulating, without expression and weak and flabby. Through all the spiritless manipulation one felt the object was seen by its details more than by its *ensemble* ; that the feeling which lay at the root of the work was, get the details right and the masses must be right—a superficial maxim, and one that is invariably falsified by practice ; for no one ever does get the detail absolutely right, and the sum of the errors is worse than any possible error in

the larger way of working. The French system, the only correct one in use now-a-days, is to get your *ensemble* at once and without reference to detail; your "motive" fixed, you may go on and add detail as long as you like, but the artist's work must be like the creation, first divided by the broadest demarcation. Any system of drawing not based on this principle will be wasteful certainty, weak probably and invariably inaccurate.

But if the system of building up by detail be unfortunate in statuary even, what will it be with the mobile and easily-tired living model? Here Rousseau's precept, "If your picture is not made in the first five strokes, it never will be," is absolutely true. If the motive of the drawing, the character of the figure, is not caught in the first few strokes and the first few minutes of the pose, it will never come right; and so all depends on the rough cast, the blocking out of it. And the South Kensington system betrays its votaries from the beginning, for it does not lead them to look mainly at this larger truth, without which all addition of facts is decoration without meaning, and finish without structure. The studies from nature similarly had the character of botanical studies. There was no limit except that of eyesight to their faithfulness, but there was no artistic relation in them.

There remains only the decorative design to be considered. There were conventional styles of decoration in which the daisies are a little more realistic and the climbers and creepers more botanical, but this is, except for a naturalist's eye, rather an objection than an excellence. The essence of all good ornament is that it should be felt as ornament merely, not as natural history. There must be a certain conventionalism of type in the forms if the forms are borrowed from nature; but the noblest schools of decoration have always based their work on abstract or geometrical forms, and only unartistic people, or those with whom art has gone to decay, adopt naturalistic types with realistic treatment. A strong realistic tendency is the worst possible symptom in a rising school, and in the whole history of the world there is no example of a noble school of art growing out of *imitation* of nature. A certain affectionate representation, far off and fantastic, with a strong subordination to the first motives of the work, have always attended the introduction of nature into the great schools. It is only in the English school that we have even the ornamental arts made intentionally realistic, and the *ensemble* sacrificed to the parts. Vulgar and uneducated tastes are caught by the recognition of the little facts of nature, and delight in being deceived by that artifice which they mistake for art. The study of nature is not necessarily art, but it is made artistic by a proper method, as we shall see in examination of the Belgian schools.

W. J. STILLMAN.

(To be continued.)

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

By R. BATES.

Chapter I.—THE DEATHBED.

It was the 9th of November 1878, and twilight had come, the transition hour between day and night. The bald green hills of Ireland, which had been visible during many hours from the deck of the steamer *Moravia*, were fading from view with the fading daylight. The *Moravia* had made a prosperous homeward passage from America, and, all going well, would reach Liverpool in the morning, but there were eyes on board that would never see England again, one heart that would have ceased to beat before another sun rose; and it was of the dying passenger that the Captain and Doctor spoke as they paced the quarter-deck together.

The passenger in question was a young man, the son of a good old English house, the last of his name, and attended by a devoted follower or humble friend, who, when the news of his illness in America had reached England, had crossed the Atlantic to accompany him home; but none of these circumstances could account for the mysterious interest with which Randolph Fairfax was regarded on board the *Moravia*. Was it the cavernous dark eyes, bright and keen still, or the impress of some weird and sombre power set on his wasted features, that rivetted attention on him? He could hardly be called a loveable man, he had never been unselfish, in the common acceptation of the term, never ready with the thousand little courtesies and kindnesses that draw one heart to another; yet few had won more love, few could rule men and women, few make their will law as he had been in the habit of doing. His mother, Lady Caroline, proud and stern to all others, had yielded continually to him; and his poor friend, George Dunn, who watched his last hours, had from boyhood given him the loving submission and admiration that a weak nature feels for a stronger one that attracts and protects it. They were not unlike in stature or complexion; Dunn, a little fairer and slightly heavier in build, with laughing jovial eyes and a mouth totally lacking in the firmness that characterized his friend's, might yet in his more serious moments have passed for his younger brother.

The two were alone together now in the cabin that the Captain had given up to the invalid, and Fairfax, just awake, was animated by the fitful strength that sometimes goes before dissolution, when the strong soul uses for the last time the crazy instrument it is about to throw away for ever.

"Curse that treacherous Italian's dagger!" he said, alluding to a brawl in which he had been engaged in America: "if it had not been for that, I might have shaken off this illness and been none the worse; and curse this weak body that my will cannot heal and strengthen! Give me some more of the mixture. Life never looked so bright to me as since I have known that I must die," he continued, as George laid him back on his pillow: "my mother will feel it badly, and so will little Mary. She would have made a wife after my own heart, beautiful, submissive, and loving. Mine would have been a life worth living; full of glorious possibilities, and after me, my son and my son's son, should have reigned at Stretton Hall; but death comes instead. Death! and a place in the family vault! Ah,

God! Is there no escape? No remedy, none." And the feeble head moved hopelessly on the great crimson pillow, the eyes closed, and a tear rolled down the sallow cheek.

Dunn was deeply moved. Never before, during all the years of their intercourse, had his friend drawn away the veil of reserve that marked them as superior and inferior—Randolph, the heir of Stretton Hall, and he the son of an obscure innkeeper, tolerated for a certain jovial humour, and also because the young master chose to prefer his company to that of better-bred lads. The presence of death alone had levelled all earth-born distinctions and brought them face to face and heart to heart, and as George thought of the return to Stretton with the senseless clay of his patron, of the autumn fields where they should shoot no more together, of the coppice and the stable where they should never talk again; as he remembered that for the dying man there could be no meet in the dewy morning by the cover side, neither pageantry nor pleasure, no joyful welcome of friends and tenants, nothing but a damp resting-place beneath Stretton Church, no tribute but a few tears, he buried his face in his hands and sobbed aloud.

"Poor George?" said the invalid softly, "I believe you would give your life to save mine."

"Indeed I would, Mr. Randolph. For many and many a kindness you have done me, and what is my life compared to yours! Bessie and the old folks would miss me at first, but how many more will miss you! Stretton will not be Stretton for me, and life not worth having without you." And as he spoke the chill breeze came through the open port. The waves washed the sides of the *Moravia*, the shadows increased, and the daylight waned.

"Your life for mine! Your life for mine!" murmured the dying man. "You leave life, light, love! You go, you know not whither, in my place! You die that I may live! Would you do this?"

"Ah! willingly, if it could be so!" answered George, sinking on his knees by the bed, and pressing his lips to the thin hand that lay on his master's breast. Fairfax drew the hand gently away, and laid it with its fellow on George's head, and there was silence in the cabin. No sound but the splash of the waves, no stir but that of the cool sea air coming through the open port, and still the shadows waxed and the daylight waned.

After a while a steward bearing a light knocked at the door, and receiving no answer entered, followed by the Captain and the Doctor. The light gleamed on the silver travelling flask, on the costly dressing case, and purple and fine linen of a rich man's toilet, and also on a dark head and dead face lying on the great crimson cushion, and on another head, almost as dark, pillowed on the dead man's breast with the two hands of the corpse resting upon it, as if in mingled command and blessing.

Chapter II.—LADY CAROLINE.

Had George Dunn fainted, or had sleep overtaken him after his long watch? If he slept, the sleep must have been of a peculiar character, for it took them

hours to arouse him, and when he was awake they considered his mind affected, for he firmly maintained that George Dunn was dead and he himself no other than the living Fairfax.

In view of this strange hallucination, as they were pleased to call it, the Captain and Doctor Hawkins decided that the latter should volunteer to accompany him on his mournful journey to Stretton Hall with the body of the heir. The offer was accepted, and a Liverpool undertaker soon made the necessary mortuary arrangements. It was but a railway ride of five or six hours into the midland counties, and during the journey only one incident excited the attention of Dr. Hawkins. Dunn slept almost continuously during their stay in the first-class carriage they occupied together, but his slumbers were often disturbed by tormenting dreams, and once a strange look of entreaty and distress spread itself over his face and he muttered—"George, George, forgive me! One of us had to go and you were willing." The rest was lost in inarticulate murmurs, and the Doctor as he bent over the sleeper felt a thrill of horror pass over his frame, for he fancied he could trace in the face, rendered haggard by watching and grief, the lineaments of the dead man. It was hard to say whether the features or only the expression had changed, but it is certain that Dunn now wore a look of haughty determination hardly to be accounted for by sorrow or fatigue.

As they passed at Stretton from the train to the mourning coach that was to convey them to the Hall, George's father and uncle accosted him, but he hurried by them with a few grave words and left them staring at each other in amazement.

"What did he say?" said old Dunn. "Poor George! I think it was poor young Fairfax rather, and that the body must be buried from the Hall. Where else should it be buried from, I wonder?"

He was not the only one who saw cause for wonder. When George entered the darkened room in which sat Lady Caroline Fairfax and her distant cousin, Miss Mary Hampton, he addressed the elder lady as mother and offered to embrace her. One instant she recoiled, and then, subdued, perhaps, by a will stronger than her own, by the thought of his devotion to Randolph, or by his likeness to her son, she advanced her haughty brow to meet the lips of the man to whom she had never before given the tips of her fingers.

Ill at ease, Miss Hampton escaped from the room and sent her maid to summon to the library the doctor who had arrived with the remains; from him, rather than from George Dunn, she would hear an account of the last hours of her destined husband.

Miss Hampton was a beauty, and a timid, gentle girl, with a pair of laughing blue eyes, dim with tears now: for, although her engagement had been arranged with a view to family interest, she had loved her cousin Randolph, perhaps on the principle that opposites attract each other, and she sincerely lamented his death.

The doctor dwelt long on the sad details, winding up by mentioning the strange hallucination that had overtaken Dunn; and Mary, remembering that she had left

her aunt alone with this monomaniac, dismissed Dr. Hawkins and hastened back to her. She found Lady Caroline alone and a prey to the wildest agitation, one moment lamenting the untimely death of her son, and the next declaring he still lived and that she had spoken with him.

In vain did Mary repeat to her the Doctor's words, and beg her to set her doubts at rest by coming to look on the corpse, by this time lying in state in the wide old ancestral hall. The man who had just left her had given such astounding proofs of his identity, had appealed so strongly to her mother's-heart, that she dreaded to be convinced anew of the reality of her bereavement. He had spoken to her, she said, of things known only to herself and Randolph, he had seemed hurt and surprised that any one could doubt him and call him by a name that was not his, he had given details of his early childhood, mentioned family secrets, and Randolph's soul had looked out from his eyes, Randolph's voice had spoken through his lips.

"I tell you," she repeated, "my son was there. A little changed perhaps, but still my son. The son I have brought up from his birth, my one joy upon earth."

"But how will you convince others?" asked Mary.

"Ah, I despair of that! we must wait, and meanwhile I have given orders that he shall be treated with the same respect that has been hitherto accorded to my son."

Lady Caroline's faith must have been rudely shaken when the two ladies went together to the great hall. Neither of them could doubt for a moment but that the remains reposing in marble majesty in the midst of black velvet and crape were really those of the dead heir. The corpse was unmistakeably that of Randolph Fairfax; and Lady Caroline, unable to resist the evidence of her eyes, found a rest from her doubts and perplexities in a long fainting fit.

For days after that she kept her room, and Miss Hampton remained in close attendance on her, except indeed when Dunn forced his way to the sick room and drove her from her post. "Mary," he said one day, overtaking her in the anteroom, "what has come between us?"

"Nothing has come between us; there is nothing between us. Please, Mr. Dunn, don't speak to me," exclaimed Mary, terrified and confused.

"Ah!" he answered sadly, "you, too, forsake me. Even my own mother almost denies me. What has come to you? are you all mad, or am I? You call me by the name of the poor fellow who is dead, and I acknowledge there is a look of him in my face; there was a look of me in his, but I am not George Dunn. All my memories, all my hopes, all my affections are those of Randolph Fairfax," and he moved nearer as if to take her hand. Mary was neither strong-minded nor courageous, and the events of the last few days had shaken her. She fled from him with a scream, and from that time he sought no more to plead his cause or vindicate his rights, but his eyes still followed her dumbly and despairingly. He ceased to protest when men called him Dunn, and people began generally to consider him a harmless lunatic, protected and beloved by Lady Caroline in memory of the dead.

Under the shadow of her favour, he had taken possession of Randolph's room and many of his privileges. The servants served him as they would have done the heir, and horses, arms, and money were at his command, but he no longer insisted on calling Lady Caroline mother, at least not in public, and she avoided giving him a name when she addressed him.

The funeral was over, and the last Fairfax borne with all customary honors to his grave, before Lady Caroline left her room, but the first day she did so, Dunn joined her in the drawing-room, gave her his arm when dinner was announced, and took his place opposite her at the table as naturally and easily as Randolph himself could have done. Mary dined with them, for she was still at Stretton, in spite of her burning desire to escape, and she intended availing herself of the present opportunity to narrowly watch Dunn—or Randolph, even to herself she hardly knew what to call him—and seek a solution of the mystery.

As the dinner progressed she was obliged to acknowledge that if the man near her did not show quite the polished ease of her cousin Randolph, his manners and conversation were immeasurably in advance of what might have been expected of George Dunn; he spoke too of a visit paid, years before, to her father's house, and mentioned persons and incidents of which Dunn could never have heard. Once he surprised her by a lengthy French quotation from a book she and her cousin had read together before his departure for America. The accent was not as perfect as Randolph's, and the tongue seemed to stumble a little over the phrase, but how in the world could the man present know and repeat not only the words, but the conversation that had accompanied them, when she and Randolph had read them together? How was it that he, an unlearned countryman, knew not only French, but appeared also well acquainted with French literature, and perfectly able to describe every place on the Continent that her cousin had visited? There were moments when even she felt herself once more under the charm of Randolph's voice and presence, and forgot the grief that weighed upon her; then she would look up, meet George Dunn's eyes, and shuddering remember that she had seen Randolph in his coffin, and that he had no longer any place on earth but the narrow niche in the family vault.

Music afforded the same test that French had done. Dunn—not a musical man—played all the pieces Fairfax had known, though not with the same degree of skill. Once he sang a plaintive German air with the peculiarities of expression and intonation that had been Randolph's, but the voice was harsher and less flexible, and he stopped at the end of the second verse with the remark that he was out of voice. In all he said or did, the skill and knowledge of Fairfax appeared to be manifesting themselves through an inferior instrument; it was as if both tongue and hands found a certain difficulty in obeying the impulse of the will.

Perplexed and distressed, Miss Hampton insisted on returning home the next day, and Lady Caroline was left alone with her strange guest. He troubled her but little. Unless she sent for him, she saw him only at table and an hour or two in the evening. He spoke to no one of his feelings and impressions,

growing day by day more sombre and taciturn, and at the same time more like the heir, so much so that the servants meeting him at dusk in the long corridors fled from him as if he had been a ghost, and spread the report that Mr. Randolph's spirit walked the earth. Gradually it began to be believed that the shadow of a great mystery hung over Stretton Hall, people avoided the place after dark, and it was openly stated that George Dunn was insane, and Lady Caroline, to say the least, exceedingly eccentric. Poor Lady Caroline! Sometimes she considered the fascination exercised over her by the new comer a treason to the dead. Sometimes so strong was the conviction that the man by her side was indeed Randolph that she felt her previous doubts treasonable. "If my child," she said to herself, "had come back to me maimed, disfigured, past all recognition, should I have cast him out of my heart and home as long as his soul and his affections were still the same? Should I have refused to recognize him because his exterior was changed?" Then suddenly there would rise before her the memory of the face she had seen in the coffin, and she would try to stifle thought, and plunge into any occupation to avoid reflection.

Some six weeks after the funeral, one day when the snow was thawing and the hall looked gloomier than usual, old Mr. and Mrs. Dunn arrived and urgently sought an interview with her ladyship. They were gratefully aware, they said, of the kindness that had been shown to George, but they thought that if he had really become insane from grief a change of scene, either to their house or his uncle's in Kent, would be the best means of restoring him to health.

"But," exclaimed Lady Caroline hastily, "I deny that my—your son is insane."

"I fear it must be so, your ladyship," answered the mother, a stout matronly personage. "No boy could be better to his parents than George once was, always a cheerful look and kind word. Now he passes us with a nod or good-morning such as one gives to an inferior, and he has never been to the house once since he came back from America." "And that's not all," said her husband. "He was courting Bessie Kirkham before he went away, a nice girl with a snug little fortune, and we all looked upon it as a settled thing. Now he acts as if he had never seen her before, and the poor thing's heart is well-nigh broke; why he passed her on the public road and took no more notice of her nor if she had been a milestone."

"Let alone," continued Mrs. Dunn, "that there are plenty more after her, and she cannot be expected to wait for ever for a man who despises her. And, then, George is a poor man's son, and must expect to earn his bread as his father did before him, and it will come all the harder to him if he learns the fine ways of the Hall, and gets used to having horses to ride, and servants to wait on him."

Lady Caroline had been toying listlessly with the book and paper knife on her knee, but she perhaps considered the last remark as a feeler, put forth to sound her intentions, and she answered with all her old haughtiness:—

"My good people, leave your son and his future in my hands, you shall have no cause to repent it," and then, the pride dying out of voice and gesture, she added—"Let him stay with me, a little while longer at any rate. You have other children; I, if you take him, have nothing—nothing."

The old people said no more, but as they left the house they agreed that Lady Caroline was much broken and aged by the blow that had fallen upon her—not at all what she had been a few months back.

“As we are here we may as well ask to see George,” said Mrs. Dunn, pausing with one foot on the step of the dogcart that had brought them to the Hall.

“What’s the good?” answered the innkeeper, but he did nevertheless request the footman, who still stood at the open door, to show them to their son’s room.

“If you will sit down a moment I will see if he is at home,” he said cautiously. He knew better than to usher them unannounced to the presence of the young man, who had become a power in the house hardly second to Lady Caroline herself, and who had shown himself particularly resentful of anything that savored of intrusion. The old lady, sinking heavily into a chair, sighed once or twice as she watched her husband warning himself at the blazing hearth, but neither spoke a word until the returning servant informed them that Mr. George Dunn was particularly engaged and begged them to excuse him. George’s words and actions had ceased to surprise his parents, but this new slight had still power to wound. Aware, however, that the footman’s eyes were on her, the mother suffered and made no sign, and the father’s irritation only revealed itself in the gruffness of the tone in which he said “Come get up, and let us be going,” as he extended a strong hand to help his wife to her perch.

Chapter III.—TRANSITION.

No further attempt was made on the lady of Stretton Hall, but Mrs. Dunn and Bessie Kirkham waylaid George, and the elder lady called on him to return to his family and his duty, very plainly intimating that he had wronged Bessie. With a few half-sad, half-angry words, he repudiated not only the girl’s claim, but the very name by which they had addressed him, and, touching his horse with the spur, galloped off. “My dear,” said Mrs. Dunn, “wiping the tears from her plump face, “I am heartily ashamed of my son. I did not think his fine associates could make him despise his old mother and the girl who loved him.” But Bessie’s instincts were truer, and she answered—“Be patient. He is not himself. He does not even look like George. I could almost have taken him for Mr. Fairfax.”

“Mother,” said George to Lady Caroline that evening when they were alone in the drawing-room after dinner,—“let me call you so, for you are my mother,—you at least will not give me a name that I hate.”

Lady Caroline made no direct answer to his appeal.

“You are worried and weary to-night,” she said.

“Ah, so weary! the whole world seems unhinged. Mother, if you would not have me go mad, call me by my name once more.” He had laid his hand on hers, and something in his haggard face went straight to her heart. “Randolph,” she said softly, “my poor Randolph,” and in an instant he was on his knees before her, kissing her hands and moistening them with his tears. “I had almost begun to doubt my own identity,” he continued after a while, “Mary has forsaken me,

and if it were not that you recognize me I should believe myself mad. That name of Dunn is hateful in my ears, and only to-day George's mother and a girl stopped me and the old woman told me I had wronged the girl. On my word of honor I had hardly ever seen her before."

"Unfortunately," began Lady Caroline.

"Oh, I know what you would say. I do look like George, but for all that I am not George. I can remember nothing of his childhood, nothing of his past, but there is not a detail of my early life, hardly a word that you and I have spoken together, that is not clearly before me. Ask me what you will and I will answer you." •

"No, no, no need of new proofs, in all our talks you have given me enough. Besides, an instinct surer than proofs tells me that you are indeed my son—the son I have loved all these years and shall love till I die. I accept the blessing that God has given back to me. Stretton Hall must go to the heir, I suppose, your father's—my late husband's—nephew, but I have enough for us both, and if I cannot prove you to be my son I can at least adopt you and we can go abroad and live in peace," and as she spoke she passed her hand over the dark hair and started as she felt that it was more curly than Randolph's had been.

"No," he said, "how can I drive you from home and country at your age? and you have grown so much thinner and older than you were. No use to go away. Believe me, mother, there is but one way out of our perplexities."

"What is that?" she asked, still mentally comparing his features with those others she had known.

"I will tell you, mother," and he dwelt upon the word "mother" as if there were comfort even in its sound. "I had a dream last night, and it showed me how this tangle can be unravelled and we can be at peace again. It seemed to me in my sleep that I was harassed and tormented, longing for Mary and longing for rest, when suddenly there appeared before me a bed draped with white, but having the form of a bier, and on it there lay a great black velvet cushion with the word 'Transition' traced in burning letters on the velvet; and as I looked, a voice said *"They who evade natural laws must pay the penalty; until you lay your head on this pillow there can be no peace for you."*

Then as I drew near, a strange repulsion, a dread of the unknown, drove me back, but I conquered it at last, and laying my head upon the pillow, found rest. Such rest! A child could find no better on its mother's breast, and music far away and sweet as an angel's song soothed all my cares and sorrows. Mother, transition meant death, and death when it comes will be welcome."

He did not know how soon a change would come, how near the end was. It almost seemed as if the transition he spoke of awaited the consent of his will before it became possible. So far, either from respect to the dead, or dislike to hear himself called Dunn, he had not appeared in the hunting field, but now he showed himself once more at the cover side and rode more recklessly than he had done before. It was a misty morning, still and damp, every twig bore its dew-drop, and the fox and hounds were well away, heading for Briarly Copse, a good

five miles off. He and a few more of the better-mounted rode in advance of the rest of the field, and there was a rail fence before them, high certainly, but not a leap from which a bold and well-mounted horseman need turn aside, and the foremost rider was both bold and well-mounted, yet somehow his horse's hoofs struck the topmost rail and the horse and the rider came to grief. There was a hasty gathering of red coats and a cry for the surgeon, who happened to be in the field. Then the majority of the hunters swept on, leaving a detachment to construct a rude litter and carry an inert and mud-stained man across a gap and along the highway.

"That was a stiffish tumble," said one of the bearers.

"Rather; do you know him?"

"Why, yes, it's that crazy young Dunn as Lady Caroline has taken up with, and here, as I live, in yonder dogcart comes his father."

It was true. Old Mr. Dunn, who, it so chanced, had started to drive to a neighbouring town, at once recognized the insensible figure.

"Where are you taking him?" he asked.

"To the Hall, that's where he came from this morning," said one of the Stretton grooms, "he won't want to go nowhere else."

"And I say," exclaimed the father, "that my house is nearer, and if he must die he shall die under his father's roof, with me and his mother near him. Carry him to the Red Lion, my men."

George lay long insensible, in a stupor that resembled death. The chill breeze from the window the doctor had opened stirred his hair, and again the early twilight had come and the daylight was waning, when those about him saw that consciousness was returning. There was a convulsive shiver, then his eyes opened on familiar surroundings and settled with a look of friendly recognition on his father's face, but the placid expression faded out immediately, and one of puzzled astonishment succeeded it. "Mr. Randolph," he said, "he will want me."

"Lord bless you! Mr. Randolph has been dead these three months," exclaimed the father.

"Dead! Mr. Randolph dead! Why it seems hardly five minutes since he put his hands on my head, and I must have gone to sleep and left him dying."

"And you don't remember coming home with the body, and the funeral, and Lady Caroline," asked his mother.

"I remember nothing," said George, puzzled and distressed. "A minute ago I was on board the *Moravia*, and now I am here, and you all round me, I can't understand it, I can't."

"Don't try" exclaimed the old lady. "Lor, my dear! There are some things wise folks who want to keep their senses don't try to understand."

"You have been ill, and it has affected your memory. That's all; things will all come right soon. I for one feel that our son has come back to us, and I am very glad of it, and here is another who is glad too," and as the old gentleman spoke, he drew the shrinking Bessie from behind the window curtain, where she had been standing since George's return to consciousness. George showed no coldness

now, and the outstretched hands and lover-like welcome she received amply satisfied the ill-used young lady.

No one had been in any hurry to carry the evil tidings to Lady Caroline, but they had reached her at last, and ordering her carriage she drove to the Red Lion. The invalid lay still on his couch, conscious of no injury, but unwilling, perhaps, to disturb by movement the feeling of rest and happiness that had come over him, when a slight bustle announced a new arrival, and Lady Caroline, entering hastily, took his hand in hers and made anxious inquiries as to the nature of the accident.

"Your ladyship is very good. It is trifling," answered George, amazed by so much condescension.

Noticing how many persons were in the room, she interrupted him by expressing in French her annoyance that he should have been taken to the Red Lion instead of the Hall, and advising him to be careful what he said before all these people.

George looked at her in astonishment, for the remark was evidently addressed to him.

"It's French," whispered Bessie.

"French!" said George, "Ah, then, your ladyship must excuse me! I never knew any French except one phrase poor Mr. Randolph taught me, and I have forgotten that."

The words were a revelation to Lady Caroline.

She stood an instant as if turned to stone, overwhelmed by a new sense of desolation, then, murmuring a few incoherent sentences, she drew down her veil to hide her tears, and turned to go.

Old Dunn opened her carriage door, and as he did so thanked her for all her kindness to George, but did not attempt to conceal his joy that their son had come back to them.

"Yes," she said sadly, "your son has come back to you, but mine has left me for ever."

No inscription had marked the resting-place of the last Fairfax, but now Lady Caroline lost no time in ordering the erection of a fitting monument to the memory of her son, and it was remarked that when the inscription commemorating the birth, death, virtues and ancestry of Randolph Sumner Fairfax was submitted to her, she took a pen and crossed out

"Died November 9th, 1878, on board the S. S. Moravia,"

and substituted in its place

"Died in the 27th year of his age."

Was it then her belief that he did not die on board the *S.S. Moravia* on the 9th of November 1878? Who shall say? The monumental stone tells no tales, George Dunn can remember none of the events of the three months that followed his patron's death, and if, during the short remainder of her life, Lady Caroline ever talked with Miss Hampton of what she called the "*mystery*," they spoke in lowered tones and far from listening ears.

THE DEACON WOULD A-WOING GO.

The sun had disappeared behind the hills of New Bethany, and the lingering light on the mountain tops was changing from rose to purple, when Deacon Pinch stopped his melancholy old mare in front of the village post office. It was Saturday night, the only time when New Bethany roused itself from its lethargy and showed any signs of life and energy. The rest of the week it drowssed and languished, after the fashion of small country towns remote from railway and manufacturing centers.

"Whoa, Mary Jane!" said the deacon with unnecessary emphasis, throwing the reins on the mare's broad back and springing to the ground.

But the despondent Mary Jane had already ceased her shambling gait from sheer force of habit. A ten years' service with the deacon had made her perfectly familiar with the accustomed round of stopping-places. Wednesday night it was the prayer meeting; Sunday the church service; and Saturday night invariably the post office, and, as a late variation, an after-pause at the house of Mrs. Betsy Hill, the town milliner, who for a quarter of a century had supplied the women of New Bethany with head gear fearfully and wonderfully made.

The moment the deacon stepped inside the office he knew, from the unusual buzz of conversation, that something extraordinary had happened.

"Heard the news—eh, deacon?" asked one of the village loungers.

The deacon looked up inquiringly.

"Miss Kezia's had an amazin' streak of luck."

"It's been nothin' but an amazin' streak of luck ever since she was born," returned the deacon. "If ownin' the best farm in town and hevin' money at interest isn't luck, I'd like to know what *is*."

"Yes, but this is something out of common. You used to know her brother," who died years ago and left his only child for Miss Kezia to bring up? Wa'al, when the old man Mead died Miss Kezia took the farm as her share of the property, and her brother, bein' of a roving turn of mind, took the few thousands of personal property as his'n and invested 'em in western lands, which turned out wuthless, and he lost every cent he put in. Folks always blamed him for being so foolish and hasty, and they say grief and mortification like hastened his death. Wa'al, it turns out that they have put a railroad square thro' the lands, and it's sent real estate 'way up, nobody knows where. Miss Kezia's bin offered nigh on to eight thousand dollars for the lands, and they say she'll get ever so much more if she only holds out."

"You don't mean it?"

"I dew; it is as true as Scriptur."

"She'll hold out, never fear," said the deacon; "and I hold it to be our bounden duty as neighbors to advise her to that end."

Instead of lingering as usual for the village gossip—for the New Bethany post office on Saturday night answered the purpose of a weekly paper—the deacon seemed in a great hurry to get home.

It was the night of the choir rehearsal, and in driving by the church he saw Mary Mead, Miss Kezia's niece, going up the steps. He suddenly whipped up his sleepy old mare and drove home at a breakneck rate of speed.

"Now's yer time, Solomon Pinch," he muttered to himself; "it mebbe a long time afore ye'll hev such a good chance again. She'll be sure to be alone for a couple o' hours or so—Hi, old lady! no stoppin' here to-night," he added, giving the lines a sudden twist as Mary Jane showed an inclination to stop before Mrs. Betsy Hill's house, "we've other fish to fry *now*, old girl."

When he reached home he drove the mare under the horse shed and tied her there, instead of unharnessing her as usual. Then he entered the house, hastily swallowed the scanty supper which the hired woman placed before him, donned his best clothes and drove off at a rapid pace.

"Law, sakes alive!" exclaimed the woman, amazed. "The deacon's got suthin' on his mind, sure! It's the first time I ever knew him to disremember to ask a blessin'."

Ever since the death of his wife Deacon Pinch had looked on Miss Kezia as her probable successor. For years he had gazed with covetous eyes upon the fine Mead farm with its substantial buildings, but he never could screw his courage up to the point of facing the snapping black eyes of its owner. Of late he had been several times knocking at the door of Mrs. Betsy Hill's little brown house, and the worthy milliner was overjoyed at the brilliant prospect before her. But the news of the sudden rise in western lands caused Mrs. Hill with her small possessions to sink into insignificance by the side of this rich woman with her well-tilled acres, her overflowing barns and her prospective thousands of dollars.

The idea of failure in his matrimonial venture never for an instant entered the deacon's head. "The way afore ye is as plain and straight as a pipe-stem, Solomon Pinch," he murmured, rubbing the palms of his hands together, as he walked toward Miss Kezia's side door. "Women is mostly alike—cager an' willin' to embrace matrimonial opportunities. They'll snap at an offer like a hungry trout at a worm. She has got the money and I hev got the prominence and the influence; that's a p'int not to be overlooked; and deacons isn't to be had every day. Put her money and my influence together, and I rayther guess we'll stand about top o' the heap in New Bethany."

Miss Kezia was sitting by the table knitting as usual. She had just begun to narrow for the toe of the stocking, when a step sounded on the walk. She threw down the stocking and opened the door, and, holding the lamp high above her head, her eyes rested on the deacon in all the Sunday magnificence of white shirt and shiny black broadcloth. "Well, I never!" she ejaculated, and then, feeling that her reception had been hardly hospitable, she lowered the lamp and said kindly, "Come in, deacon—come in."

"Thank ye, thank ye; I don't mind if I dew."

"Take a seat, deacon."

"Thank ye, I don't mind if I dew."

The deacon surveyed the attractive room, which, with its cheery fire and comfortable cushioned chairs, seemed a veritable paradise in comparison with his untidy, ill-kept home. He placed his hat on the floor beside his chair, displaying his scant gray locks ingeniously plastered over the top of his head so as to cover as much of the bald surface as possible. Then there was a long pause.

"Anything going on, deacon?" asked Miss Kezia, resuming her knitting. She was greatly puzzled to account for those Sunday clothes.

"Nothin' within the range of *my* observation. There won't be much agoin' on now till 'lection time; things will be pretty lively then."

"Want to buy any hay this year?" chirped Miss Kezia. "Mine is extra good this season: my hired man says it's the heaviest yield in town."

"I rayther guess I'll hev enough to carry me through the winter. If I don't I shall know where to come for hay as is hay. I declare your farm does beat all! I feel kind o' rigged like when I think the best farm in town is managed by a woman."

Miss Kezia smiled graciously, and the deacon drew his chair a little nearer his hostess: "It must be a great load for ye to carry alone. Such a large farm is a tremenjous responsibility for a lone woman."

"Oh, I don't mind it; it keeps me proper busy."

The deacon hitched his chair along a few feet farther: "Ye'd oughter hev a brother, cousin, or some relative like, to share the burden with ye."

"My shoulders are plenty strong," returned Miss Kezia, good-naturedly. "I am glad to show folks that there are women who are good for something besides giddy-gadding and tattling."

"Yis, yis," answered the deacon, "we can all testify to your vally and worth. You're a real honor to your sex. You're—you're a bright and shinin' beacon light to the triffin' and vain-minded women of the world;" and the speaker waved his hand at the conclusion of his little oratorical flourish.

Then hitch, hitch, hitch went the chair Miss-Kezia-ward. "Don't ye feel sort o' lonely at spells?" he asked insinuatingly.

Miss Kezia glanced suspiciously at the rapidly advancing chair. She dropped her knitting and went to the fire and piled up the blazing sticks of wood. Then she came back to the table and set her chair on the farther side of it, thus putting a barrier between her and her visitor. "I'm never lonely, deacon; plenty to do is the best medicine for loneliness."

"But woman's a tender, dependent creatur'; woman's a vine" (here the deacon assumed his weekly prayer-meeting drawl) "and needs suthin' to cling to when the troublous, desolatin' waves and winds of affliction and sorer roll over her."

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Miss Kezia with a contemptuous sniff. "I shouldn't have expected that a man of your sense, deacon, would repeat such silly trash. I have no patience with the people who are always talking as if a woman couldn't stand alone, and needs propping up, like a rag doll that hadn't any backbone. I'm no vine—no such creeping, helpless thing, I can tell you. I can stand alone as well as anybody, if the Lord so wills it, altho' I admit, deacon, that it's pleasanter to have some one to keep you company."

"That's jest it; ye have hit the nail squar' on the head! It is pleasanter to hev company in our sojourn on this mortal earth."

The deacon seized his chair with both hands and by a circuitous line of hitching placed it within three feet of Miss Kezia's table: "You're a forehanded woman, Miss Kezia; I'm a man of prominence and influence in the community; it seems to me that it would be a good thing if we could walk hand in hand thro' this vale of tears. Providence seems to p'int its finger that way." The deacon was thinking at that very moment of the money he would save by putting a thrifty manager like Miss Kezia in the place of his inefficient, wasteful hired woman.

Miss Kezia was dumbfounded. She dropped her knitting, and the ball of yarn rolled across the floor. "Mercy!" she finally gasped.

"I'll make ye a first-rate husband, and ye'll make me a good wife. We've been members of the same church for thirty year or more, and we've been members of the spiritooal family, we'll now be members of the same human family."

Miss Kezia straightened herself up in her high-backed chair and drew in her chin, while her voice rang out shrill and clear: "I rather guess it will take two to make that bargain."

A second look at her aged admirer, who was edging up to her with a sheepish simper, exasperated the good woman beyond control.

"The old fool!" she said wrathfully.

The color came into the deacon's thin cheeks, and he started to his feet, looking anxiously towards the door, as if meditating a hasty retreat. But the yarn was wound around his boots and he was forced to remain.

Miss Kezia likewise rose, and, folding her hands primly in front of her remarked grimly, "When you first begun your talking, I hadn't the least idea what you were driving at. I thought you were hinting about Betsy Hill, and wanted to take me into your confidence. I never dreamed that you meant me. Why, I supposed every one in the town knew that I wouldn't give up my freedom for the best man living. Betsy Hill is a pious, likely woman; she'll make a good home for you, and she needs a home herself."

The deacon looked completely withered, and Miss Kezia continued: "If you'll step around a little livelier, deacon, and pick up the stones on your lot and put them into good fences, and mow down some of those pesky weeds, there's no earthly reason why your farm shouldn't look as well as mine. If I've said anything to hurt your feelings, deacon, I hope you'll overlook it. Why, you're all twisted up in that yarn; I'll untangle it."

The delay in unwinding the yarn from the deacon's feet gave Miss Kezia a chance for further remark: "One word more, deacon; have you heard about those western lands?"

The deacon wished he was anywhere out of the range of those merciless black eyes. "I—think I've heern tell suthin' about 'em," he replied meekly.

"I thought so! I thought so!" exclaimed Miss Kezia savagely. "Well, deacon, those lands rightfully belong to my niece Mary; I only hold them as her guardian."

The deacon began to look upon his rejection as a blessing in disguise, for without the western lands Miss Kezia's attractions seemed tame compared with those of mild, blue-eyed, buxom Widow Hill. "I can trust to ye never to mention this?" he asked timidly.

"I shall never speak of it. Now, follow my advice, deacon; make sure of Betsy Hill before another week goes by. You have my good wishes. See to this at once."

"Thank ye, thank ye, I don't mind if I dew."

The good woman followed her crestfallen visitor to the door. As a sudden gust of cold night air put out the light she said: "The air is snapping to-night; have a frost, eh, deacon?"

And the discomfited deacon felt that he had been nipped by something sharper than a frost.

JOE BERNERS.

A NEW YEAR'S TALE.
By R. BATES.

It was a little cottage, a very little one, and its small garden sloped to the edge of a disused gravel pit, covered now, as was all the country round, by the crisp white snow, whose purity only helped to make the stained and time-tarnished whitewash on the cottage look meaner and more shabby. The place was pleasant enough in the summer time, and not devoid of a certain poverty-stricken picturesqueness. A few tall trees grew near it, the breezy common lay behind, and the little hedge round the garden was rich with sweet-briar. The common could boast of thymy dells rarely visited except by shepherds and their nibbling flocks, and the tinkle of the bell-wether's necklace, as he fed among the gorse and wild-rose briar bushes, made a not unpleasant accompaniment to the song of the soaring lark. But all this was changed now: every briar and gorse bush was sheathed in ice, and the ground beneath the sheltering snow was frozen hard as iron. The breeze wandered sharp and pitiless over the common, and the little house, undisguised by clinging vine or waving green branch, stood revealed in the light of dawn a very poor hovel indeed. One end had sunk considerably below the level of the other, and the thatch, whose uneven raggedness was a matter of small moment in fair weather, promised badly for the time when its load of snow should melt, and probably penetrate the chill little rooms below. There were but three rooms: the little washhouse with its dilapidated copper, few household utensils ranged on a wooden shelf, and its poor little provision of apples, potatoes, and onions covered by sheltering straw in one corner; the living room, divided from the garden only by one crazy door, and at the present moment occupied by a sturdy boy of ten or eleven sleeping on a sofa bedstead; and the inner room, where the dim light revealed two beds whose scanty coverings were supplemented by shabby articles of feminine attire. "Mother dear, I wish you a happy new year," said a fresh young voice from the larger bed, and a pair of slender hands stole from beneath the

bedclothes and drew her companion's face near enough for a hearty kiss. "A happy new year!" a tremulous and most peculiar voice chimed in from the other bed, a voice whining and exceedingly nasal, only to be understood with difficulty by those not accustomed to it, and owing its chief peculiarity to the fact that a plate of silver replaced the absent palate in the woman's mouth.

"If the new is no happier than the old, the sooner we all die and are put under the snow in the churchyard the better for us; perhaps we shan't feel the cold there, nor the hunger neither."

"Oh, Aunt Maria, Aunt Maria, we have not felt hunger yet, at least not real hunger."

"I don't know what you call it, not a scrap of meat these three days, and I feel that weak and shaky—"

"You are always weak and shaky, and haven't we had plenty of tea and bread, and didn't mother make us Norfolk dumplings yesterday?"

"Norfolk dumplings without some sort o' seasoning are pretty poor food to my thinking, good to stay a famishing stomach and that is all. When I think of the good roast turkey as I and your mother have eaten many and many a New Year's day in our father's house, it makes me feel that bad that I could lay down and die, I could indeed, Lottie."

"Lie down and sleep rather, Auntie, and I'll get up and make the fire and boil the kettle for breakfast."

"Sleep! when I'm a'most froze to death and have been all night. If my feet was covered the rest of me was cold. The wind went clean through the bedding an' I haven't slept a wink." Now as Aunt Maria had a fine natural tendency to snore, and this tendency was aggravated to an enormous extent by her infirmity, both of her companions could have contradicted her last statement, but the poor creature's health was really so miserable, her nerves and intellect so weak, that her sister and her niece were in the habit of studying her comfort before their own, and rarely noticed her fits of selfish petulance.

"Lie still, Lottie, awhile yet," said Mrs. Welch. "You will be warmer in bed than up, and I am going to Sloman's End and will light the fire when I come back. We shall not have any too much wood to last the day as it is."

"Mother, can't I go instead? the snow is so deep you will be so cold, and your shoes have holes in them."

"No, no, child," answered her mother, who had already left the bed and was inspecting dubiously a pair of much-worn boots. She was a handsome woman with thick soft hair, brown eyes, and well-cut features, but poverty and privation had begun to tell on her, they had pinched her face and dulled her eyes; a little more of them would fix and deepen the change, and her good looks would be among the things of the past. But she hardly glanced at the heavy eyes and blue lips that met her gaze as she twisted up her hair before the little looking-glass, —she had other and deeper cause for anxiety. She was thinking, as she tried to extract the frozen contents of the water jug, or arrayed herself in rusty black skirt and flimsy outer garment of summer cloth, how she should find

bread for the three beings dependent on her, for her darling children and her helpless sister.

"What are you going to Sloman's End for, Marthar?" said Aunt Maria from under the bedclothes.

"To buy meat for dinner, think of that, Miss Green."

"Meat! mutton scraps you mean perhaps."

"Mutton certainly, and it will make a nice stew to-day and soup to-morrow."

"And how many pence will you have left in your purse when you have bought it?" persisted Maria, but her sister had already passed into the next room, and with a glance at her sleeping boy closed the outer door after her, and was walking fast over the crisp snow, with the wind whistling through her thin raiment, and chilling her in spite of her rapid movement.

"Lord! I wish she had married the other!" ejaculated Miss Green as she curled herself up as compactly as possible in the centre of her narrow bed. It was a hard bed no doubt, and its covering none of the thickest, but it was far thicker than that of the other bed, and in her calmer moments Miss Green was remorsefully aware of the fact.

"What other, Aunt Maria?"

"Why, Joe Berners, to be sure. You have heard of him."

"Yes, the son of Mary Berners, grandfather's dairymaid. Did mother want to marry him?"

"Ay indeed she did. She wasn't so much older than you are now when they took a liking for each other, an' a strong one too. Father an' mother were dead set against it, they could not see her marry their servant's son; but a better-hearted fellow never lived, and if she had married him she would have been a rich woman to-day. But they wouldn't hear of it, and father paid his passage to Australia, and told him not to come back till he had made a thousand pounds clear. There came no news of him for years, and then we heard that he was dead, and your mother married your father, but there was no more color in her cheeks on her wedding day than there was in her white bonnet, and I know she keeps a little smelling-bottle Joe gave her, for I saw it in her desk the other day, and she cried that awful the night before she was married that she shook the bed she lay on."

"But father was a good man, he was good to me and good to you," said Lottie, moved by filial affection to say a word for the dead.

"I don't say the contrary, child. God forbid as I should slander him, but he wasn't a moneymaking man, an' he put no money by—perhaps a school-master's trade is a poor one—an' here we are like enough to starve to death. Any way it's my belief your mother couldn't forget the other one."

"Why did she marry father, then?" asked Lottie.

"Perhaps it was partly to make a home for me. Mother was dead then, and father had had losses and was ailing and not likely to last long, but I did not know, Lottie, I did not know, or I should have tried to prevent it."

"You did not know what, Aunt Maria?"

"Not as he were alive, but he were all the time. It was just thirteen years ago to-day, two months before you were born, but the weather was mild—it was mostly pleasanter in those days than it is now. Martha was living at Welbeck with her husband, but they were coming to dinner with father an' me, an' I walked down the road a way to meet them, when just as I turned the corner by Brookside who should come up to me but Joe Berners, his hands stretched out, and his face all bright as if there were a light behind it. 'I've got the thousand pounds!' he said. 'How is she, Maria?' For the life of me I could not look him in the face, but I heard a gig coming, it might be them, an' I told him. He never said a word, an' he never shed a tear, but his face turned old and leaden-color and his lips trembled. 'Come off the road,' I said. 'She may pass any moment, and she is delicate, the sight of you might kill her.' He stept across a gap in the hedge, stood behind a big elm tree that grew there and leaned his head against the bark. He was so still and quiet he frightened me. 'Maria,' he said at last, when I had told him all there was to tell, 'go home and leave me here, I must look on her once more, but she shall not see me, and she need never know I came back. Best for her happiness that she should believe me dead, and I look to you to keep my secret. Keep it faithfully, and some day perhaps I will come back again and ask you to show me her child.' He kissed me, though I was a poor creetur even then, but he had a tender heart for women and children, and that was the last I ever saw of him. He said he should go to America, and I afterwards read as there were an earthquake somewhere in them parts as swallowed people an' houses, and I always believed that was the end of him."

"And you never told mother he came back?" asked Lottie.

"Never, as long as her husband lived it would not have been right," answered Aunt Maria, whose notions of right and wrong were of the vaguest. "And I've always been afraid she would scold me for keeping it hidden so long."

"Let me tell her, Aunt, please do. She won't scold you, not one little bit," Lottie pleaded. She was fast approaching the turning-point between childhood and womanhood, and felt an absorbing interest in all *affaires de cœur*, and a curious desire to watch the effect of the intelligence on her mother, and she never rested till she had wrung from her aunt permission to impart it.

Circumstances and the society of her elders had fostered a certain amount of precocity in Lottie Welch, but she was an innocent and cheerful-hearted little maiden for all that; and she needed a cheerful heart, too, poor child! to resist the damper perpetually by her side in the shape of Aunt Maria, who was anything but an example of fortitude under privation, or a comfortable prop to lean on in the day of adversity; but Lottie loved her and tended her, dressed and undressed her, cut up her food at meal times, and brushed out her thin wisp of hair, for the poor woman was incapacitated by a nervous malady, which she called her "twitches," from any sort of work, and it was pitiable to watch the succession of jerks and snatches by which she carried a teacup to her mouth, or tried to tie her bonnet strings. Nevertheless it was provoking that Maria Green

would make the worst of circumstances that were already so very bad, and if her complainings hurt her niece but little, they made the burden heavier on the shoulders of her sorely taxed and anxious sister. "Martha," she would say, as her sister placed another portion on her plate, "I don't believe you've eat a spoonful yourself; you'll be as thin and as poor as I am soon, and if you die the Lord knows what will become of us." Or, "Martha, we may as well go to the poorhouse at once; it'll have to come to that, unless we all die of cold and hunger. Will they let us wear the little linen we've got under those gray gowns they put on the paupers; and what will they do to me if I can't pick oakum? an' I doubt if I can, for my twitches are getting that bad as I wish they 'ud twitch me into my grave."

Mrs. Welch was keenly alive to every want of her dear ones. They endured no privation that she did not doubly feel, but it hurt her uselessly to be perpetually told that Johnny's clothes were that thin that he'd catch his death of cold, or that Lottie's things were so shabby that the other girls looked down upon her. She was a good woman, with a considerable fund of cheerful endurance, but there were times this New Year's day when she felt that the fund was waxing low, and her courage and energy at their last ebb. Cheerfulness is rather a question of good digestion than moral worth, and the highest spirits and steadiest nerves cannot long resist insufficiency of food. A process of slow starvation, mental as well as physical, a deprivation of all little luxuries and pleasures, will surely sap both health and beauty; and Mrs. Welch, who should still have had some bright years before her, felt herself growing prematurely old. It had been such a long and weary struggle ever since her husband's death, such a slow and sure descent to lower and lower depths of poverty, such a hopeless struggle under a weight too heavy for her; and to-day, when Maria, eclipsing the small fire with her long hands, began the recapitulation of the comforts that had been theirs, of the luxuries of cellar and larder, of wardrobe and bedding, in her father's house, and also of the joys of life that seemed to have fled with the years of their youth, she only echoed the sad thoughts that were in her sister's mind, and Mrs. Welch, turning her back on them all, stood looking out of the window with the tears stealing down her cheeks.

"New Year's day! New Year's day!" continued Maria; "new year or old, it's all one to us. It looks as if the Lord had forgotten us. Did you go to Mrs. Wells this morning, Martha, about that five shillings she owes you?"

"Mrs. Wells is at her brother's in London, and won't be back for a week yet," she answered.

"What in the world are you going to do, then? There are half-a-dozen sticks of wood in the house, an' only that bit of candle that stands there on the shelf, an' hardly any bread an' flour an' sugar."

"I can pawn my wedding ring, I suppose, if the worst comes to the worst," said Mrs. Welch, still without turning sound; but something in her mother's attitude had aroused Lottie's suspicions, and she had stolen to the window to verify them. "Aunt Maria," she exclaimed, "You have worried mother till she is crying. It's a shame!"

"Dear, now, poor thing! I never meant to hurt her feelings, God knows! And rather than she should pawn her wedding ring I'll sell the roof out of my mouth. I will indeed!" she exclaimed, amid sympathetic tears and sobs that rendered her utterance even more indistinct than usual. The offer to sell her silver palate was Maria's highest stretch of self-sacrifice, and it was made in all sincerity, but there was something ludicrous in the idea that turned Mrs. Welch's tears into hysterical laughter, and caused the youthful Johnny to indulge in certain facetious remarks that savored of a want of reverence for his elders. By the time Johnny was rebuked and her sister soothed, Martha was herself once more, and returning to her seat near the fire sewed calmly on until the fading daylight forced her to lay aside her work. She had accorded Johnny permission to go out to play, not without sore misgivings lest the strain of sliding on the pond should prove too much for his ancient shoes, and sole and upper should part company for ever. *Maria slumbered soundly, her feet stretched halfway across the little hearthrug, her long hands and bony wrists, from which the sleeves had shrunk up a little, hanging down as near the fire as possible.* Mrs. Welch fancied the yellow face had grown yellower and thinner, and the furrows deeper, during the last few days, and she rose and fetched a little pillow from the next room and placed it behind the sleeper's head.

Lottie seized the opportunity she had been waiting for all day. "Mamma," she said, seating herself on her mother's knee and passing one arm round her neck, "Mamma, I have something to tell you; but first of all why do you never speak to us of Mr. Joe Berners?"

"He has been dead so long, dear, and the dead are soon forgotten; and yet it is hardly fair to myself to say that, for he was a true friend to me and I have not forgotten him."

"Ah, you sly little mother!" said Lottie, tapping both her mother's cheeks with the tips of her slender fingers. "I know quite well that you have not forgotten him, and he has not been dead so long as you suppose either; Aunt Maria saw him alive and well two months before I was born," and to the accompaniment of the sleeper's most unromantic snores Lottie proceeded to repeat all she had heard that morning, and before she had finished Aunt Maria woke up with a snort and a struggle and corroborated her statement.

"I did it for the best, Martha, indeed I did, and you can't be angry with a poor creature like me," she muttered.

"I had a right to know, but of course you did it for the best, and I am not angry," answered Mrs. Welch, who though by no means unmoved by the intelligence received it with a calmness and reserve that rather disappointed Lottie, but her thoughts for long afterward were with the lover of her youth, retracing once more the days when they had vowed nothing should separate them, and the very air they breathed seemed an elixir of joy and hope. Those days were far away now, but their memory still lived; and it is to be hoped such memories live in most hearts, to strengthen them in times of darkness and depression, and remind them that life means something more than petty trials and cares.

Darkness had descended on the common with a deep intensity that even the glare of the snow could not relieve, and the north wind breathed icily through every crevice of the crazy cottage. Johnny had returned from his sliding; Aunt Maria, bundled up in the heavy shawl that usually covered her bed, shivered and grumbled at the cold; and the little family, gathered closely round the hearth, sat in the dim firelight, when Mrs. Welch began to sing softly an old hymn that had been a favorite of Joe Berners':—

"O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast, and our eternal home."

The notes rang out clearly and softly, Lottie's voice mingled with her mother's, and even Maria made a few strangled efforts that swelled the sound without contributing to the harmony. Both the elders of the party felt soothed and comforted by the mingling of devotional trust and hope with early association, and the hymn was sung reverently to the last note, but the last note had hardly died away when a cry for help, echoing through the darkness, startled and frightened them. "The gravel pit!" exclaimed Mrs. Welch. "The gravel pit!" repeated her sister. "Some poor cretur in the gravel pit, belike with broken bones and the life a'most crushed out of him."

The lantern! the lantern! Lottie had already brought it, and nimble fingers were sticking the little bit of candle into its tin socket and lighting it. There was no fear of the chill blast now, the door was flung open, and even Aunt Maria, oblivious of chilblains and rheumatism, followed the others as they hurried over the crisp thick snow that covered the garden path. The gravel pit was semicircular in shape, and had been formed by excavations made in the side of a hill that bordered the public road. The cottage stood on the bank above the pit, which they could only enter by descending one side of the semicircle by a steep path that led to the road. The path was safe enough by daylight, or by night either for those acquainted with it, but a stranger might easily come to grief, and the light of the lantern showed them where a line of deep footsteps leading upwards had left the safe track and ended at the edge of the pit. "Poor cretur, he went over there," panted Aunt Maria, "well it was no higher up." That the accident was not of a very serious nature they were soon assured, for as they reached the road, a man much muffled, and with the snow still adhering to his rough greatcoat, joined them from the pit.

"You are not hurt, I hope," said Mrs. Welch. "No, madam," he answered, looking fixedly at her, "only a little shaken; fortunately the snow had drifted, deep and thick where I fell, but I remained where I was till I saw the light of your lantern, lest something worse should befall me."

"But what in the world made you go wandering round the gravel pit by night? Its unkeð enough in the day," remarked Maria. The stranger was saved the necessity of replying; Lottie's quick eyes had caught sight of a bloodstained handkerchief wound round his hand, and she pointed it out to her mother. "It's nothing of any consequence," he said, "a stump tore my hand as I fell. A linen roll or a little sticking plaster is all it needs." Mrs. Welch could hardly do less

than lead the way to her house, and leaving the others in the sitting-room she went into the dark bedchamber to seek for bandages for the wounded hand. The search was not a long one, but as she returned to the outer room the candle end flickered its last and went out. "Pray excuse us," she said simply, "we happen to be out of candles, and the glass of the lamp we generally use is broken. Lottie, put a stick on the fire and make a blaze, I will do the best I can by firelight." A bright but transient blaze was soon obtained, and, removing the handkerchief, Mrs. Welch examined the injuries, which were certainly severer than the sufferer had represented. He had removed his soft wide-brimmed hat, and turned down the coat collar that had muffled his face, but, absorbed in her task, she had not once glanced at him. It was not so with Maria; she looked at the broad figure, at the curly dark locks streaked with gray, at the healthy handsome face before her, as if her eyes were rivetted upon them. Slowly she rose from her seat, moved to his side, and without a previous word or sign laid her hand on the stranger's shoulder. "She is free now, Joe," she said, too much penetrated with her conviction of his strong affection for her sister to remember conventionalities. "I know she is, and that is why I am here to-night," he answered, kissing Maria's sallow cheek, and then turning with extended hands and beaming face to Mrs. Welch, who, overcome by joy and embarrassment, seemed to have lost the power of utterance. "Mattie," he said, "Maria has welcomed me, will you not do as much?" Silently she raised her face to meet his kiss, and silent still she sank into a chair, covered her face with her handkerchief and sobbed aloud. She had been so tortured by anxiety, so weakened by cold and hunger, that self-restraint had given way before the tide of emotions that rushed over her. Self-restraint had, however, become second nature with her, and it could not abandon her for long; a few minutes more and she had regained serenity, spoken a friendly greeting to Joe, and was ready to arrest, if possible, any further indiscretions on the part of Maria.

Pride and modesty forbade her throwing herself into Joe's arms, however tempting a shelter those arms might offer, and she could not saddle him with all her burdens. None of her delicate scruples oppressed Maria, and her joyful excitement had rendered her less amenable to control than usual. "We've had a sad time, Joe," she began, "poorer and poorer every year (Martha, don't tread on my toes, you hurt my corn), till it has come to such a pitch as I'm hungry continually, and my twitches are always upon me. Martha has but threepence in her pocket, and don't know where to turn for another meal or another shilling. (Lottie, it's no good your pinching me, I aint a going to make a stranger of Joe Berners.) There aint a bit of candle or flour in the house, nothing but bread an' sugar an' potatoes, an' precious little of them." "Maria!" broke in poor Martha, "I wonder you are not ashamed to mortify me so. Joe, take no notice of what she says; you know she always did exaggerate."

"Yes, I know," said Joe, drawing the back of his hand across his eyes, "and I don't take any notice, but friends like us that have been long parted ought not to have secrets from each other, or eat their first meal apart. So I have come to

supper with you, Mattie, and as lone women can't be expected to have a meal by them that would satisfy a man, I am going to the nearest store to see what I can find. Come, Johnny, my boy, you shall come with me and keep me out of the gravel pit." He had seized his hat and turned up the collar of his coat, and Johnny needed no second bidding. In vain Martha protested the shops were all shut, the officious Maria informed Mr. Berners that Judkins would open his shop if they rapped at the door, and admonished Johnny to take the big basket; and when Maria had endured her sister's rebuke without any outward and visible signs of contrition, and the ladies had smartened themselves up, swept the hearth and set the table, and the others had returned, it was found that the big basket had proved inadequate to the occasion, and had been supplemented by another borne by the grocer's boy. It was good to listen to Aunt Maria's uncouth exclamations of delight, as a great ham, eggs, potted meat, cheese, butter, bread, flour, and candles were drawn from their capacious depths. "They could not send the wood and coal to-night," Joe said. "Have you enough fuel to last till to-morrow?" Johnny showed him the little store in the washhouse, and the next sound they heard was the blows of a hatchet demolishing a clumsy old wooden bench. Mr. Berners had taken the law into his own hands. "Now for supper: see how well you young ones can cook it," he said cheerily, pinching Lottie's cheek, and slapping Johnny on the back. Supper! the word was music in the children's ears, and a very short time sufficed to light the kitchen fire and cut numerous slices from the ham, and watch them with delight as they hissed and frizzled in the pan.

"Lottie can manage, you need not go, Maria," said Mrs. Welch, as her sister rose to join the children in the kitchen.

"Joe wants a word with you," was Maria's answer as she went out and closed the door behind her.

"Yes," said Joe. "I have come six thousand miles to have a word with you, Mattie, and you must know what that word is, my dear." He was leaning towards her, he had taken her hands in his and was pressing his lips upon her fingers. "When I loved you once I loved you for life, and I thought you did the same by me. Circumstances parted us for a while, but that is no reason why we should not come together again. Mattie, I've got a good home near San Francisco, a big carriage factory of my own, and more money than we shall all spend. A wife is the only thing I want, and there is only one wife in the world for me." He had drawn her closer and closer to him. He looked so handsome and so earnest that Martha felt her resolutions melting like ice before the fire.

"If I were alone," she said, "but as it is I cannot."

"I shall listen to nothing of that sort, Mattie," and his lips were very near her ear as he spoke. "Why, the boy will be a help to me in my business as soon as he has done school, the little girl will brighten our house for the few years the young men will let us keep her, and as for poor Maria, in all the years I have longed for you, I've always thought of a corner and a good soft easy chair for her. It would not seem quite complete without Maria, and it will be the happiness of my life to see her comfortable and contented."

What more could Mrs. Welch say? Not much probably, for when the hot plates and heaped-up dish made their appearance, and they were comfortably seated at supper, she never contradicted Joe Berners when he vouchsafed the information that they were all to sail for California in a few weeks' time.

"But it will cost a lot of money to take us there, won't it?" asked Maria dubiously; she was afraid the project was too good to be realized.

"Not so very much, the journey is cheaper in proportion for several persons than for one, and you will see a fine country when you get to California. There will be neither frost nor snow."

"And no sliding," thought Johnny, but it occurred to him that there might be a plentiful meal every day, like the one he was now enjoying, and a little sigh was all he gave to a vanishing perspective of slides and skates.

"Next New Year's day," continued Joe, "there will be no blazing hearth, but you won't need one. You can sit in your arm-chair by the window, Maria, and look out across such a garden as one does not often see, and watch three fine cows up to their knees in the grass in the lot beyond."

"And are there ducks and turkeys and geese?" asked Maria.

"No geese, but lots of other poultry, and you can have the ordering of it all, for you used to be a fine hand with the poultry in your young days, and when we get home Johnny shall eat the biggest pear he ever saw in his life. It's a wonderful place for fruit; pears and peaches, apricots and grapes, they all thrive in California, and there is the best of butter and milk, eggs and vegetables." Perhaps he dwelt on gastronomic luxuries because the way in which the supper disappeared indicated appetites of abnormal keenness, likely to do full justice to the good things it would be his delight to provide. Even Mrs. Welch's tremor of spirits did not prevent her enjoying her supper, and Johnny's performances were something fearful and wonderful to behold, and Maria touched Joe's foot under the table that he might look at him and enjoy the sight with her.

"You were always good," she said, with the tears falling on her plate, "good even to the beasts. Poor creature that I be, you've kissed me many a time under the misletoe rather than my feelings should be hurt, and you are the only man except my father that ever did kiss me. I aint had the little pleasures and comforts that other women get, and my twitches are that bad that my life's a misery to me. I can't read an' I can't work, an' folks look down on me, as well they may, but when I see you sitting there with the light behind your face—" "I think it is before my face," Joe said, pointing to the candles. "No, no, it is behind, an' it comes from inside, an' when I see it shining it seems to me I should be paid for all I have suffered if I could be born over again a healthy girl, an' have a man like you to love me."

"Maria, my dear," he said gravely, "if you bear your troubles patiently, and as cheerfully as you can, they will be made up to you—when or how we can't say, but they will be made up, that's sure."

The supper was finished, and the table cleared at last, and once more gathered round the hearth, Joe told them of his approaching marriage with Mrs. Welch.

Martha had feared the effect of the news on Lottie, but her daughter's hearty embrace as she said "You are a *very* sly little mother" completely reassured her. As to Johnny, he saw in the arrangement gastronomic advantages which made him its warmest advocate, and Maria had already revealed her views in a manner that was decidedly premature.

Joe Berners delayed his leave-taking and return to the inn at Sloman's End until he could exchange a few last words with Martha, and he found his opportunity while Lottie was assisting her aunt to undress, and Johnny slept on the hearthrug. He stole his arm round her and told her she must get blankets, and clothes, and any comforts they needed, on the morrow. "It breaks my heart," he continued, "to see you dressed in thin stuff like this, this bitter weather, and to think I might have come to you years ago if I had only known. My dear, you must take it, and more besides," and he folded her hand over a bank-note. "Why, if things had gone hard with me, and you had offered me your love and millions with it, I should have taken both, and hardly given a thought to the money, and you must do the same with what I've got, which is very far from being millions. You must let me take care of you now, and coax the color back to your cheeks and the brightness to your eyes."

"But what can I do for you, Joe? What return can I make you? How reward your goodness to me and mine?"

"Reward! Why, every look of yours, every touch of your hand, is a reward. The happiness of to-day blots out for ever the bitter trial of my youth, and my heart is so full of joy this blessed New Year's night that there should not be a sore or a sorrow left on earth if I could heal it. Old enmities should die with the dead year, the suffering should find ease, the weary rest, and the sinner forgiveness, and on every heart should descend, like a benediction, the desire to help others, and in so doing be doubly blessed."

NEW BOOKS.

By far the greatest of recent events in the world of literature has been the appearance of Lord Beaconsfield's new novel "Endymion." People had become accustomed to think of him rather in the character of a statesman than a novelist, and a new book from his pen comes upon us with almost the force of a surprise.

"Endymion" is no ordinary novel. It contains the epitome of the life of its writer. It is the cry of a proud man, who smarting perhaps, under the consciousness of political defeat, solaces himself by making a declaration of victory and of perfect content. "All I have desired, all I have dreamed, have come to pass," are the words put into the mouth of Endymion's devoted sister Myra, who, commencing her career as companion to Adriana, the banker's daughter, and portrait of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, becomes Lord Roehampton's wife and widow, and finally the wife of Prince Floristan (Louis Napoleon), who, restored to his throne, places her by his side.

The cry of triumph is attributed to Myra, but it is in reality that of "Endy-

mion," the hero of the book and representative of the man who began life as Benjamin Disraeli.

Subjoined are a few extracts from the leading reviews:—

The *Standard*.—"Lord Beaconsfield's new novel is, from beginning to end, a story of successfully realized aspiration. The favorites of our author are also the favorites of fortune. The pages of 'Endymion' literally sparkle with the splendor of prosperity. The novel is not a work of art; but it is a book which could only have come from one who to a large knowledge of the world adds a perfect mastery over the arts of satire and epigram."

The *Times*.—"It would be useless to pretend that 'Endymion' is equal to its author's earlier productions. Though it shows some of Lord Beaconsfield's strength, it shows more of his foibles. He is still lively, quick-witted, and animated. He never sinks to the commonplace—rather the contrary. But he is over-fond of surprises and of introducing the unexpected in small things as in great, and weakens his sensational effects, transitions, and transformations by dealing in them somewhat too freely. He overstrains himself in the effort to heighten his contrasts. Lord Beaconsfield will always soar in flights of the kind, and take such liberties, if liberties they are. But the style of the volumes is always pointed, lucid, and vigorous. The plot, although slight, is so conceived as to display in their most striking lights the numerous characters in all ranks."

The *Daily Telegraph*.—"We doubt whether any direct political motive, such as inspired 'Coningsby' and 'Sybil,' has animated Lord Beaconsfield in writing his new tale. He is no longer an eager aspirant after power, as he was in the days when he sent forth the former works as political pamphlets, made attractive by passages of romance and episodes of love. The work is full of strange and striking passages, full of subtle touches and reflections which combine the experience of a life richer than most in its lessons, and yet leaving on the mind of the reader a bewildered sensation—as if he had passed through the mazes of a bizarre dream. If fiction has no purpose save to amuse, we know not why 'Endymion' should not be styled successful. If life be lived only that an *olla podrida* of reminiscences may be accumulated and brought forth like fantastic sketches from a portfolio, then the critic may believe that he has found a *raison d'être* for these three volumes. Those who take more serious views of politics, of morals, of literary loyalty, and of the tragedy of human life, will say that there is here more adroitness than art—more ingenuity than intellectual achievement. But the sternest censor cannot dispute the grace, the brightness, and the gaiety of the book; and 'Endymion' will have as many eager readers as it merits."

The *Daily News*.—" 'Endymion' is a political novel, but with much of that glamor of romance which the author of 'Lothair' contrives to throw over familiar scenes. It is not as brilliant as many of its predecessors; but, though the fire has somewhat abated, it retains many of the characteristics which have given Lord Beaconsfield's novels their early popularity and their permanent value."

The book has been reviewed to death, and but little remains for us to say about it. It certainly derives its chief interest from the attempt made to portray in its

characters some well-known and conspicuous personages, but the portraits are not always successes. Some present striking traits of the original and are easily recognizable; others are mere patchwork and reproduce features more or less common to all mankind. In short "Endymion" is clever and artificial, brilliant but not deeply interesting. It lacks the touch of nature, and exhibits more of fancy than feeling, more of glitter than gold.

MR. TENNYSON'S promised new volume of poems has appeared, and it is certain that the most general feeling with which it is received is one of disappointment. Men who have attained the eminence of the Laureate must not murmur if their work is measured by a severer standard than that of humbler mortals. They themselves have taught us to expect much from them; they have drunk of the wine of public adulation and appreciation, and surely there should have been something in the draught to invigorate and nerve to fresh endeavor and continued effort. And yet, after all, has continued effort much to do with it? Can effort call back the fire and poetry of youth, the strength of life's prime? Can effort nerve the worn-out racer to distance stronger competitors, or stay the curtain that descending shuts out little by little life's glory and zest, its strength and its freshness?

There is a point in the career of all great writers when they have reached their highest and their best, when all that is sweetest and truest in them has welled to the surface. Would it not be better for their fame if they did not too long delay their departure from the arena after their crowning victory, wise not to draw from popular gratitude the meed of praise that is only valuable when accorded by popular appreciation?

The province of the true poet is to carry us with him beyond the world, to awaken aspirations for something that is not of the earth, earthy. Poetry should encourage human longing for something that is above humanity, it should excite to inspiration and to aspiration; but not a line in Tennyson's last work does this.

May it not aptly be said of the reprint beginning—

Hallowed be Thy name—Hallelujah!

Infinite Ideality,

Immeasurable Reality,

Infinite Personality,

Hallowed be Thy name—Hallelujah!

that it is full of sound (if not of fury), and signifies nothing?

Is the dedication to the poet's grandson poetry?—

Golden-hair'd Ally, whose name is one with mine,

Crazy with laughter and babble and earth's new wine,

Now that the flower of a year and a half is thine,

O little blossom, O mine, and mine of mine,

Glorious poet who never hast written a line,

Laugh, for the name at the head of my verse is thine.

May'st thou never be wrong'd by the name that is mine!

The jingle of "mine" and "thine" can hardly please a correct taste, and certainly does not soar beyond mere prettiness.

"The First Quarrel"—narrating the loves of a country youth and girl, the energetic and violent anger of the young wife when she discovers that her husband had played her false during their engagement, his departure in anger, and death by drowning in the Channel—is perhaps one of the best pieces in the collection. It is good strong rugged verse, but in the subtler sense of the word it is not poetry—

For Harry came in, an' I flung him the letter that drove me wild,
 An' he told me all at once, as simple as any child,
 "What can it matter, my lass, what I did wi' my single life?
 I ha' been as true to you as ever a man to his wife;
 An' *she* wasn't one o' the worst." "Then," I said, "I'm none o' the best."
 An' he smiled at me, "Ain't you, my love? Come, come, little wife, let it rest!
 The man isn't like the woman, no need to make such a stir,"
 But he anger'd me all the more, an' I said, "You were keeping with her,
 When I was a-loving you all along an' the same as before."
 An' he didn't speak for a while, an' he anger'd me more and more.
 Then he patted my hand in his gentle way, "Let bygones be!"
 "Bygones! you kept yours hush'd," I said, "when you married me!
 Bygones ma' be come-agains; an' *she*—in her shame an' her sin—
 You'll have her to nurse my child, if I die o' my lying in!
 You'll have her its second mother! I hate her—an' I hate you!"

It cannot boast the delicate charm of some of his earlier works, of the following for instance:—

And the stately ships sail on	Break, break, break,
To their haven under the hill,	At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,	But the tender grace of a day that is dead,
And the sound of a voice that is still!	Will never come back to me.

Or of these lines from "The Princess"—

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
 O Death in Life, the days that are no more!

Even in strength "The First Quarrel" hardly rivals the majestic and incisive numbers of "Locksley Hall," when the poet smarted under a bitter wound—healed long since let us hope—when youth lent fervor to his feelings and power to his verses, and, to quote his own words,—

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed,
 When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed;
 When I dipped into the future far as human eye could see—
 Saw the vision of the world and all the wonders that would be.

There are no strong passages in the new poems that will live perpetually on the popular tongue, such as—

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
 Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

Or—

Thou shalt hear the "Never, Never" whispered by the phantom years,
 And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears.

Or again—

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Where in Tennyson's new attempt do we find the pathos and power of description evidenced in these lines?—

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'll come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.
Upon the chancel-casement and upon that grave of mine
In the early, early morning the summer sun 'll shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill—
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

Open the book where we will, we seek in vain the tender grandeur that emanates from the "Idylls of the Kings," the magic of the Laureate's earlier touch. Still his translations from Homer are fine. There his command of words and easily flowing language finds a fitting field, and his old power reasserts itself. Doubtless the entire collection would have been less severely criticized if it had been signed by a meaner name, and the high measure of excellence we ask from Tennyson is only the legitimate penalty paid by greatness.

PASSING EVENTS.

ONE item of news from England will cause universal regret. George Eliot, but a few days since the greatest of living novelists, is dead. She was barely sixty years of age, and but recently married to Mr. Cross, her second husband. A great and shining light has disappeared, and her death will cast a gloom over literary circles.

THE Irish and Afghanistan affairs divide English attention with the Christmas pantomimes and gaieties, and in France M. de Lesseps' scheme for cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Panama is the financial topic. The undertaking will not start with all the advantages that made the Suez Canal a success, and the probabilities are that if the project had seemed feasible and profitable the cute Yankee would ere this have organized a company and attempted the work. It would undoubtedly be a great advantage to the United States to possess a short passage to the Pacific Ocean.

NEW YORK seems to have gone crazy over Mlle. Sara Bernhardt, as New York very frequently does over a popular idol, but for all that the Custom House exacted a duty of over a thousand pounds on her costly wardrobe, to the idol's great disgust.

LORD RIPON's illness has evoked sympathy throughout India. His health is reported improving, but it is said that he has resigned his viceroyalty. Let us hope the rumor has no foundation in fact, for his resignation of the post he fills so well would cause general regret.

FASHIONS.

If the tiniest brooklet reflects the sky and the bushes that flourish on its banks, it is not strange that the spirit of the times finds itself mirrored in the fashions. No stiff unsightly hoops, no pyramids of hair and varieties, disfigure the beauties of the present day. Blonde or brune, stout or slender, sallow or blooming, each is free to adopt the style and color that best becomes her. The lady endowed with delicate and well-cut features may wear a Gainsborough,—most picturesque of hats,—while her sister of maturer years and heavier type finds an abundant variety of less obtrusive head dresses. The damsel of slender shape may array herself in ruffs and puffed sleeves, panier and bunched raiment; she who errs on the side of over-stoutness may still look graceful in tight-fitting basque and collar; and this tendency to laudable liberty has become general and all-pervading. The line of demarcation between Aristocracy and Commerce is less rigidly marked. One peer makes merchants' of his sons, another weds a Jewess. Royal blood mingles itself with blood less blue, and social distinctions become less gallingly oppressive. The much-maligned 19th century has its points, and in many respects undoubtedly compares favourably with "the good old times." There is perhaps a little too much of gaud and tinsel, a little too much sacrifice of home and domesticity to a desire to appear before the world, but even this reproach applies almost exclusively to professional ladies, and more particularly to French professional ladies. Mlle. Sara Bernhardt has worn in public a brooch in the form of a golden mask, as a symbol of her calling. Some lady painters have adopted a palette and crossed brushes as shoulder badges. Singers sport a lyre, and literary ladies a jewelled pen.

Let us hope that if the fashion does spread to English women it may become so general as to be unobtrusive and inoffensive. Let the finished housekeeper carry a golden and artistic representation of her keys and account book; the mother of many children an extensively branching olive-branch; she whom Providence has blessed with twins might adopt the sign of Gemini; the lady eminently successful in her matrimonial ventures should wear a fishhook garnished with its struggling prey; the professional beauty the palm or the apple; and even the obscure housemaid need not be debarred from pinning her shawl with a silver broom when she prepares for her Sunday outing. If the gentlemen should choose to follow where the ladies lead, let the soldier button his coat with a miniature sword and shield, the judge with scales and balance, the lover of the manly art with little boxing gloves, and *ainsi de suite*.

Color, it appears, is no longer tabooed in male attire. Plain black and white and sober neutral tints are no longer *de rigueur* in civilian dress. The innovation is a good one, and although a Burra Sahib attired in mauve coat, yellow trousers, and green hat would be something quite too awfully picturesque, there is no possible reason why a dash of rich deep color should be denied to the sterner sex. • A little Indian red or dark blue will light up masculine features as advantageously as feminine ones, and help to brighten the sombre gloom of evening dress.

The graceful polonaise still holds its own, and certainly few garments are more universally becoming. Falling lace collars have gone out of fashion, and the favorite garniture for the throat is crêpe lisse. Nothing can be softer or more lovely, it is as suitable for the young débutante as for her grandmother, and the effect of its soft fresh delicacy is charming. Unfortunately dwellers in India are, on account of the heat, almost debarred its use. The least moisture is fatal to it and reduces it to the state of a limp rag; however, quillings of light narrow net replace it pretty well, and are both durable and economical, being less susceptible to moisture, and washing perfectly.

The last invention of the caterers to human weakness and vanity is—"The Nose Machine." The inventor claims that applied to the nose for an hour daily it so directs the soft cartilage of which the member consists that an ill-formed nose is quickly shaped to perfection. Possessors of turn-up, snub, or bottle noses, rejoice, for by the aid of this new invention you may appear in the most approved style of Grecian or Roman. Whether the transmogrified organ will continue to harmonize with the rest of the visage is a question that requires consideration, but the invention proves at least that the memory of the departed Mme. Rachel will not be allowed to perish utterly out of the land, and that her mantle has descended on worthy shoulders.

AUNT 'LIZA GONE HOME.

From the Missouri Brunswick.

"Doctor, is I got to go?"

"Aunt 'Liza, there is no hope for you."

"Bress de Great Master for his goodness! Ise ready."

The doctor gave a few directions to the colored women that sat around 'Liza's bed, and started to leave, when he was recalled by the old woman, who was drifting out with the tide:

"Marse John, stay wid me till it's ober. I wants to talk ob de old times. I knowed you when a boy, long 'fore you went and been a doctor. I called you Marse John den; I call you de same now. Take de ole mammy's hand, honey, and hold it. Ise lived a long, long time. Ole marster and ole missus hab gone before, and de chillun from de ole place is scattered ober de world. I'd like to see 'em 'fore I starts on de journey to-night. My ole man's gone, and all de chillun I nussed at dis breast has gone too. Dey's waitin' for dere mudder on de golden shore. I bress de Lord, Marse John, for takin' me to meet 'em dar. Ise fought de good fight, and Ise not afraid to meet de Saviour. No mo' work for poor ole mammy, no mo' trials and tribulations—hold my hand tighter, Marse John—fadder—mudder—marster—missus—chillun—Ise gwine home."

The soul, while pluming its wings for its flight to the Great Beyond, rested on the dusky face of the sleeper, and the watchers, with bowed heads, wept silently. She was dead.

ODDS AND ENDS.

IN the old record book of a Connecticut church, dated 1702, is this item: "For making a noise in church, Ann Bolton, spinster, is to sit three days in the poor pew, and pay a fine of five shillings."

"I AM willing to risk my reputation as a public man," wrote Edward Hine to the *Liverpool Mercury*, "if the worst case of small-pox cannot be cured in three days, simply by the use of cream of tartar. One ounce of cream of tartar dissolved in a pint of water, drunk at intervals when cold, is a certain, never-failing remedy. It has cured thousands, never leaves a mark, never causes blindness, and avoids tedious lingering."

ONE of the divers employed on the Severn tunnel works has performed a daring feat. The water in the shaft had been reduced to 40ft., and before it could be pumped out it was necessary to close the door of the shield, which had been left open when the men were flooded out. Lambert, one of the divers, volunteered to perform this, no ordinary task, considering that he had to walk a distance of 1,050 ft. up the tunnel amongst floating wreckage. After several unsuccessful attempts with an ordinary diving dress he put on Fleuss's patent diving apparatus, which requires no communication with the air, and succeeded in performing the operation so that the shaft and tunnel can be at once freed from water, and the operations carried on.

"THE MARVELLOUS LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS," recently published in London by Kirby and Endean, though ostensibly written for children, may prove useful and entertaining to older people. It affirms, among many other wonderful things, that a black silk handkerchief spread over the face of the patient will cure an attack of epilepsy. The remedy is safe and simple, and if as efficacious as stated, Ida Joscelyne, by making it public, will have earned the gratitude of a large section of suffering humanity. "The Marvellous Little Housekeepers" also greatly lauds the virtues of black tea as a gargle in certain cases of sore throat, and it is easy to believe that in the relaxed form of the disease its curative properties may be great.

BOUSSINGAULT has analyzed some specimens of the milky juice of the so-called cow-tree of South America, which were exhibited at the Paris Exposition from Venezuela. He finds of wax and fatty matters 35.2 per cent., of sugars 2.8, of casein and albumin 1.7, of earthy matters 0.5, undetermined substances 1.8, water 58.0. This vegetable milk resembles, therefore, in its general constitution, the milk of the cow, containing fatty, saccharine, caseous, and phosphatic substances; but the proportions are quite different. The vegetable milk resembles cream more closely in its composition. The vegetable product is obtained by incisions in the bark of the tree *Brosimum galactodendron*. The juice is rather thicker than the milk of the cow, is feebly acid, sours on exposure to the air, and deposits a curd like cheese. It is said to be very fattening.

THE following epitaph is found in the parish church of Croyland Abbey :—

“ Beneath this place in six feet in length against y^e Clarks pewlyeth the body of M^r Abr^h Baly he died y^e 3rd Jany 1704. Also y^e body of Mary his wid : she dyed y^e 21st of May 1705. Also the body of Abr^m son of y^e said Ab^m and Mary ; he dyed y^e 13th Jan. 1704. also 2 : w^h Dyed in there Enfentry.

“ Mans life is like unto a winters day
Some brake there fast and so departs away,
Others stay dinner then departs full fed
The longest age but supps and goes to bed,
O reader then behold and see ;
As wee are now so must you bee.”

MR. C. L. EASTLAKE is about to publish a work entitled “ Notes on Foreign Picture Galleries.” The book will be illustrated.

FROM ZENOPHANES.* *

If sheep and swine, and lions strong, and all the bovine crew,
Could paint with cunning hands, and do what clever mortals do,
Depend upon it, every pig, with snout so broad and blunt,
Would make a Jove that, like himself, would thunder with a grunt ;
And every lion's god would roar, and every bull's would bellow,
And every sheep's would baa, and every beast his worshipped fellow
Would find in some immortal form, and naught exist divine
But had the gait of lion, sheep, or ox, or grunting swine.
Homer and Hesiod, whom we own great doctors of theology,
Said many things of blissful gods that cry for large apology—
That they may cheat, and rail, and lie, and give the rein to passion,
Which were a crime in men who tread the dust in mortal fashion.

Translated by JOHN D. QUACKENBOSS, A.M., M.D.

PERSONS afflicted with baldness will be glad to hear that a luxuriant growth of hair may be produced by a very simple process, described by a British Consul at a Russian port, in his commercial report. In the summer of 1875 his attention was drawn to several cases of baldness among bullocks, cows, and oxen, and the loss of manes and tails among horses. A former servant of the Consul's, prematurely bald, whose duty it was to trim lamps, had a habit of wiping his petroleum-besmeared hands in his scanty locks, and after three months of lamp-trimming experience, his habit procured for him a much finer head of glossy black hair than he ever possessed before. Struck by this remarkable occurrence, the Consul tried the remedy on two retriever spaniels that had become suddenly bald, with wonderful success. His experience, therefore, induced him to suggest it to the owner of several black cattle and horses affected as above stated, and, while it stayed the spread of the disease among animals in the same sheds and stables, it effected a quick and radical cure on the animals attacked. The petroleum should be of the most refined American quality, rubbed in vigorously and quickly with the palm of the hand, and applied at intervals of three days, six or seven times in all, except in the case of horses' tails and manes, when more applications may be requisite.

We are somewhat partial to the verses of negro melodies. It is not that we delight in bad spelling, but that we like the quaint way in which a truth is sometimes put. One, for instance, might reflect on these lines with considerable profit:—

If you see Peter asleep at de gate,
Kase de night befo' he was up so late,
You needn't 'spect, with your load ob sin,
Dat you'll slip past him and steal right in.
De angels always acts on de squar';
Dey know you here, an' dey'll know you dar.

There is another bit of rhyme which makes a strong contrast with the above. It is more pretentious, but less truthful. It is an attempt, but to our mind a wretched failure, to divulge the secret of success:—

Tickle the public, and make it grin!
The more you tickle the more you'll win!
But teach the public—you'll never grow rich,
But live like a beggar and die in a ditch!

The simple truth is that the public has learned to discriminate between those who can teach and those who think they can. One of the latter class undoubtedly composed this epitaph for his own grave.

"THE ORIENT."

JANUARY NUMBER.

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The Orient,

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Vol. I.

A FIERY ORDEAL.

A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

(*Written expressly for the ORIENT.*)

[CONTINUED FROM No. I.]

CHAPTER IV.

TONY judged it inexpedient to present himself in his present tired and warm condition before the young ladies, but as he had now a double motive for wishing to see them he had no intention of giving up his visit. He mopped his hot brow with his handkerchief, passed his pocket comb through his hair, and stationed himself for nearly an hour on a bench on the Boulevard Extérieur, until he judged that his face had returned to something like its natural color. Impressed with this comfortable but slightly erroneous belief, he followed again the Rue Lepic, and hazarded a gentle tap on the door of the demoiselles Albert, which, contrary to custom, was only opened when his voice was recognized.

"You must excuse our excessive precautions," said Aimée when at last he was admitted. "We have had a most unpleasant visitor this morning, and thought it well to assure ourselves he had not returned."

"I was afraid he had been annoying you," he rejoined, "and I am glad to be able to tell you that if ever the scoundrel comes here again it won't be for a long while yet."

"What do you mean?" and "How did you know he had been here?" the sisters exclaimed, puzzled by this enigmatical remark.

"I mean that he is the man I have been looking for for over two years, that I met him on the stairs when he left you this morning, and that he is now in custody on a charge of murdering Céleste Moreau," and Tony told the story of the recognition, the chase and capture.

"No wonder you look so hot and tired," said Titine; "sit near the window, and let me give you a glass of *eau rouge*."

Tony beamed with joy at the interest thus shown in him, and found

great pleasure in the praises Valentine bestowed on his presence of mind. *Aimée said quite as much as her sister, but her commendations did not produce nearly an equal effect, or linger half as long in his memory—so true it is that love can give an utterly fictitious value to both pain and pleasure, and open to the most unromantic minds vistas of joy or suffering undreamed of before.*

“One thing puzzles me,” said Tony when he had admired some changes made in the room since he had last seen it, and delivered the letter that had come to their house for Aimée, and which had been the first cause of his visit; “how did that animal get your address?”

The girls were constrained to avow that he had obtained it from Mme. Martin.

“Why, she must be ‘mad!’” exclaimed Tony indignantly. “She must have lost her senses to send that wretch here, where he might have chanced on one of you alone and terrified you to death. It is unpardonable!”

“Hush! hush!” said Valentine, taking a little air of authority. “She meant it for the best, and the man probably did not impress her as unfavorably as he did us.”

“But an assassin, a man who carries all the vices written on his face!”

“*La! voulez-vous vous taire?*” cried Valentine with a comic little stamp on the floor. “Every one is not a physiognomist like yourself, and, I repeat it, this man must have succeeded in persuading her that it would be greatly to our advantage to know him.”

“Oh! of course she meant it well!” said Tony, beaming and mollified, and too occupied in admiring Valentine to weigh well the words he uttered, “and I suppose women will do foolish things sometimes.” The experience of his life with his mother, who certainly said and did her full share of foolish things, had unconsciously made itself manifest in terms which were not altogether polite to the present company.

Half an hour after leaving Montmartre he found himself seated with his family at the midday meal in the *loge* of the Rue de Luxembourg, and relating again the adventures of the morning.

“If I understand you rightly, *mon fils*,” said the old man when all had been told, “you affirm that this is not only the man you met in the yard of the house of the Rue St. Honoré on the afternoon of the murder, but the same person who followed the demoiselles Albert here last Thursday night, and called on them this morning. How then is it that you did not recognize him the first time you saw him? The charge you bring against him is very serious, and may expose you to trouble and danger if not substantiated.”

“As to whether he will be acquitted or convicted I can, of course, say nothing,” answered Tony, “but I am perfectly sure he is the man I met

that day, and that I was right to cause his arrest. I did not think of any consequences this morning, and it is too late to do so now."

"Well said," exclaimed the old man, while Martin fils brought his hand down heavily and approvingly on his son's shoulder. "How is your corn, *mon fils*?" he asked. "And remember you have not yet accounted for the fact of your recognizing the assassin (if assassin he is) to-day when you failed to do so last week."

"I can hardly account for it myself," answered Tony, "but, if you remember, his face struck me as one I had seen before, though I failed to place it. The man I saw on the day of the murder wore a thick beard; the one arrested to-day, and who gives the name of Charles Schmidt, is clean-shaven, but it may be that his hat, which he held before his mouth, re-established the effect of the lost beard. At any rate I knew him without a moment's hesitation, and I am even more sure of his identity since I have been able to examine him at my leisure."

"You would think," observed Martin fils, "that this is the last neighbourhood in which he would choose to prowl about, and that if he were guilty he would never have dared to come to the house where lived the only person who saw him face to face that day in the house of the Rue Monthabor."

"Ah!" said the old man, "some power stronger than his own will, the power that punishes crime here or hereafter"—and he reverently raised his black velvet skull-cap—"may have drawn him here. Then remember he was ignorant of Tony's wonderful memory for faces, did not perhaps know that he lived here, and trusted to the lapse of time and the change in his appearance for safety."

During all this time Marie's share in the conversation had amounted to an occasional ejaculation. Her conscience was bitterly reproaching her, and she sought relief in furtive tears, taking quantities of snuff, and caressing the cat; wondering all the time if Tony were aware of her indiscretion, and fearing that something might be said which would force her to confess her foolishness: for the dismal Marie, with all her faults, was truthful. The question did arise at last, and Tony, who had already forgiven his mother and was touched by her emotion, vigorously and suddenly attacked the viands on his plate, and replied that Charles Schmidt might have followed them when he accompanied the young ladies to the omnibus.

"Following them to the omnibus could not have told him where they lived," said M. Martin, "and he could hardly have taken the same omnibus without being seen by some of you."

"I don't know," replied Tony, who found as much difficulty in uttering a falsehood as a compliment; and at that moment Martin caught sight of his wife's face and allowed the subject to drop—not, however, without promising himself to have it all out with Marie when they should be alone together.

CHAPTER V.

During the latter part of the year 1869 Aimée Albert had been in the habit of giving daily English lessons to the wife of the proprietor of an hotel in a fashionable quarter of the city, and had there made the acquaintance of a young man who came to the house two or three times a week to balance the books of the establishment. Both the young people were poor, and indeed that fact formed rather a bond of union between them, and both were too thoroughly imbued with French ideas to consider it prudent, or even possible, for two persons to marry on nothing and together work their way up in the world. Indeed the thought of marriage was long before it presented itself to them at all. Theirs was simply a frank and honest friendship, unconsciously deepened and intensified by the difference of sex ; and when Aimée's lessons ceased they both found it perfectly natural to continue their intercourse, and exchange their respective acquirements, she giving M. D'Allaire English lessons, and he teaching her German, Latin, and book-keeping. There is no denying that both found a subtle and inexplicable pleasure in this interchange of knowledge, and in the confidential conversations which sometimes followed the lessons ; but they did not dream of dangers, were content to speak and think of their affection as friendship, and to feel that the sunlight had never looked so bright, or life so beautiful before. Unfortunately this tranquil and unreasoning happiness could not last, and the day came, all too soon, when the clasp of his friend's hand stirred in M. D'Allaire's heart a secret and delirious ecstasy, and he could no longer raise his eyes to hers, lest she should read in them the combat between love and prudence. When doubt was no longer possible, and he found himself already imprisoned in the tenacious gripe of a hopeless love, the reflection that she too might suffer gave him strength to put an end to their intimacy. It was for her sake that he found courage to avail himself of the best pretext within his reach for ceasing his visits, and from that time forth the friends met but rarely, though it is doubtful if either was ever long absent from the thoughts of the other. Had Maxime d'Allaire been a libertine there is no question but that a fine field lay before him, for Aimée loved and respected him sufficiently to be greatly under his influence. Fortunately for her, he was no libertine, but an honest man, whom accident, as much as the peculiarity of his character, had preserved from those excesses which ruin so many, and who, ennobled by the purity of his love, would have given life itself rather than sully by so much as a thought the woman who had unconsciously gained his heart—that heart which until the last few years he had deemed the property of God alone. For his parents, anxious to push the fortunes of his elder brother, whom they looked upon as the more brilliantly endowed of their two sons, had early devoted Maxime to the sacerdotal career, and

sent him to the seminary long before he was old enough to choose a path for himself, or to be aware that his vocation was not the life of sacrifice and mortification entailed on the conscientious Catholic priest. He was spared, however, the struggle between his own desires and the will of his parents. Before the time arrived for him to take holy orders, his brother and father died within a few months of each other, and his widowed mother gladly welcomed his desire to return to her and the world.

The widow of the late Capitaine D'Allaire possessed only a very moderate pension, which would end with her life, and an estate in Normandy that had been heavily mortgaged to educate and establish her eldest son. Maxime saw himself, then, at the age of twenty-three, without resources or any special knowledge that might enable him to gain a livelihood, and encumbered by a mother whose narrow prejudices caused her to feel a strong repugnance to seeing her son connect himself with trade. Maxime wisely insisted on taking, to some extent, the reins into his own hands. He let the house in Normandy, removed with his mother to Paris, and, anxious to gain some knowledge of the routine of business, accepted, in spite of tears and remonstrances, a subordinate position in a large importing house. Unfortunately, the firm failed before he had been long connected with it, and at the time he met Aimée Albert he was gaining a precarious living by book-keeping and teaching until he could find some more promising opening. Such, then, was Maxime d'Allaire's position. In person he was by no means remarkable, being neither tall nor short, dark nor fair, and only distinguished by good eyes and teeth and a countenance which irresistibly inspired confidence. His manners were winning and courteous, and quietly deferential to women, who were in his eyes surrounded by something of the aureole with which his boyish fancy had invested the saints and the holy Virgin. Truly the dim and mystic light of the sanctuary hovered round him still, and kept alive in him some of childhood's freshness and poetry, creating a soil in which love could not fail to take deep root, and to flourish all the more that its encroachments were strenuously resisted.

This was the state of affairs on that Sunday afternoon when Aimée sat alone in her room, longing, yet almost dreading, to hear the well-known step on the stairs. Valentine had gone out and, contrary to her expectation, had not yet returned. The probabilities were, then, that she would see him alone; and while one moment she hailed this probability with joy, thinking of the opportunity for an explanation which would thus be afforded, the next she told herself that there was no explanation to be given, and longed for her sister's return, fearing that her absence might appear premeditated.

The step was heard at last, and with a fluttering heart Aimée rose to

open the door for her visitor, and to welcome M. D'Allaire after their month's separation. Not even the radiant smile on his face could hide from her observant eyes the fact that he looked wretchedly ill, and she uttered a dismayed exclamation as she shook hands with him.

"I see you are like the rest of my friends," he said, more touched by her solicitude than he chose to acknowledge; "you are inclined to take me for a *revenant* come from the other world to pay you a visit, or at any rate you believe I have one foot already in the grave. Indeed I am perfectly well—a little thinner, I acknowledge, but as strong as ever. And you, how have you been during all the weeks that have passed since I last had the pleasure of seeing you? Have you yet mastered the Latin grammar, or become a proficient in the German tongue?"

"Ah, you have spoilt me!" said Aimeé. "I have studied nothing since I lost your kind assistance, but it is very ungrateful of me to confess as much, for I could not expect those lessons, which must have been wearisome to you, to go on for ever;" and a tear, which she had been endeavouring to restrain ever since the first sight of his pale face filled her with gloomy forebodings, rolled down her cheek.

"Wearisome!" he exclaimed reproachfully. "The happiest hours of my life were those spent with you;" and, carried out of himself by the sight of her emotion, he added fervently "Do you not know that I would gladly give the last drop of my blood in your service?" Silently and gratefully, as if accepting the measureless devotion then offered, Aimeé tendered him her hand, which he clasped in his, and for an instant earth and its trouble faded from their view, and she was only conscious that a hideous barrier of doubts and fears lying between her and heaven had suddenly crumbled away.

M. D'Allaire awoke the first to the danger of this delirium, shook off the spell that had fallen on him, dropped her hand and walked to the window, from which position he talked confusedly for a few minutes, and then seated himself at a safe distance from Aimeé. Fearful of finding himself a second time betrayed into crossing the line he had traced between them, he had risen to take his leave, when Valentine arrived, and the visitor availed himself of the additional safeguard offered by the presence of a third party to resume his seat, and listen to the recital of the day's adventures, which Aimeé in her agitation had completely forgotten to mention. Poor Aimeé! this visit, from which she had unconsciously and unreasonably been hoping so much, was about to terminate and leave her with an increased cause for uneasiness; and when he was indeed gone, gone without a word to say when he would return, she threw herself on the bed and sobbed aloud. "He is dying," she said at last, "and I shall never see him again."

"Indeed you exaggerate the cause for uneasiness," rejoined Valentine, concealing her own fears. "He does not look as ill as you think, and you may see him any day, for aught you know. Come, Aimée, come, be reasonable. You must be blind if you do not see that he loves you, and if he does stay away for a time it will be because he thinks it best for you and for himself. You should take courage, be patient, and hope for the best."

"Patient!" exclaimed Aimée. "Do you think it is for myself I care? I tell you he is dying by inches."

CHAPTER VI.

Monday evening saw Mme. Martin, very contrite and a little uncertain of her reception, arrive to make her peace with her foster-children, who were very soon mollified by her grief.

"Never mind, Maman Marie, don't cry any more," said Valentine, "or I shall begin to think you fell in love with the fine eyes of M. Schmidt, that that was why you were so ready to believe in his good intentions, and to consider him such an invaluable acquaintance for us."

"He told me he was rich, that his sisters were to take lessons, and that his mother wanted to call on you about it," answered Mme. Martin, still shedding tears copiously, "and I met him quite by accident in our street when I was on the road to market; but Martin says I am an old fool, and never see further than the end of my nose, and he is right. I wonder why I was ever born," added poor Marie, rocking herself backward and forward, shaking her head, and taking snuff at the same time.

"Did Tony then tell his father?" asked Aimée.

"Not he, poor child! he has more discretion in his little finger than I have in my whole body. No fear of his saying anything that would hurt me. They are all too good to me, and so are you. God forgive me for exposing two poor orphans to danger and insult!"

"After all, Maman Marie," said Aimée, "your mistake in revealing our address caused the arrest of the criminal, and gave Tony a fine opportunity to manifest his judgment and firmness."

"That is true," responded Mme. Martin, touched on the right chord at last. "There are few young men like Tony, and the girl that gets him might go farther and fare worse, and he will be able to give his wife every comfort when his grandfather, with a little help from us, has set him up as a notary."

The conversation was becoming embarrassing to at least one of the hearers, and as Mme. Martin had already resumed her bonnet and shawl Aimée changed it by inquiring why Tony did not come to fetch her.

"I did not tell him I was coming here, or he would surely have followed me," said Marie, directing what she intended for an arch look at Valentine.

Again Aimée came to the rescue. "The gas is not lighted yet, and the staircase quite dark," she remarked, "but I will go down with you, and at the same time ascertain whether the last post brought anything for us."

There was one letter, and as Aimée glanced at the address by the dim light of the lamp in the *loge* her heart beat faster and her color changed.

"Chère Mademoiselle et Amie," the letter began,—“An old friend of my mother's, about to leave Paris, is desirous of securing the services of an English teacher for her two granddaughters, who are to return here with her in a month or six weeks. I was sure I was rendering Mme. de Breul a great service in recommending you, and I hope it will not be disagreeable to you to undertake the lessons; but, as her departure is settled for an early day, it will be necessary for you to see Mme. de Breul without delay. Can you therefore meet me on Wednesday morning at the Hôtel Bristol, where she is staying, and allow me to present you to her? I will be there at 10 A.M. if in the mean time I do not hear from you to the contrary. And now, having finished the business which gave rise to my letter, it would be only reasonable to lay down the pen, but it is so agreeable to me to talk with you, even on paper, that I have not the courage to do so at once. Reboul says,

‘Jamais un jour calme et serein
Du choc ténébreux des tempêtes
N'a garanti le lendemain.’

But the sky is so clear to-day, the air so pure, that one finds it difficult to believe life is all struggle and deception. For my part if my arrangements for Wednesday meet your convenience, I shall have evaded for once the popular dictum, and secured to myself at least one agreeable morning. You were kind enough yesterday to express some uneasiness about my health; indeed your fears are quite groundless, and as my mother has also taken the alarm you may be sure no precautions will be neglected. Allow me in return to say a word of warning to you. You were looking pale yesterday, it seemed to me, and it would be my turn to have fears for your health, were it not that the agitations of the morning might well have caused your pallor; however that may be, do not forget that, as you told me, you owe it to the friends who love you to take care of your health. But you will think my pen as *bavard* as is my tongue when I am with you. Present *mes hommages* to Mademoiselle your sister, and deign to accept the assurance of my most respectful friendship.

“MAXIME.”

Though this assuredly was no love letter, Aimée lingered over it longer than its length warranted, and was careful not to miss the appointment for Wednesday; at which M. D'Allaire was, of course, punctual. He said a few well-chosen words and then withdrew, leaving the ladies

alone to discuss the business for which they had met, and which was soon settled to their satisfaction. Yet when she descended the stairs on her way out there was a cloud on Aimée's brow ; she was disappointed that their meeting had been so short, and that he had appeared in such haste to abridge it. The cloud rolled away, however, when having taken a few steps in the Place Vendôme she found M. D'Allaire by her side asking if she had leisure and inclination to take a stroll with him. "The truth is," he said, "I am obliged to go to Issy to-day, and can make my business there the opportunity for a delightful promenade, if you do not fear an omnibus ride this warm day, and can find time to accompany me."

"Oh, there is very little to be done in the way of business just now!" exclaimed Aimée, "and I shall enjoy getting away from the noise and dust of the city for an hour or two." ..

"And your sister?" he said.

"Valentine has a stable engagement which takes her from home all day. She will not miss me. Lately she has been more fortunate than I have, but her hours are long, and I must not grumble, since, thanks to you, I have before me the certainty of at least one good lesson. Mme. de Breul was quite liberal in the terms she offered," and she proceeded to acquaint him with the details of their interview. "It was very kind of you," she added, "to take so much trouble about me."

"Trouble!" he said, "that is an unkind word to apply to anything one friend can do for another. You are guilty now of the crime of *lèse-amitié*, Mademoiselle, and you quite exaggerate the value of my very slight services ; besides, if my good offices have been of any value to you, I make you pay a heavy toll by taking you out to uninteresting Issy, and making you spend several hours in my dull company."

They were walking by this time under the shade of the great trees in the Tuileries garden. On one side stood the grand old Tuileries, on the other stretched the long vista of the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées, crowned by the distant Arc de Triomphe. The sunlight in places flickered through the thick shade and fell on the hard dry ground ; and the repose and freshness of the scene was somewhat marred by the numerous pedestrians, and the shouts of the children at play in charge of their white-capped *bonnes*. Those two had been abroad together before, when their intercourse had been as frank and free as that of two children, and it had always been Maxime's custom to offer his arm to his companion. But that was before the knowledge had dawned on him that in his heart was a secret and a snare, to be diligently watched over and fought against, and to-day they walked apart, near and yet separated, until Aimée, unconsciously tempting (as many a woman has done before her) the man she loved, slipped her hand under his arm.

Maxime involuntarily pressed it to his side, and for a few moments they walked on in silence, both happy, and Maxime asking himself if he would not have done well to send Aimée a letter of introduction to Mme. de Breul, instead of exposing himself to her presence and contact, and thus heaping fresh fuel on the smouldering fire which consumed him. Poor Maxime! the hot blood of the Frank flowed in his veins, and he did not possess the easy morality which appears to be the Frank's usual safety-valve against the violence of his passions. To-day his eye was bright, and his cheek took a color which might pass for the show of health, and hope for a while swelled again in Aimée's heart as she saw renewed something of their old happy intercourse, and asked herself if there was not a chance that they might arrive at a clearer understanding before they parted. Anything, she thought, would be bearable if she possessed his entire confidence, if the veil that divided them could be torn down for once and they could speak openly and freely to each other.

Her hopes, however, of an explanation died out as the day wore on and Maxime, gay and agreeable, affectionate even, carefully avoided all dangerous subjects. Their light and easy chat had seemed natural during their walk in Paris, and the omnibus ride that followed it; but once beyond the barrier, walking in the fields together, a vague impatience took possession of her, and she longed for something which should diminish the sense of distance between them. Aimée's growing sadness appeared to pass unnoticed by Maxime. He talked gaily as they sat at lunch together under the shady *tonnelle* of the *auberge* at Issy, and as they walked back towards the city, and seemed resolved to make the most of the holiday. Arrived at the Barrière on their way home, he proposed a walk on the fortifications, and mounting the long flight of stone steps they found themselves in an instant looking down on the city on one side, with its distant spires and monuments, while on the other the eye plunged into the grassy depths of the moat, or explored the open country beyond.

The heart must have been troubled indeed that the peace and calm of the scene could not soothe to some extent; and Aimée, as she wandered on, the cool breeze fanning her face, and her feet half buried in the long thick grass, slipped her hand again under Maxime's arm, and was half inclined to believe she had been unreasonable in not making the most of the happiness within her grasp, of the clear sky and green fields, and of the pleasant society which gave an added zest to it all. It would not do, however; there was no denying that there was, in spite of all these things, a secret weight on her mind, and that at the bottom of her heart lay something very like a dark presentiment. She sighed involuntarily as Maxime left her side to collect the wild flowers growing around, and when he put the blossoms into her hand she sat down on a hillock shaded by a

bush to arrange them ; while he, after waiting to gather another tribute of clover and white daisies, took his place by her side.

"There," he said as he deposited them in her lap, "if quantity can compensate for want of variety, you should be satisfied."

"Enchanted," she answered. "Valentine did not think, when we parted this morning, that I should bring her home such a magnificent bouquet. And now tell me something I have been going to ask you all day. What was it caused your mother to take alarm about your health ? You told me on Sunday that she believed the change in your looks to be principally owing to the heat."

"My mother was frightened by the impression produced on Mme. de Breul, who has not seen me for more than a year, and appears to think I am already on the edge of the tomb. I was afraid she might say something to alarm my mother, and requested her to avoid any remark of a nature to cause uneasiness. She absolutely refused, however, to accede to my request, saying that it was high time I should seek medical advice. Fancy what a nuisance to any one who really feels in pretty good health and spirits !"

"What doctor are you going to consult ?" asked Aimée.

"Ah ! there I have taken the matter into my own hands," he said. "I was resolved the doctor, if doctor there must be, should be one of my choosing, a man to whom I could speak freely, and who would be ready to reply in the same spirit. So yesterday I spent half an hour with a friend of mine, a medical student, who supplements whatever experience he may lack by extraordinary intelligence and love of his profession."

"What did he say ?"

"That I must live well and regularly, and avoid anxiety and excitement."

Aimée was silent for a moment, meditating in what way she could best bring her influence to bear to induce her friend to seek the opinion of a more experienced man. "Will you allow me to ask one or two questions, and will you promise me to answer them frankly ?" she said at last.

"Ask on," he answered, "and count on the entire submission and honesty of your *serviteur*."

The poor girl's worst fears had taken the form of consumption, and she had secretly spent many hours lately in studying the symptoms and the remedies of that fearful malady, as they were set forth in the medical works to which she could obtain access, and her first question sufficiently indicated to what quarter her uneasiness pointed :—

"Do you cough at all ?"

"I have not noticed that I do," he said.

"Do you sleep well at night ?"

"Tolerably well."

"Only tolerably. You admit, then, that you do not sleep as well as you did?"

"Not quite as well as formerly," he answered reluctantly.

"Do you perspire much at night?"

"It would be difficult to perspire more than this hot weather warrants," he said with a laugh.

"You are trifling with me now," said Aimée.

"Seriously, then, since you exact it, I am a little restless and feverish at night, but that and a slight sensation of fatigue after exertion, and a trifling falling away in my formerly robust appetite, are really the only signs of illness I can call to mind: not much basis for my mother's anxiety, is there?"

"I don't know yet, I have still one or two more questions to ask. Promise me you will try to reflect and answer them truly and fully."

"I have already promised."

"Have you a feeling of constriction or oppression at the throat or chest?"

"No."

"Was your friend the medical student inclined to think as lightly of your illness as you appear to do?" she asked, feeling that she had reserved an important question for the last.

Maxime took the bouquet from her hand, and toyed with it as he answered, "I did not ask him."

"You did not ask him," she said, laying her hand gently on his, "because he gave you his opinion unasked."

As if her last words had awakened in him some painful memory or misgiving, he dropped the light tones he had assumed, and met her gaze with one in which sadness and love struggled for the mastery.

"Why mar this day," he asked, "destined perhaps to be the happiest of my life, by talking of Grégoire's notions and ideas? *Chère Mademoiselle*, I implore you let us think of some other and more amusing subject. We must turn our steps homeward directly, and I have still so many things to talk to you about."

"Maxime," said Aimée, calling him by his name for the first time, and tightening the hold of the hand which still lay warm on his, "you have told me many times that we were friends. Is friendship then merely an empty name, or is it something strong and true, which gives us each a right to the other's confidence?"

"But," answered M. D'Allaire, letting fall the flowers he held into her lap, "supposing my confidence might make you unhappy, and tend to reawaken certain fancies which I have been trying to banish. *Voyons, chère amie*, have I not the right to spare you what may be altogether unnecessary uneasiness?"

"I cannot feel more anxious and uneasy than I do already," she answered.

TWO EUROPEAN SCHOOLS OF DESIGN.

II.—ANTWERP.

(Continued from No. I.)

THE course of instruction in the Academy of Antwerp is substantially a preparation for the higher branches of art-production, although the plan of organization extends over all the occupations in which art is applicable; printing, historical and *genre*, ornamental design, landscape, and animals; sculpture, architecture, shipbuilding, and engraving. The course is divided into elementary (comprising linear drawing of ornaments, heads, and figures in light and shade, and orders of architecture), from which the pupils pass into the middle classes (*enseignement moyen*) by a competition, by which they must satisfactorily acquit themselves in the execution of a drawing or model in the branches for which they compete, without assistance or direction, to show that they have thoroughly mastered their material, their subject being a print or cast. In the middle class the modelling or drawing is from an antique statue, from nature, with studies of expression, &c., in the classes of painting and sculpture; in architecture, of the principles of construction; and in engraving, of the different styles of copper and steel plate engraving and woodcutting, with modelling in wax for medals, &c.

The competition for passing into the upper class is in the execution of a figure from an antique statue; in architecture, of a design for a dwelling-house, &c. There are, besides, competitions in costume and knowledge of antiquities, anatomy, proportion of the human body, perspective, linear and picturesque, expression and geometry considered as accessory, and in the different branches of application of art to industry.

The system of drawing is similar to that so long established in France, and in principle the antithesis of that employed in England. The pupil is taught to look mainly, in the antique school, for the individual character of the statue employed as model, and to render this in the drawing, beginning with the largest relation and carrying the elaboration on in all parts more or less *pari passu*, so far at least that no part shall be finished in advance of the whole. In the life school not only is this throughout insisted on, but the more difficult feat of catching the motive of the pose, and expressing it in the fewest and largest lines, is kept constantly before the pupil, for the double reason that the model soon loses the pose from weariness, and the draughtsman himself if he does not catch the pose at once is less likely to get it with each successive alteration; and the larger and simpler the cast of the outline the more likely it is to give the essential character of the action. The pupil is taught, in other words, that the less his eye is diverted to details the easier and truer his generalization is likely

to be, and that no amount of detail will compensate for the loss of the general fidelity.

Some drawings which are hung in the class-room are admirable examples of the result of the system—outlines pure and clean, anatomy well developed, and the larger qualities of form underlying the expression of all the surface markings. There was not as much recognition as I had been accustomed to see in some of the French ateliers of the distinctions of local color in black and white; but it is a moot point, even among good draughtsmen, how far this should be carried, some preferring to render the forms as if they were monochromatic, as in the plaster cast, others noting local color in equivalent of tint in the monochrome, much as the photograph renders it. The latter seems to me the true system, and certainly the most expressive and effective drawings are obtained in this way.

The drawings for the competitions are done without any assistance or advice from the professors, and so represent truly the attainment of the pupil. There are, beside drawings from life, anatomical studies in which the student can have no assistance even from diagrams. The professor makes a number of small sketches of figures in certain attitudes, and draws from them by lot those which must be the basis of the anatomical study, for which the pupil has no other guide than this sketch. He is shut into the drawing room and must in twelve hours make a study showing all the anatomical developments in a figure taking that attitude—one drawing for the muscles, and another for the skeleton. For the drawing from the cast he is allowed eight sittings of two hours each, and for that from the living model ten, at the end of each of which sittings the drawings are put under the seal of the Academy and kept so until the next sitting.

There is of course a certain degree of apprehension to be felt that such a vigorous system of positivism in artistic education would produce an academic rather than an individual development; but the director is well aware of this danger, and knows that any indication of individuality must be protected and fostered as far as is consistent with sound knowledge and thorough draughtsmanship. The talent must be of a very weak order of individuality—hardly in fact more than an eccentricity—which will not be bettered by the system of instruction followed at Antwerp, which seems to me, so far as plan and scope is concerned, very nearly if not quite all that an institution of this kind can be made. Beyond this what may be realized is in part dependent on the means afforded, and in part on the assistance of collections of good art, in which it must be said Antwerp does not rival most of the artistic cities of Europe. In some respects the favorite French custom of the leading artists teaching the aspirants in their own school is pleasanter, but it may

be seriously questioned if the magnetism of a great genius, and the fascination of his results, may not be more dangerous to individuality and real rising genius than all the rigidity of an academic system. Few artists of great and peculiar powers have been able to lay down a plan of education which would adapt itself to widely different talent, and rarely have they succeeded in making worthy followers. The best painter is often far from being the best teacher, and indeed is rarely able to tell the reason of his working, while many a man of mediocre artistic powers has succeeded remarkably well in forming the talents of men of widely diverse character. I think that the experience of the world will prove that a good educational system like that of Antwerp, even if it possesses no peculiar talent in its direction, is better than an individual influence, whatever may be its power or attraction.

W. J. STILLMAN.

THE SUEZ CANAL, OR A SERMON IN SAND.

By A. R. M.

YES, we had been hard and fast for the space of three or four days—not exactly stuck in the mud, but, almost as bad, made fast fore and aft with warps (yes, warps is the correct nautical expression—I have it on the authority of no less a personage than the harbour master of Benares himself, who was one of our passengers, and on all seafaring matters was wont to lay down the law with great unction). Three or four days at Port Said, “Ah! there was the rub.” Had it only been at Cairo, or Alexandria, or Jerusalem, or Damascus, in fact had we only been detained in any Oriental town where Eastern life could really have been studied, our time might have been most agreeably spent. But Port Said is a mongrel French settlement with nothing worth seeing excepting the fine lighthouse that overtops the town. Everything that man could do was certainly done to alleviate our hard lot. Morning, noon and night did the patient lascar toil at his oar in the captain’s gig to carry us to and from the shore. Proud as turkeycocks did we strut on the strand, arrayed in all the unaccustomed glory of topees, puggarees and white drill suits. And then we had a picnic in the desert. We took, moreover, our first lesson in Arabic, and learned to utter that magic word “bucksheesh,” which will take him who knows its mystic meaning over the whole wide Orient. We made acquaintance with literal street Arabs. Yes, literal Arabs were they, true sons of Ishmael, their hand against every man, and every man’s hand against them; and literally were they gathered from the streets—regular “gutter-snipes,” if it be allowable to apply an Americanism to the young fry who make sand pies in that rainless land

where no gutters are to be found. We had moreover sniffed and inhaled all that strange concentration of odours suffusing the precincts of Arab Town, the Mahomedan quarter of Port Said. And from our lips the wondering query was given utterance,—*Can this be the far-famed fragrance which poets say is ever wont to be wafted on the spicy breezes* blowing from Araby the Blessed?* Finally, we had invested all our spare cash in photographs. We had toyed with the gold fish in Lesseps Square. We had reclined under the trees in that pretty garden, watching the quaint and picturesque figures which sauntered along the cool and shady walk intent on gossip, business or pleasure, as the case might be. But at length the blue peter is up. On the bridge is stationed the French pilot. There he stands alongside of our skipper. To look at the two you might well imagine the pilot to be the greater and more important man. See how gorgeously he is attired in blue cloth and gold lace! See how picturesque is the contrast of his snow-white mushroom topee, standing out as it does in bold relief against his black bushy beard and the dark hue of his glossy broadcloth! Down comes the blue peter. Up runs a red flag whose scarlet ground bears three white crosses. “That’s the mail flag,” says the harbour master. “Every ship must give way to us, clearing out to the side of the Canal till we are past, for we carry her Majesty’s mails.” Of course we all crowded to the vessel’s side for the sake of getting a good view of that wonder of the world the Suez Canal.

“Oh,” exclaims Miss Spin, “isn’t it delightful to think that Africa is now an island?”

“The Canal is nothing better than a railway cutting with water running through it instead of trains. When you’ve been through the ditch as often as I have, Miss Spin, you will follow my example: I’m off to my berth for an after-tiffin snooze before dinner.”

Mr. Increase Bullock, our American fellow-passenger, quotes Dean Ramsay’s well-known Scotch story, to which he gives a transatlantic turn by saying “I kinder reckon the wild ass would have to sniff up the desert air an eternally long time before he got fat on it.” Now it happened that I, the Reverend Griffin Padre, M.A., recently appointed chaplain of the Run of Cutch, was at this particular moment of my existence pacing the deck in a state of the highest good-humour. In fact I was ready to be pleased with everybody and with everything, myself of course included. All my geese were for the moment swans, and all nature seemed *couleur de rose*. It was just this way. For a whole ten days and more I had been as cross as a bear robbed of her whelps. Sea-sickness invariably has the effect of making me say in the words of Hamlet—“Man pleases not me; nor woman either, though by

your laughing you seem to say so." But in the end even sea-sickness proves to be a blessing in disguise. One gets through such a large amount of surliness at sea, that for the next week or ten days not an atom of ill-humour (if it be correct to measure ill-humour as though it were composed of atoms) can be got out of a man for love or money, inasmuch as it has been all thrown away. Never mind, please do not begrudge me my little gleam of happiness,—the lazy swell of the Indian Ocean will speedily drive it away; and then I give you all fair warning,—mind you do not come too near that particular part of the ship where my deck chair is placed: for remember this, my fair young lady friend, that were you Venus herself I should snarl and growl "Is that you again, you disgusting creature?" But for the present all is merry as a marriage bell, the Canal is smooth as a millpond, and so I pace the deck with jaunty step ready to find sermons in sand, books in the scorching sun, and good in everything. The Canal was preacher, and held forth with mute eloquence such as could not be resisted. The good ship "Polyphloisboio Thalasses" formed the church; the steam winch forward on the forecastle did duty as a pew; while I, the Rev. Griffin Padre aforesaid, perched thereon, acted the part of congregation. Firstly, secondly, thirdly—for it was thus that the Canal divided its discourse, a sermon that took a whole day and a half to preach, so that the congregation were able to take a good sound sleep in the middle.

Firstly, then, my brethren, said the Suez Canal, ALMOST EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD DEPENDS ON THE PARTICULAR LIGHT IN WHICH THE BEHOLDER VIEWS IT.

In order to unfold this division of our subject, we shall quote the advice of a well-known Irish orator, who, when asked for the secret of his power as a speaker, replied, "As a rule I begin with a good story. I tell another for a wind-up to my discourse, and then I let the middle portion take care of itself." Following this sage advice, we commence head number one with the time-honored formula *once upon a time*. Once upon a time a certain Parsee is said to have had an interview with the Archbishop of Canterbury. In the course of their conversation His Grace took occasion to find fault with the folly of paying divine homage to the sun. The Parsee listened in respectful silence until the most reverend prelate had fully stated his case, and then quietly replied, "Ah, but you have never seen the sun, my lord, and that is why you cannot understand the feelings of veneration with which we regard him." Yes, my Parsee friend, you certainly scored a point there. The British sun cannot hold a candle to that glorious orb whose torturing beams irradiate the land of your birth; and so when the poor Archbishop found fault with your sun-worship you might well tax him with speaking about a thing he knew nothing of. "T'ould Slowitt mo-in," to a certainty, was never seen in Egypt. My dear

hearers, you need not look so puzzled, as though I were making a quotation from the Sanscrit, from the Persian, or from Arabic. Nothing of the kind. The words "T'ould Slowitt mo-in" are good, plain, honest Yorkshire, as pure Yorkshire as any words that were ever uttered by the sturdy cloth-weavers of the West Riding. It seems that a native of the village of Slowitt had grown up to man's estate without having ever travelled beyond the bounds of the immediately surrounding parishes, but at length the never-to-be-forgotten day arrived when he went a trip as far as Leeds, full eighteen miles away. As may well be imagined, an admiring family circle gathered round him on his return from this adventurous journey, and plied him with questions as to what he had seen and heard during the course of his wanderings. "Eh ! mother, t'ould Slowitt mo-in were i' Leeds !" which may be freely paraphrased thus—"Oh, my mother, just think of it ! the same dear familiar moon, which month by month is wont to wax and to wane in this our native valley, actually accompanied me on my pilgrimage, for I had hardly reached Leeds when I saw the dear old Slowitt moon, awaiting me as a well-known friend." There's no such thing in Egypt as "T'ould Slowitt mo-in." The ruler of the night does indeed bathe Arabia's desert with a silvery radiance all her own, but no one in his senses could ever mistake that bright effulgence for the smoke-enshrouded moon which tries its best, poor thing, to pierce the gloom at Slowitt, or to glimmer in the murky atmosphere of Leeds. From these two anecdotes we would proceed to the more immediate contemplation of head number one, which we repeat for the sake of impressing it on our hearers' memories. Almost everything in the world depends on the particular light in which the beholder views it. Look for instance at the desert through which I am cut. As far as the eye can reach, nothing can be seen but a dreary waste of sand sparsely dotted over with miserable scrub, the whole expanse being as flat as the proverbial pancake itself, or, in other words, as flat as can be—not for a moment to be mentioned in the same breath with the glorious desert of Sinai, whose red crags tower on high, standing out in bold relief against the bright blue sky of Arabia Petræa. But this miserable stretch of land is for all the world just like the mud banks of old Father Thames at low water. Extend those mud flats *ad infinitum*, let there be no river, no buildings, nothing but dried-up sand. If this were in England, what more dreary outlook could be well imagined ? Ah, but it's not in England, and that makes all the difference. Set the desert down at the mouth of the Thames ; go a picnic there in the middle of November, and the probability is that you will come home a wiser, a sadder, and a more muddy man than you were when you set out. But set the desert down where it is. Go through it in an A 1 P. & O. steamer ; and if you are not as jolly as a sand-boy

then my name is not Suez Canal : that is all I have to say. The level desert is still as flat as any pancake, but perhaps, my dear hearers, it may have been your lot to notice that between the mottled dark-brown spots with which a pancake is marked there lies outstretched a rich yellow substratum, suggestive of eggs and certain other mysterious ingredients, whose virtues are doubtless well known to those sensible and diligent maidens who attend schools of domestic cookery. Were the desert in England it might be likened to a miserable American slap-jack—a dull drab-coloured pancake thriftily composed of simple buckwheat meal and water ; for a slap-jack must be literally made to swim in melted butter to make it go down at all. But here old Sol transforms the monotonous wilderness by the stroke of his alchemist's wand, and he makes the dreary expanse shine as do the glorious streets of the Golden City itself. Golden sand beneath your feet, and such a splendid sky above your head ! No place on this beauteous earth can really be ugly or uninteresting. Even if the landscape be tame and monotonous, there is always a cloudscape in the firmament above. If you care not for the golden sand, you must at least pay a tribute of admiration to the yellow Egyptian sunrise and sunset, to the enchanting mirage, and to all the wondrous effects of dazzling brightness which meet the eye on every hand ; and should you care for none of these things, at least you cannot help admitting that during the winter season Egypt can boast of the finest climate in the world. My dear friends, it was only this morning that I saw some of you lounging about the deck, before the appearance of the ladies, clad in that light and airy dress called pyjammahs. A clear proof this that Egypt knows nothing of that excruciating martyrdom every Englishman experiences as he jumps into cold, damp sheets at night, and as he emerges from his warm bed in the morning.

But it is full time for us to apply head number one. We are all of us travellers journeying through the wilderness of the world on our way to the haven of rest where we would be. Perhaps you may remember how very severely the late Canon Kingsley used to handle those lusty schoolboys whom he might happen to hear saying or singing “ earth is a desert drear.” “ It is arch hypocrisy,” said he. Not a bit of it, Mr. Canon, say we ; to the average schoolboy earth is a desert drear, a glorious wilderness, a desert seen through the eyes of youth, a desert of fine bracing air and prancing Arab steeds, of tents and camels, of caravans bearing bales of untold wealth, a desert of golden sands and boundless plains, a desert of magic mirage where wooded hills rise on the distant horizon from the brink of beauteous lakes. Hip-hip-hurrah for the desert ! here shall we rove, our hand against every one, and every one's hand against us. Earth is a desert drear, and a desert drear is a schoolboy's paradise. But, again, earth is a desert drear to the poor man—a hungry wilderness

where the wild ass would have to sniff up the desert air a very long time before he got fat on it. But still there is a bright side even to this gloomy picture. The poorest lot may be rich in everything that is really worth the name of wealth. Out of the poverty-stricken desert of Arabia came forth in days of yore those who enriched far more wealthy lands than their own. When you sat by the fountain in Lesseps Square you must have noticed how severely, academical was the cut of most of the costumes worn by those who passed to and fro. With the exception of the mortar board, which we must own is a development of purely Western origin, every article of university attire was there. The flowing black gown of the bachelor of arts, with its wide and open sleeves, adorned the person of many an Arab trader; the scantier garb of the undergraduate; hoods also, and gay gowns of red, such as doctors sport on scarlet days, were all to be seen. And thereby hangs a tale. When those old Arabian professors appeared in Europe during the Dark Ages, they appeared clad in the flowing robes of the unchanging East. Gradually their scholars adopted this style of raiment, which soon became by a natural process inseparably associated with our seats of learning. From one point of view the desert may seem poor and sterile,—a place where the wild ass might, as we have already noticed, sniff at the wind a long time before he got fat on it; but from another point of view the hungry desert soil appears rich and fertile, productive of chemists, arithmeticians, professors of medicine, of algebra, of mathematics,—in a word rich in that wisdom whose price is above that of rubies or precious stones. But at thus particular point in the Canal's sermon it comes to pass that Miss Spin falls fast asleep over her three-volume novel; Tommy, her young pickle of a nephew, is alternately feeding the parrot and teasing the Spanish bull our butcher took on board at Gibraltar; all the other passengers severally are intent on gossip, flirtation, or petty quarrelling—those three standing dishes on board ship; so that I, Griffin Padre, am left alone to listen to the Canal's remaining discourse.

The Canal might well have been disgusted at the smallness of its audience; but no, the Canal proves a preacher willing to practise what it preaches. Had it not been saying that everything depends on the particular light in which you regard it? Only one member of a congregation to sit under the preacher! No, thousands of members, for this one hearer is a Padre Sahib, one who will pass on the word to the thousands of attentive listeners that are destined to sit at his feet in the land of his adoption. So, nothing daunted, the Canal resumes the broken thread of its discourse by saying—Secondly, my hearers, I would remark that even the dreariest waste can by the expenditure of a little care and culture be made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. (If it be allowable to interrupt a preacher, I, Griffin Padre, would like to explain that these words were uttered exactly as our good

ship was passing that picturesque station where the road to Jerusalem crosses the Canal by a ferry. Our harbour master tells us it is the oldest road in the world, and we can well believe him, for it certainly has an ancient look about it.) See those well-watered gardens. Why, the double geraniums which old Bonhomme, the French Canal employé, manages to raise, would carry off a prize at any flower show in Europe ; and as for those huge bunches of red flowers, which blossom in such clusters on the trees, if they were depicted on the artist's canvas I know what the result would be :—“ Now, Jack, don't try to deceive your poor old mother. It is all very well to say you picked up a wheel of Pharaoh's chariot in the Red Sea, but to speak of bouquets and nosegays growing ready-made on a tree in the desert, that's all hocus-pocus.” But it's true, nevertheless : in fact, the words of the old Jewish prophet have received a literal fulfilment—“ the wilderness and the solitary place have been glad for them, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose.” There are many such fertile spots in the wilderness : for, to say nothing of Lesseps Square at Port Said, you should pay a visit to the Khedive's gardens and forests at Ismailia. Don't you recollect, my dear hearer, the days when as a little boy you commenced the study of Greek, and how painfully old Dominie's cane drilled into your stupid head the well-known exercise “ Egypt is the gift of the Nile,” “ ὁ Αἴγυπτος τοῦ Νίλου δῶρον ἴστιν” ? Well, here is that old boyish exercise come to life again, like a ghost risen from the sepulchre of days gone by. “ Egypt is the gift of the Nile,” for wherever the life-giving water from the sacred river is outpoured, there you may gather roses and posies, and lilies and daffydownillies, as the old nursery rhyme puts it. Don't you see that iron pipe which runs all along the Canal bank ? That's Nile water laid on for irrigating purposes. Which things are an allegory calculated to teach us that no desert waste is so hopelessly desolate and barren as to be utterly incapable of better things. My dear hearers, we are all of us cursed with hearts that are naturally stony and sterile, hearts hard as the nether millstone. The scorching heat of temptation, the hot blast of trial, the drying-up experiences of life, all these things shrivel up the human heart. And yet every now and then we come across perfect little oases in the desert—hearts which remind us of well-watered gardens, wherein the laden boughs bend gracefully under the burden of ripening fruit. How comes this wondrous transformation ? Echo answers How ? for I, my dear hearers, do not mean to tell you. I want you to find out the secret for yourselves. If it is worth knowing at all, it is surely worth the trouble of finding out. Two hints, and two only, will I give you. Firstly, by turning to a certain old-fashioned book and turning over its pages you may find a catalogue of those lovely fruits that ripen in hearts naturally stony and barren. Secondly, in the desert of Arabia it is the Nile water that

gives life—the Nile water plus that sovereign specific styled by our American cousins “elbow grease.” Elbow grease may, however, be a great institution, but elbow grease minus the Nile water would prove a dead failure. What is it then, my hearers, that the grand old Nile and its life-giving stream may stand as emblems of? Take a map of Africa and look at the river Nile as there marked out—an inexhaustible inland sea set far in the mysterious centre of a mysterious continent. The mere superabundance of that mighty Nyanza flows ever onwards. Old Sol may try his best but he cannot dry up the Nile; the thirsty desert may try to drain it; but still onward the grand old river flows, inexhaustible in itself, since no tributary helps to swell the mighty flood. All beasts of the field drink thereof, and the wild asses quench their thirst. Mighty cities and verdant plains—
ὁ Αἰγυπτος τοῦ Νείλου δαΐεν. ‘What is the inexhaustible source of living water in the land that is very far off, whose overflow overspreads many a heart in this dreary world, making those hearts to bring forth and blossom as the rose?’

Thirdly, my hearers, continued the Canal, I would have you notice those quail which fly in such flocks all over the desert. They belong to an ancient and honorable desert family, inasmuch as their remote ancestors are said to have fluttered round about Israel’s tents on the eventful day when the pilgrim host murmured against the gift of manna. The old stock has certainly increased and multiplied and replenished the wilderness, for now-a-days the whole desert literally swarms with quail. You will remember what a fright all the women folks got at your picnic when a ruffianly-looking old Arab appeared on the scene gun in hand. Well, he was perfectly harmless and respectable—nothing more or less than an elderly gentleman out for a little quail-shooting. The very worst he would have done would have been to charge a most unreasonable price for the contents of his game bag. And then look at those long-legged birds standing in meditative attitude on the Canal bank. The harbour master told you they were flamingoes, but they look uncommonly like herons. Again, take notice of the countless myriads of sea-gulls which fly in clouds like columns over the brackish wavelets of the backwater which runs along my western bank for several miles this side of Port Said. And then there are camels and sandcrabs, and flies and mosquitos.

Now, my friends, to say the least of it, I think you must admit that human beings are very conceited. This is the desert home of bird, beast, creeping thing, and yet you call the wilderness a barren waste, simply because it is incapable of supporting a teeming population of men—as though man, forsooth, were the only creature worthy of the Creator’s bountiful care. Is there no retreat on this highly humanized planet secured for the use of those creatures you in your pride call the lower creation? Can we never

retreat beyond the utilitarian hum of the factory, or the deeply ploughed furrows of the farm? Are quail and seagull, flamingo and the cony, doomed to be improved off the face of the earth? No, a thousand times no, answers the great desert, certainly not as long as I can help it. "England expects that every man this day will do his duty," which being freely translated means that the great Creator expects every one of His works to serve their own appointed end. To the sandy desert he may well be supposed to have said, "O thou aridwaste, thou art expected to do thy duty—thy duty, which is briefly comprehended in the following words:—Thou art to afford a habitation to the winged quail and to the long-legged flamingo, thou art to grow a crop of scrub on which the wandering camel may browse, and on thy solitary sands the proverbial flower perchance may blush unseen, but it will not waste its sweetness—it will lavish its sweetness—on the desert air. But, O thou arid waste, above and beyond all these important duties thou hast a great function to perform. Thou art commanded to form a vast bleaching-ground whereon the purifying rays of the sun may cleanse and disinfect the murky air, which vile man has defiled in the boasted haunts of his modern civilization, the belching chimneys of his Birminghams and his Sheffields, the nameless impurities that putrefy in his Constantinoples, the pent-up breath of his Londons: these things defile the spacious expanse of the firmament. Upon thee, O desert, is partly laid the duty of purification. The ocean and the rain shall wash the air, the icy solitudes of Greenland and Labrador shall freeze out every germ of evil, and thou art finally to dry and warm and send it back to be vitalized once more by the salt sea which bounds thy scorching plains. And the grand old desert performs its appointed task right nobly. Indeed, it proves itself to be the original of that ingenious disinfecting machine one sometimes sees in fever hospitals—a machine which bakes and heats infected clothes till they are almost, but not quite, singed. So acts the desert to the long-suffering air into which has poured all the abominations of poor vile humanity. Such is the function of Arabia's desert, and its Creator looks on it and, behold, it is very good. May you and I copy the good example set us by Arabia's solitude! May I as a canal carry the fleets of all nations on my bosom, and may all the passengers and crew of the good ship Polyphloisboio Thalasses perform their own appointed tasks, whether their duty be to wheel little children about in perambulators, to cook the dinner, or to sweep the house, whether it be as soldiers to break men's heads, or as doctors to cure them, whether it be as merchants to make money, or as wives and housekeepers to spend money! "England expects that every man this day will do his duty." To do one's duty is the best thing that can possibly be done by angels, archangels, men, women, children, by deserts, or by any of the other works of the great Creator.

GEORGE ELIOT.

THE renown of some authors, great in their day and generation, dies with themselves or with the circumstances of day and hour that called it into being. It will not be so with the literary giant who left us at Christmas time, just as the Yule log was about to blaze on English hearths, and good cheer and family reunions were the order of the day. She dealt, to use an expression of her own, "with the deeper and more lasting relation of things," and her name shall endure when meaner ones are forgotten. Her renown cannot die, and her works stand second only to Shakespeare's in English literature.

Now that the light of her genius has vanished from the earth and her pen is laid aside for ever, we shall set her on the pedestal that is rightfully hers, and give her the honour that is her due. In knowledge of human nature, in true and terse word-painting, in insight into the hidden significance of outward things none can approach her. Her books are sermons without dogmatism, moral lessons that never weary, teaching that in truth and duty alone can happiness be found, that neither repentance nor regret can annul the effects of one wrong action, and that, sooner or later, suffering must follow wrong-doing, as darkness follows light and night comes after day.

Her characters move and breathe before us, more vivid in our remembrance and our thoughts than many a personage who has actually crossed our path, for the strong glamor of her inspiration is about them and irresistibly carries her readers with her.

Who does not see before him clever, beautiful, selfish Tito Melema ; pity and despise the sterile egotistical pedantry of Casaubon ; or watch with saddened interest pretty, petty Rosamond drag Lydgate down ? Who does not love Mr. Irwine, or dwell with delight on the utterances of Mrs. Poyser's sharp tongue,—“one of those untaught wits that help to stock a country with proverbs,” a woman sound and tender at heart, but blest with speech keen and cutting as an east wind. Even poor Molly the housemaid, with a turn-up nose and a protuberant jaw, caring tenderly for the young poultry, but no more showing the maternal delight that was in her “than a brown earthenware pitcher will show the light of the lamp within it,” who “peeped with open mouth whenever she was told, and said ‘Lawks’ whenever she was expected to wonder,” stands out plainly and clearly before us as she endures meekly Mrs. Poyser's rasping rebuke, or walks home from church with the prayer book, in which she could only read the large letters and amens, folded neatly in her pocket handkerchief. There is a charm of powerful reality about many of George Eliot's characters, which comes from the fact that they are painted from living types ; they

have the failings and peculiarities of everyday mortals, and resemble in nothing the shadowy and unreal creations that dimly float through some authors' three volumes. George Eliot herself says—"The way in which I have come to the conclusion that human nature is loveable—the way I have learnt something of its deep pathos, its sublime mysteries—has been by living a great deal among people more or less commonplace and vulgar." She turned upon her neighbours an eye at once kindly and penetrating; the light of her genius enabled her to read the secrets of their hearts, and to disentangle the web of circumstances and tendencies that had made them what they were; and having dissected them she transferred them, living, palpitating, and sometimes sinning and suffering, to her pages, there to live as long as the English language shall endure.

Marian C. Evans was born in the north of England about the year 1820. Her father, a man of learning and ability, was delighted to foster the precocious talent of his daughter, and took great pains to form her style. Marian was hardly twenty when she lost both parents, but the proceeds of her writings had already aided them in their rather straitened circumstances. Many were the poems, stories, and sketches she contributed to newspapers and periodicals. "Scenes from Clerical Life" and "Silas Marner" both attracted considerable attention, but it was not until she was approaching her thirty-eighth year that "Adam Bede," one of her best, and certainly her most popular novel, appeared and made her famous. The publication of "Adam Bede" led to her acquaintance and close intimacy with George Lewes, her future husband. The connection was harmonious and a strong sympathy existed between them, but it is quite possible that the intimacy stayed the onward progress of her genius and darkened her life. She disdained to act a lie, and she was singularly independent of the world and the world's opinions, but perhaps her natural diffidence and reserve were increased by the isolation in which her daring disregard of conventionalities had placed her, and possibly some of the occasional prolixity that disfigures her later works, some of her departures from the path that the peculiarities of her talent had marked out as the one in which she was eminently fitted to excel, may be owing to her association with another talent, differing in kind, and much less in degree than her own. "Adam Bede" was followed by "The Mill on the Floss," "Romola," "Felix Holt," "The Spanish Gypsy," "Middlemarch," "The Legend of Jubal," "Daniel Deronda," and "The Memoirs of Theophrastus Such." It is said that her second husband, Mr. Cross, to whom she had been not long married, wished her to give up work, but her habit of writing was so inveterate that it would surprise no one to hear that she had left some unfinished work as a legacy to the world that mourns her loss. The path of literature has been a profitable as well as a

pleasant one to her. She has received some £50,000 for her works, which will still prove valuable to her heirs. It is to be regretted that a career as brilliant as hers should have ended so soon, but she went quietly and willingly to her rest. Her illness was short, and her end painless and calm as the setting of the summer sun.

The "following quotation from the Harvest Supper in "Adam Bede" is a little long, but its length will probably be forgiven, even by those few readers who may have recently read it, in consideration of its beauty, and its value as an illustration of the dead novelist's great skill in the delineation of homely scenes and humble individuals :—

But *now* the cloth was drawn, leaving a fair large deal table for the bright drinking-cans, and the foaming brown jugs, and the bright brass candlesticks, pleasant to behold. *Now* the great ceremony of the evening was to begin—the harvest song, in which every man must join : he might be in tune, if he liked to be singular, but he must not sit with closed lips. The movement was obliged to be in triple time; the rest was *ad libitum*.

As to the origin of this song—whether it came in its actual state from the brain of a single rhapsodist, or was gradually perfected by a school or succession of rhapsodists, I am ignorant. There is a stamp of unity, of individual genius, upon it, which inclines me to the former hypothesis, though I am not blind to the consideration that this unity may rather have arisen from that consensus of many minds which was a condition of primitive thought, foreign to our modern consciousness. Some will perhaps think that they detect in the first quatrain an indication of a lost line, which later rhapsodists, failing in imaginative vigour, have supplied by the feeble device of iteration : others, however, may rather maintain that this very iteration is an original felicity, to which none but the most prosaic minds can be insensible.

The ceremony connected with the song was a drinking ceremony. (That is perhaps a painful fact, but then, you know, we cannot reform our forefathers.) During the first and second quatrain, sung decidedly *forte*, no can was filled.

" Here's a health unto our master,
The founder of the feast ;
Here's a health unto our master,
And to our mistress !
And may his doings prosper
Whate'er he takes in hand !
For we are all his servants,
And are at his command."

But now, immediately before the third quatrain or chorus, sung *fortissimo* with emphatic raps of the table, which gave the effect of cymbals and drum together, Alick's can was filled, and he was bound to empty it before the chorus ceased.

" Then drink, boys, drink !
And see ye do not spill,
For if ye do, ye shall drink two,
For 'tis our master's will."

When Alick had gone successfully through this test of steady-handed manliness, it was the turn of old Kester, at his right hand,—and so on, till every man had drunk his initiatory pint under the stimulus of the chorus. Tom Saft—the rogue—took care to spill a little by accident; but Mrs. Poyser (too officiously, Tom thought) interfered to prevent the exaction of the penalty.

To any listener outside the door it would have been the reverse of obvious why the “drink, boys, drink!” should have such an immediate and often-repeated encore; but once entered, he would have seen that all faces were at present sober, and most of them serious: it was the regular and respectable thing for those excellent farm-labourers to do, as much as for elegant ladies and gentlemen to smirk and bow over their wine-glasses. Bartle Massey, whose ears were rather sensitive, had gone out to see what sort of evening it was, at an early stage in the ceremony; and had not finished his contemplation until a silence of five minutes declared that “Drink, boys, drink!” was not likely to begin again for the next twelvemonth. Much to the regret of the boys and Totty: on them the stillness fell rather flat, after that glorious thumping of the table, towards which Totty, seated on her father’s knee, contributed with her small might and small fist.

When Bartle re-entered, however, there appeared to be a general desire for solo music after the choral. Nancy declared that Tim the waggoner knew a song, and was “allays singing like a lark i’ the stable;” whereupon Mr. Poyser said encouragingly, “Come, Tim, lad, let’s hear it.” Tim looked sheepish, tucked down his head, and said he couldn’t sing; but this encouraging invitation of the master’s was echoed all round the table; it was a conversational opportunity: everybody could say “Come, Tim,”—except Alick, who never relaxed into the frivolity of unnecessary speech. At last, Tim’s next neighbour, Ben Tholoway, began to give emphasis to his speech by nudges, at which Tim, growing rather savage, said, “Let me aloon, will ye? else I’ll ma’ ye sing a toon ye wonna alike.” A good-tempered waggoner’s patience has limits, and Tim was not to be urged further.

“Well, then, David, ye’re the lad to sing,” said Ben, willing to show that he was not discomfited by this check. “Sing ‘M’ loove’s a roos wi’out a thorn.’”

The amatory David was a young man of an unconscious abstracted expression, which was due probably to a squint of superior intensity rather than to any mental characteristic; for he was not indifferent to Ben’s invitation, but blushed and laughed and rubbed his sleeve over his mouth in a way that was regarded as a symptom of yielding. And for some time the company appeared to be much in earnest about the desire to hear David’s song. But in vain. The lyrism of the evening was in the cellar at present, and was not to be drawn from that retreat just yet.

Meanwhile the conversation at the head of the table had taken a political turn. Mr. Craig was not above talking politics occasionally, though he piqued himself rather on a wise insight than on specific information. He saw so far beyond the mere facts of a case, that really it was superfluous to know them.

"I'm no reader o' the paper myself," he observed to-night, as he filled his pipe, "though I might read it fast enough if I liked, for there's Miss Lyddy has 'em, and 's done with 'em i' no time; but there's Mills, now, sits i' the chimney-corner and reads the paper pretty nigh from morning to night, and when he's got to th' end on 't he's more addleheaded than he was at the beginning. He's full o' this peace now, as they talk on; he's been reading and reading, and thinks he's got to the bottom on 't. 'Why, Lor' bless you, Mills,' says I, 'you see no more into this thing nor you can see into the middle of a potato. I'll tell you what it is: you think it 'll be a fine thing for the country; and I'm not again' it—mark my words—I'm not again' it. But it's my opinion as there's them at th' head o' this country as are worse enemies t' us nor Bony and all the mounseers he's got at 's back: for as for the mounseers, you may skewer half-a-dozen of 'em at once as if they war frogs.'"

"Ay, ay," said Martin Poyser, listening with an air of much intelligence and edification, "they ne'er ate a bit o' meat i' their lives. Mostly sallet, I reckon."

"And says I to Mills," continued Mr. Craig, "'will you try to make me believe as furriners like them can do us half th' harm them ministers do with their bad government? If King George 'ud turn 'em all away and govern by himself he'd see everything righted. He might take on Billy Pitt again if he liked; but I don't see myself what we want wi' anybody besides King and Parliament. It's that nest o' ministers does the mischief, I tell you.'"

"Ah, it's fine talking," observed Mrs. Poyser, who was now seated near her husband, with Totty on her lap—"it's fine talking. It's hard work to tell which is Old Harry when everybody's got boots on."

"As for this peace," said Mr. Poyser, turning his head on one side in a dubitative manner, and giving a precautionary puff to his pipe between each sentence, "I don't know. Th' war's a fine thing for the country, an' how 'll you keep up prices wi'out it? An' them French are a wicked sort o' folks, by what I can make out; what can you do better nor fight 'em?"

"Ye're partly right there, Poyser," said Mr. Craig, "but I'm not again' the peace—to make a holiday for a bit. We can break it when we like, an' I'm in no fear o' Bony, for all they talk so much o' his cliverness. That's what I says to Mills this morning. Lor' bless you, he sees no more through Bony! . . . why, I put him up to more in three minutes than he gets from's paper all the year round. Says I, 'Am I a gardener as knows his business, or arn't I, Mills? answer me that.' 'To be sure y'are, Craig,' says he—he's not a bad fellow, Mills isn't, for a butler, but weak i' th' head. 'Well,' says I, 'you talk o' Bony's cliverness; would it be any use my being a first-rate gardener if I'd got nought but a quagmire to work on?' 'No,' says he. 'Well,' I says, 'that's just what it is wi' Bony. I'll not deny but he may be a bit cliver—he's no Frenchman born, as I understand; but what's he got at 's back but mounseers?'"

Mr. Craig paused a moment with an emphatic stare after this triumphant specimen of Socratic argument, and then added, thumping the table rather fiercely,

"Why, it's a sure thing—and there's them 'all bear witness to 't—as i' one regiment where there was one man a-missing, they put the regimentals on a big monkey, and they fit him as the shell fits the walnut, and you couldn't tell the monkey from the mounseer!"

"Ah! think o' that, now!" said Mr. Poyser, impressed at once with the political bearings of the fact, and with its striking interest as an anecdote in natural history.

"Come, Craig," said Adam, "that's a little too strong. You don't believe that. It's all nonsense about the French being such poor sticks. Mr. Irwine's seen 'em in their own country, and he says they've plenty o' fine fellows among 'em. And as for knowledge, and contrivances, and manufactures, there's a many things as we're a fine sight behind 'em in. Its poor foolishness to run down your enemies. Why, Nelson and the rest of 'em 'ud have no merit i' beating 'em, if they were such offal as folks pretend."

Mr. Poyser looked doubtfully at Mr. Craig, puzzled by this opposition of authorities. Mr. Irwine's testimony was not to be disputed; but, on the other hand, Craig was a knowing fellow, and his view was less startling. Martin had never "heard tell" of the French being good for much. Mr. Craig had found no answer but such as was implied in taking a long draught of ale, and then looking down fixedly at the proportions of his own leg, which he turned a little outward for that purpose, when Bartle Massey returned from the fireplace, where he had been smoking his first pipe in quiet, and broke the silence by saying, as he thrust his forefinger into the canister,

"Why, Adam, how happened you not to be at church on Sunday? answer me that, you rascal. The anthem went limping without you. Are you going to disgrace your schoolmaster in his old age?"

"No, Mr. Massey," said Adam. "Mr. and Mrs. Poyser can tell you where I was. I was in no bad company."

"She's gone, Adam, gone to Snowfield," said Mr. Poyser, reminded of Dinah for the first time this evening. "I thought you'd ha' persuaded her better. Nought 'ud hold her but she must go yesterday forenoon. The missis has hardly got over it. I thought she'd ha' no speerit for th' harvest supper."

Mrs. Poyser had thought of Dinah several times since Adam had come in, but she had had "no heart" to mention the bad news.

"What!" said Bartle, with an air of disgust. "Was there a woman concerned? Then I give you up, Adam."

"But it's a woman you'n spoke well on, Bartle," said Mr. Poyser. "Come, now, you canna draw back; you said once as women wouldna ha' been a bad invention if they'd all been like Dinah."

"I meant her voice, man—I meant her voice, that was all," said Bartle. "I can bear to hear her speak without wanting to put wool in my ears. As for other things, I daresay she's like the rest o' the women—thinks two and two 'll come to make five, if she cries and bothers enough about it."

"Ay, ay!" said Mrs. Poyser; "one 'ud think, an' hear some folks talk, as the

men war 'cute enough to count the corns in a bag o' wheat wi' only smelling at it. They can see through a barn-door, *they* can. Perhaps that's the reason they can see so little o' this side on 't."

Martin Poyser shook with delighted laughter, and winked at Adam, as much as to say, the schoolmaster was in for it now.

"Ah!" said Bartle, sneeringly, "the women are quick enough—they're quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself."

"Like enough," said Mrs. Poyser; "for the men are mostly so slow, their thoughts overrun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking-top while a man's getting 's tongue ready; an' when he outs wi' his speech at last, there's little broth to be made on 't. It's your dead chicks take the longest hatchin'. Howi'er, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish: God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

"Match!" said Bartle; "ay, as vinegar matches one's teeth. If a man says a word, his wife 'll match it with a contradiction; if he's a mind for hot meat, his wife 'll match it with cold bacon; if he laughs, she 'll match him with whimpering. She's such a match as the horse-fly is to th' horse: she 's got the right venom to sting him with—the right venom to sting him with."

"Yes," said Mrs. Poyser, "I know what the men like—a poor soft, as 'ud simper at 'em like the pictur o' the sun, whether they did right or wrong, an' say thank you for a kick, an' pretend she didna know which end she stood uppermost, till her husband told her. That's what a man wants in a wife, mostly: he wants to make sure o' one fool as 'll tell him he's wise. But there's some men can do wi'out that—they think so much o' themselves a'ready; an' that's how it is there's old bachelors."

"Come, Craig," said Mr. Poyser, jocosely, "you mun get married pretty quick, else you'll be set down for an old bachelor; an' you see what the women 'ull think on you."

"Well," said Mr. Craig, willing to conciliate Mrs. Poyser, and setting a high value on his own compliments, "I like a cleverish woman—a woman o' sperrit—a managing woman."

"You're out there, Craig," said Bartle, dryly; "you're out there. You judge o' your garden-stuff on a better plan than that: you pick the things for what they can excel in—for what they can excel in. You don't value your peas for their roots, or your carrots for their flowers. Now that's the way you should choose women: their cleverness 'll never come to much—never come to much; but they make excellent simpletons, ripe and strong-flavoured."

"What dost say to that?" said Mr. Poyser, throwing himself back and looking merrily at his wife.

"Say!" answered Mrs. Poyser, with dangerous fire kindling in her eye; "why, I say as some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside" . . .

Mrs. Poyser would probably have brought her rejoinder to a further climax, if

every one's attention had not at this moment been called to the other end of the table, where the lyrism, which had at first only manifested itself by David's *sotto voce* performance of "My love's a rose without a thorn," had gradually assumed a rather deafening and complex character. Tim, thinking slightly of David's vocalisation, was impelled to supersede that feeble buzz by a spirited commencement of "Three Merry Mowers;" but David was not to be put down so easily, and showed himself capable of a copious crescendo, which was rendering it doubtful whether the rose would not predominate over the mowers, when old Kester, with an entirely unmoved and immovable aspect, suddenly set up a quavering treble,—as if he had been an alarum, and the time was come for him to go off.

The company at Alick's end of the table took this form of vocal entertainment very much as a matter of course, being free from musical prejudices; but Bartle Massey laid down his pipe and put his fingers in his ears; and Adam, who had been longing to go, ever since he had heard Dinah was not in the house, rose and said he must bid good-night.

ANNIE,

AN EPISODE OF 1857.

By FUSILIER.

"WATERLOO DAY, forty-two years ago to-day, sure it will be a different tale they 'ill tell in England this year." The lips that spoke the words were dry and fever-parched, the face haggard and worn with present suffering and past terror and grief—such terror and grief as came to many a heart that fearful and bloody year. Her hair, knotted back from her face, was thickly streaked with gray, the face itself so pinched and aged that one would have taken her for an old woman, yet a few short weeks back had seen her in her prime, a cheerful and contented wife and the still-blooming mother of three children, the mistress of a spacious bungalow and of a troop of obsequious dependants, whose white-robed forms and bare feet glided noiselessly about in obedience to her behest. There the torrid midday blasts entered refreshed by their passage through the soaked tatties, day and night the punkah-wallahs were at their posts, the cool fresh bath was hers, the refreshing drink, the dainty cookery, and, better than all other comforts, a deep, but delusive, sense of security. Then there had come a spasm of delirious horror, a dream of terror and anguish, of shouting voices, dusky faces, and flashing weapons, and she had awaked to find herself widowed and childless except for the pale girl who, exhausted by the heat, had fallen asleep on the mat by the side of her bed. There were no tears in her eyes as she leaned her hand on the heavy red lacquered knob of her swinging bedstead and looked at her sleeping daughter, and yet she saw in her reflected the change that had come over herself. The child's linen dress was draggled and stained, her face lengthened and care-worn, and the joyous freshness that should have accompanied her fifteen years was woefully eclipsed.

But perhaps the mother had exhausted the fountain of tears, perhaps the fever had dried it up, or the troubles that had fallen on her had left her stunned

and numbed, with only enough capacity for suffering remaining to make her feel keenly the evils of the present hour—the stifling, intolerable heat, the plague of mosquitos, and worse than the crash of musketry or roar of the distant cannon, though they were not wanting, rose the shrieks and groans of the dying cholera patients in the adjacent hospital.

A week before, Neill had arrived to the relief of the beleaguered fort ; the city was once more in the hands of the English, and the Moulavee Lyakut Ali had fled. But the English had come red-handed, thirsting for vengeance ; the sword and the gibbet dealt forth indiscriminate slaughter ; the bazaars were deserted, the houses empty of their inhabitants, and, except when the guns of the fort sent their booming messages to the neighbouring villages, Allahabad resembled a city of the dead.

Almost the first care of Major Neill had been to despatch the women and children by steamer to Calcutta, but Mrs. Collins and her daughter had come fugitives to Allahabad, guided by a faithful ayah and a Hindoo servant, too late to go with the others, and asking only for a peaceful corner where they might lie down and die. Death had not come at their call, but its counterpart sleep still visited them and gave short relief from torturing memories and uneasy apprehensions, and when Mrs. Collins received no answer from her daughter she too fell into a heavy slumber.

Both were aroused by the sudden entrance of the ayah. “Mem Sahib,” she said, speaking her own language, and cowering down terror-stricken and trembling, “two sahibs are going to hang Govind !” “To hang Govind ! what for ?” asked Annie Collins, starting to her feet.

“We could not find the mosquito net for Mem Sahib, for the trader has fled in fear from the bazaar, and the merchant from his shop. So Govind took one from an empty bungalow, and the sahibs are about to hang him.”

“Take me to them. Quick ! quick !” exclaimed Annie, and in another moment, bareheaded, the roadway almost burning her feet, the air, hot as if from a furnace mouth, blowing upon her, she was hurrying through the streets with the ayah, past broken weapons and ruined houses, and, though the way was not long, past more than one dangling corpse.

She hardly heeded them ; the last few weeks had seasoned her to scenes of horror, and the child thought only of saving their poor faithful servant. She came in time, the halter was round his neck, but he still stood unharmed under the shade of a spreading tree. Perhaps his captors were indulging in a drunken frolic and only wished to terrify their victim ; perhaps, in a spurt of the vindictive hatred engendered by the war between the races, another of the innocent many would have suffered for the guilty few. If they were drunk, the apparition of Annie—her fair hair still tumbled and tangled from her recent sleep, her face flushed with haste and excitement—completely sobered them. “Is it not enough,” she said, her fingers tugging at the hard knot of the rope that bound him, “that the sepoys have killed my father, and my brother, and my sister, that you must kill him when he has been faithful to us all through,

and put himself in danger to bring us safely to Allahabad? It's cruel, very cruel!"

"I should say, Miss," began one of the men meekly, "as it's them as are cruel. We meant no harm by putting another on 'em out o' the way, but if so be it 'ull pleasure you I can soon loose them ropes." But Annie was not so easily placated. "I see well," she said, "that Englishmen can be as cruel and wicked as natives, and that they too can shed innocent blood. Come, Govind, get up and come home," for Govind, still holding the disputed net under his arm, had prostrated himself at her feet with his brow in the dust. The man who had not yet spoken pressed his umbrella into his comrade's hand and pointed to Annie, and as she paused to tie her handkerchief over her head before leaving the shelter of the friendly tree the spokesman again approached her. "It's very hot, Miss," he said. A umbrella is better nor nothing, and if you 'ill take this one you 'ill pleasure us both, and me and my friend 'ull walk behind you and see you safe home." Annie took the umbrella without a word, for the tears choked her utterance.

"Bless her!" he said, dropping back with his friend. "She is no more nor a child."

"An' it's my opinion," remarked the other, speaking for the first time, "as hanging is too good for them as hurts such as she."

"Ay, so it is! But I am afraid some have been hung as 'ud no more a hurt her nor we would. The Lord forgive us and them too, and help us all!"

Annie parted from her new friends at her own door, but she was destined to see one of them again before long. The heat of the day was over and the sun setting, when standing on the verandah that opened from her mother's room, a dhoolie and its bearers stopped before the house, and her acquaintance of the morning advanced to speak to her. "They were a taking him to the hospital," he said, indicating a motionless figure in the uniform of the Madras Fusiliers with a bloodstained dhotie wound about its head, "but he ain't got long to live, and its cruelty to the dying to take him near them cholera patients. I suppose you don't know of a quiet corner near here where he could lie for an hour or two and end in peace?" Annie had raised a corner of the dhotie and glanced at the boyish face it covered. "Yes, yes!" she said impetuously. "He can have my mattress and lie here in the verandah, Govind and Gunga can wait on him, and I can be near him and Mamma at the same time. I know she will not mind, for he looks like my brother George."

"Poor thing!" said the man sympathetically. "Well, we 'ull lay him down, and I'll step round to the hospital and try to bring one of the surgeons here, but as sure as my name is Jem Stevenson I believe a kind word from you will be more comfort to him now than all the doctors in India."

"Hush!" whispered Annie, "he may hear you!"

"No, Miss, he hears nothing, and maybe will hear nothing till the last trump wakes him, if so be they really have trumpets and drums and them things up there. But it's my opinion he 'ill come to himself a bit before he dies. However, there is no telling, and I'll fetch the surgeon."

Jem Stevenson was right, the surgeon's skill could avail but little, the wounds were past his healing, but he bound them up, and leaving a cooling lotion to moisten the bandaged head he hurried away to more hopeful cases. About two hours after that, when Gunga, crouched by the side of the pallet, fanned the patient, and Annie bent over him to assure herself he still breathed, he opened his eyes, fixed them first on the tiny wick floating in a goblet of cocoanut-oil that stood in a niche of the wall, then on the dark face of Gunga, and then as they fell on Annie the pale lips parted with the ghost of a smile and he asked "Who are you?"

"I am Annie Collins, and I am very glad you are better."

"Better, yes, I shall be better soon. Who brought me here?"

"The dhoolie bearers and an Englishman named Stevenson. Could you take a little soup, or some champagne? They have sent some from the Commissariat stores for Mamma."

"Water, nothing else. I do not know if I can swallow that. Is this your father's house?"

Annie spilled the spoonful of water she held, but she was saved the trouble of replying; Mrs. Collins had risen from her couch and dragged herself to the verandah.

"Two weeks ago," she said, "she had a father, but the fiends killed him; her brother shared the same fate, and her little sister died of fright. She has still a mother, but I do not think she will have one long, or that I shall live to see my mother in Ireland again."

The wounded man made no answer to her words except by slowly raising his hand and letting it fall on the shoulder of the girl, who, on her knees by his bedside, had buried her face in her hands and was sobbing bitterly. Gunga rose from the ground, and, with soft caressing words and entreaties that Mem Sahib would return to her bed, led her mistress away. Annie too went with her mother, and when, after a few moments of absence, she returned to her patient, she saw that a change had come over him. He was not asleep, and yet his state resembled no waking that she knew. His eyes, upturned till little but the whites were visible, were stony and fixed, and from his lips fell words clear and deliberate, but so low she could hardly hear them. Jem Stevenson had come in during her absence, and he turned from the wounded soldier to her.

"It's queer what he is saying," he remarked, "more like Revelations nor anything I ever heard; just listen to him, Miss."

"Blood! blood! blood!" he murmured, "their blood and ours; one will not mend the other, but it will make the more to forgive, the greater gulf." "I could fancy," said Jem, "his voice came from a long way off, it's so hollow and strange-like." Annie hardly heard him, all her attention was given to the other, whose face in the dim light looked stony and rigid as a mask. "Blood shall be poured out like water," he was saying, "at the city with the strong gates, at Lucknow and at Cawnpore. Yes, they defend them well, but they are but mud walls. Bravo, brave hearts! Bravo, Moore! bravo, Mackillop! you do well, and your

names shall live after you, but you cannot save them or yourselves. Doomed ! doomed !”

He paused for a moment, and no sound was heard but the chirp of the crickets in the trees, and those distant horrible cries from the hospital ; then the voice resumed, and low as it was, they heard nothing else :—“ You have listened to the traitor, and there shall be more blood. Blood of women and of children, on the water, and in the bungalow, and corpses in the well. But you shall be avenged. Your blood shall cry aloud, and the voice shall reach every English ear and every English heart. England’s glory, eclipsed a moment, shall again shine forth, and Indian hosts fall back before British swords.” The words died in inarticulate murmurs, but Jem declared he heard “ eighty years,” and “ you have sown the seed and must reap the harvest.” After a while, too, they gathered that he believed himself at Waterloo, that he watched the charging squadron, heard the din of contending armies, the bugle call, and the groan of the wounded horse and soldier ; but he described it all in the same passionless tone, the same whether he spoke of battles, or looked on the green fields that surrounded his home, and saw his mother and sisters walking under the trees. It was like a voice heard in a dream, or the weird sighing of the wind in the tree-tops. Exclamations of wonder fell from Jem Stevenson’s lips,—even Gunga, busy fanning away the mosquitos, listened with strained attention ; and Annie, kneeling by the low couch, took the young soldier’s hand in hers, and the action seemed to change the course of his thoughts.

“ I hear,” he said, “ but not with these fleshy ears. I see, but not with mortal eyes—all my being is perception. I stand before a portico, and on the other side is divinity within divinity, immensity beyond immensity, freedom, glory, peace. I stand before the portico but I may not pass it yet ; my sister Annie is coming, I must wait for her.”

Jem uttered a cry of dismay, and Annie shivered,—she fancied the fingers she held had feebly clasped hers,—and she murmured “ No ! no ! For my poor mother’s sake let me be spared.”

He heard and answered her. “ Are the issues of life and death in my hands ? Our mothers must console each other. I see them together in the library of my father’s house. Your mother gives mine my watch and hair, they weep and kiss each other. She speaks of you, of your father, your brother, and your little sister Amy.” Again Annie shivered, for she was sure the name of her sister had not been mentioned in his presence. “ Fear not the great Beyond,” he continued, “ all there is peace—peace.”

Once more the words became inarticulate, and Annie was called away to her mother. It was some time before she could return to her patient, but as soon as she looked at him she saw that he had changed again, the eyes were natural, he had become restless, and the poor fingers, soon to be still for ever, plucked unceasingly at the sheet that covered him.

She bathed his head with the lotion. It was all she could do, and, as if refreshed by the contact of the cool liquid, he fixed his eyes on her face with a last look of

recognition, a pale smile flitted across his lips, and he whispered 'Kiss me, Annie, before I go.' She bent over him and put her lips to his, while Jem turned his face from the light that none might see a tear-drop that glistened on his sun-burnt face.

The dying soldier never spoke again, but the strong young life clung to his shattered frame till daylight, and long before that the cholera had laid its livid hand on Annie Collins. Sorrow, privation, and exposure had ill prepared her to resist the attack, and vain was Mrs. Collins' despair, Gunga's lamentations, and vain the ministrations of the doctor that Jem Stevenson dragged to her bedside. Her life went out with the young Fusilier's, just as the rising sun reddened the sky, and together they were carried to the hasty burial which was all that could be accorded to the dead in those troublous times.

THE COST OF A BOTTLE OF SHERRY.

(By G. L. E. N.)

WHEN William Ullman asked Maria Gibson to be his wife no one was more surprised than Maria herself, and yet he had given premonition of his intentions, which a girl more confident of her own merits would have accepted at their true value; but Maria had so long been accustomed to look on herself as the little brown sparrow among her more showy and gaily attired cousins, the one whose mission it was to be useful rather than ornamental, to be appealed to when aid and sympathy were required, and to receive little love and less admiration in return, that William's attentions were taken as proofs of the kindness of his heart, rather than as signs of a growing attachment to herself.

"Mr. Ullman really is very kind to poor Maria," said pretty Ada Gibson one day to her sister Martha, who, being blest with less beauty, went in for accomplishments and intellect, "but I must say I should like to know which of us he intends to honour, you or I."

"Why, you of course, unless it is Jenny," was the reply. "It is more likely to be you, Martha; Jenny is only a child," said Ada, feeling secretly convinced that she herself stood the best chance of carrying off the prize, for a prize William was in the matrimonial market, by far the most eligible young man for miles around Westborough. Did he not own Westborough Hill Farm, with its five hundred and seventy broad acres, valuable stock and substantial old homestead, and was not his tall form erect and shapely, and his face beaming with the kindly geniality which is so much enhanced by excellent health, outdoor exercise, and worldly prosperity?

So when William's engagement to Maria Gibson was made public, there was much congratulation, some wonder on the part of the young people, and great, but well concealed, disappointment and mortification in the hearts of Maria's cousins Ada and Martha.

"Why, he must be mad!" said Martha to her sister; "I made sure he had taken a fancy to you."

"I don't think I would have had him," she replied. "I felt confident you were the one."

The wonder, however, expressed at William's selection was by no means universal, and among others Mr. and Mrs. Claridge, his nearest neighbours and old friends of his deceased parents, warmly approved his choice. "Not but I thought," said Mrs. Claridge, when they discussed the matter together, "that he would be surely taken by Ada's pretty face, or Martha's cleverness and never notice plain, quiet Maria."

"Maria is a sensible girl, with no nonsense about her, and will make a first-rate wife; and as for looks, why, she will be a comely woman when her cousins have no more beauty than washed-out rags. William has made a wise choice, and I wish him well," was the verdict of Mr. Claridge.

As for Maria herself, she was too absorbed in her growing attachment to her lover, too happy and proud of his preference, to think much of the substantial advantages which her marriage would bring, of the joy it would be to take leave of her dependent position, and find herself her own mistress; but all these minor notes served to aid in making up the melody of the great whole, and she was very happy when she found herself installed at the Hill, and heard William say he had a home for the first time since his mother's death. And a very pleasant home it was, thought Maria, when the wind brought its odorous tribute from the lilac and seringa bushes, or the winter fire gleamed brightly, and lighted up their cosy sitting room. No young couple could be happier or appear better suited to each other, and three times since their marriage had winter melted into spring, and the apple trees shed their blossoms in the grass, before a little cloud arose in their horizon; and even then it looked such a little cloud that it seemed at first sight hardly worthy of serious attention.

William returned one evening from a festive gathering at a bachelor friend's much the worse for the libations in which he had indulged. Maria assisted him to bed, and concealed, as far as possible, his state from the servants, but she scarcely saw in the little slip subject for misgiving, and still less for recrimination and reproach. Indeed on the morrow, when William's headache had subsided, they were both inclined to treat his one little departure from sobriety as a jest. It was, however, no jest when it had been once or twice repeated, and Maria learnt to dread her husband's visits to Mr. Strange, or to the Swan at Runburn. His home was as attractive as ever, his table as carefully served, his violin lay in its accustomed case, and neither books nor society were wanting, but these delights paled in comparison with the brimming glass and merry rattle of his drinking companions, and Maria saw him depart time after time with a sickening fear lest the favourite horse he rode should be unable to bring its unsteady master safely home.

The influence of a good and judicious wife is immense, and Maria had obtained several shortlived reformations. Unfortunately they were but shortlived, and she had begun to ask herself if she was indeed doomed to see her dearly loved husband sink into an habitual drunkard, a pitiable and miserable object with shaking hand, foul breath, and failing memory—a thing for all to scoff at, he who had been so bright and handsome, and so generally beloved.

During the first years of their married life Mr. and Mrs. Ullman had wanted but one thing to make their happiness complete. They had no child, and both had ardently desired children; at last, however, there was a prospect of their desire being granted, and Maria, as she hemmed long frills or sewed little flannel garments by the Christmas fire, tremblingly hoped her child's influence might prove more powerful than her own, and suffice to arrest its father on the downward road. Already she fancied that he lingered oftener by her side, and had, to please her, renounced several Christmas gatherings. Was it really the beginning of more self-control, or was the change only caused by his fear that anxiety would injure her health at this critical time? She would hope for the best, she said to herself, and enjoy to the uttermost the long winter evenings during which her husband read aloud, or talked to her as he had done in those first happy years of their married life.

"You were worthy a better husband, Maria," he said one night in a moment of effusion. "You are the nicest little wife that ever a man had."

"There could be no better husband than you, dearest, if only—" she added timidly.

"Yes, I know I have been a scamp, but I'll cut those fellows at Runburn, and turn over a new leaf. It would not do to set the little one a bad example, would it?" he asked, putting his hand under his wife's chin, and raising her face that her eyes might meet his.

She gave him a loving glance, and a kiss sealed this new promise, which she asked no better than to believe, as she had believed so many others which had been as sincere as this, yet quickly broken.

About the time the feeble bleat of the first lambs was heard at the Hill, and the early chicks chipped their shell with a view to making their entrance into this bleak world, an infant daughter was laid in William Ullman's arms, and he read in the little red face of the wailing stranger the charms which only a parent's eye could discern there. Surely there never was such a baby as that at Westborough Hill. Its first smile, which the nurse pronounced to be due to any cause but mirth, was duly admired and chronicled, and its first steps tenderly watched and guarded. The father adored his child, and the little one evinced great affection for him.

(To be continued.)

A FRENCH officer who has served many years in Algeria writes an interesting account of a dying lion. Fangless, covered with mange, and blind, is the king of beasts on approaching the close of his reign. When not lying mournfully prostrate and alone in some sheltered nook, or behind some friendly mound overgrown with shrubbery, he feebly skulks within a small circuit of his lair in quest of a morsel of prey, which in his decrepitude he rarely succeeds in obtaining. At this stage of his career, if his scent does not utterly fail him, his sole resource for nutrition is an occasional nest of field mice. Inferior animals smell at him fearlessly, and paw him with insolence, for the forest monarch, dethroned by disease, is incapable of resistance. Often the rustic Arab comes upon his majesty in his utter helplessness and ends his troubles with a blow of a club.

HINDOO MARRIAGE.

"What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labour, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting?"

GEORGE ELIOT.

THE subject of marriage has claimed the attention of moralist and statesman, of romancer and poet, and is felt to be one that touches, nearly or remotely, every dweller on the round earth. From Khiva—where, according to Captain Burnaby, a moon-face and sheep's eyes are considered the extreme of maiden beauty, and the transfer of a given number of sheep from the bridegroom to the parents of the bride comprises the essential part of the marriage rite—to England, where the nuptial vows are usually spoken before white-robed priest, and proclaimed by peal of organ and clangor of bells—from chill Labrador to sultry India, the marriage question is rightly considered a most momentous one, powerfully affecting the happiness of the present generation, and still more powerfully influencing the future of the coming race.

There certainly is much in Hindoo marriages that is calculated at first sight to startle the insular prejudice that is so strong a feature in the English character. There is no pomp of church and bell, no train of gorgeous bridesmaids, and with a boyish groom and infantile bride there can be none of the liberty of choice, none of the union of hearts as well as hands, which, in theory at least, is necessary to true marriage. Certainly Hindoo marriage could never thrive on English soil, but I think all who have resided a few years in India will be ready to acknowledge that it would be at least equally impossible for the English marriage system to prosper among Hindoos, and that the customs now in vogue (*sauf* some abuses) not only accord with their ancient and hallowed traditions, but also meet their social needs, and agree well with the gentle submission to authority which is so characteristic of their women.

After all, does the much-vaunted liberty of choice really exist to any great perfection in England? The prince does not wed the peasant girl, the mechanic dare not raise his eyes to the high-born maiden. Differences of religion and social prejudice raise barriers between man and man almost as impassable as those set up by caste in India. Death, too, or want of means, separates many who would willingly have joined hearts and hands, and I am convinced that, if the secrets of all hearts could be revealed, it would be found that very few men, or women either, marry the one of all others they may most have desired for their companion through life. It is true the *semblance* of liberty exists. Tom marries Mary of his own free will, and makes her a tender and devoted husband; but a wave of old memories rushes over him as he passes Sarah's grave, and when Mary betrays infirmities of taste or temper he muses on the untried perfections of the girl who died before he married her, and if he remembers she too had faults, only views them through a mercifully softening medium of time and regret. Jane goes cheerfully to the altar with Robert, but it is none the less true that she shed some very bitter tears a few years back when Alfred proposed

to her cousin instead of to her ; and so it is with most of us, we stretch out eager empty hands and take the lesser bliss because the greater is denied us.

Who has not watched with sad interest some young man, steady and true-hearted, born with a taste for domestic life, and yet toiling on through hopeless years in the vain endeavour to gain enough to make a home, and driven at last in sheer despair to seek consolations that are worse than useless ? Who has not seen the dowerless maiden sigh away the years of her prime waiting for the lover who comes not, or the rich old man wed blooming youth, and the well-dowered old woman ally herself with a man young enough to be her son ? An enamored youth will sometimes wed a pair of bright eyes or pretty ankles, forgetting to look for more solid qualities, or a silly girl marry the first man who asks her, simply because he is the first, and may be the last.

Yet, in spite of abuses and imperfections, it would be useless to aver that the system in vogue in England is not the best that can be devised for the people and the country. It works well in the majority of cases, and that is perhaps all that can be expected of it ; and I think at least as much may be said in favor of the early betrothal, called marriage, among the Hindoos, and probably a certain number of Hindoo couples could furnish as large an aggregate of happiness as an equal number of English ones. Existence in Indian homes is less complex than in English, but it need not for that reason be less happy. There is doubtless less refinement, but there are also fewer heartburnings and anxieties, and the Hindoo matron will not be the less devoted wife and mother because her acquaintance with literature is extremely limited, and she has not been initiated into the mysteries of cosmetics and corsets.

After all, ignorant and innocent of the world as the Hindoo woman is, it is difficult not to think it a blessing that her parents chose for her the best husband within their reach, and taught all her budding affections, all her hopes, to focus themselves on him, and on him alone. He too will be spared some of the shoals and pitfalls and some of the anxieties that await young men in Western lands. His father will, if possible, provide him food and shelter till he can gain them for himself, and, unlike the stern Western parent, will not exact that he shall gain a nest before he takes a mate.

Perhaps the worst fault of the system is the early age at which the young couples are allowed to take upon themselves the cares and joys of matrimony. The young man should be free from domestic preoccupations while he finishes his studies ; the girl should remain under her mother's wing until she has acquired experience and discretion enough to worthily take upon herself the duties and cares of a wife, and sufficient education to enable her to be a friend and companion to her husband. Let her have at least some knowledge of the history, literature, and poetry of her own country, of the laws of nature, and of useful sciences. No need to graft English notions and habits on Indian stock ; the attempt is hazardous, and, I think, generally disastrous. The Indian lady has usually a gentle grace and modest dignity that are all her own, and any assumption of the independence and self-assertion that become Western women would inevitably spoil her.

Another evil entailed by the Hindoo system, and an evil that cries aloud for remedy, is the miserable condition of the widows. To bring some amelioration to their lot should be the desire of every true man and woman. Where there is no widowhood of heart, enforced celibacy is a tyranny and a cruelty, which, I think, few Hindoos will be found to defend.

I will not speak of mercenary parents who sell their daughters to hoary-headed or sickly husbands, since mercenary parents are not confined to India; but the tyrannous mother-in-law, who sometimes embitters the early married life of a couple, is no doubt fostered by the common dwelling-house, but the evil might be abated by firm and concerted action on the part of the young husband and his father, and also by allowing the bride to attain the age of discretion before she is delivered over to her tender mercies.

The question of plurality of wives is a delicate one, and how a woman who is herself debarred from thinking of a second spouse can behold the introduction of another wife to her husband's heart and home, and still respect and submit to him, is a problem difficult to solve, unless on the supposition that the Indian wife is gifted with angelic proclivities quite unknown to her Western sisters.

NEW BOOKS.

"LA MASCARADE HUMAINE," published by M. Calman Levy of Paris, is chiefly interesting because it contains a collection of about a hundred illustrations by Gavarni. Gavarni and Balzac were cotemporaries and worked together, and it would be strange if a certain sympathy did not exist between them, for their talent presented more than one point of resemblance, and Balzac may not inaptly be called the Gavarni of literature, and Gavarni the Balzac of the pencil and the brush. They have represented the comic and homely side of life with equal fidelity. Both loved to indulge in keen satire, both drew their inspiration from nature, and M. Paul de St. Victor who calls Gavarni "*l'observateur par excellence*" might equally well have applied the term to Balzac.

One may spend a pleasant hour turning the leaves of "La Mascarade Humaine." Laugh at Fortuné and Bibie, and pity the sad face of M. Beauminet, who, when his friend meets him in the street and inquires after the health of Mme. Beauminet, answers "She is doing well, thanks, but this makes my third daughter." Perhaps the gem of the collection is the portrait of Thomas Vireloque looking at a rustic lying dead drunk in a field. The peasant is hideous, and one can almost hear the hiccup that comes from his open mouth. Vireloque, leaning on a gate, contemplates the brute snoring in the dust, and with a sardonic laugh says "Behold his majesty the king of the beasts!"

The book opens with a charming preface by Ludovic Halévy.

An old Baptist minister enforced the necessity of differences of opinion by argument: "Now, if everybody had been of my opinion, they would all have wanted my old woman." One of the deacons, who sat just behind him, responded: "Yes; and if everybody was of my opinion nobody would have her."

PASSING EVENTS.

THE unfortunate Land of the Shamrock is as disturbed as ever, but fewer murderous aggressions are reported; the discontented element appears for the most part to content itself with such petty vengeance as cutting off the ears of an unfortunate and unoffending donkey, or pulling down a lone woman's walls and scattering her wearing apparel over the neighbouring yard and fields.

SOTHERN, the actor, is dead. Those who have seen his inimitable performance of "Dundreary" will not soon forget him. Beside his professional renown he had acquired considerable notoriety as a practical joker both in England and America. Not many years since, during a starring visit to New York, he invited the late Miss Neilson's husband to a friendly dinner, at which he met Florence the actor, Billy Bachus, and others, all of whom arrived fully armed with revolvers, bowie knives, &c., informing the credulous new arrival that the state of the country necessitated such equipment. During the dinner a sham quarrel and free fight was got up, and the guest fled in terror from the festive but not very hospitable board, leaving his tormentors to continue the feast and laugh at his discomfiture. Miss Neilson, it is said,—in common with many others,—considered the joke in rather poor taste.

LONDON gossip occupies itself principally with the generous conduct of Prince Leopold in forwarding the matrimonial desires of the young lady who rejected his hand, and the domestic affairs of the late George Eliot, who is reported to have found her last marriage a mistake, and to have been horrified by an attempt at suicide on the part of her husband while they were on their wedding tour. Whatever their personal merits may be, ladies who marry at sixty make a risky experiment, and it is to be hoped that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who is considerably past that age, may have no reason to regret her temerity.

THE first squadron of French workmen for the Panama Canal left Paris on the 5th January. The scheme finds favour in France.

FASHIONS.

FASHIONS have changed but little during the last few weeks. It is too late to make much variation in winter costumes, and too early for spring changes. Muffs have become *articles de luxe*; they were made all of flowers for Parisian New Year's calls, or of rich lace and satin with a bouquet on the front. The muff mentioned with enthusiasm by the *Paris Figaro* was made by Mme. Reinhardt, of plush, Venice point, satin, and flowers, and cost 4,000 francs. Indian husbands, congratulate yourselves that muffs are not required here.

Torchon lace is coming into vogue for edging the bottoms of ladies' dresses, but it must be extremely liable to catch in any projection it meets, and although it has the advantage of washing, it can hardly be cheaper than the tarlatan pleatings which cost so little that they can be thrown away without regret when soiled.

Parisienne élégantes wear small vests of violets, or of marabout feathers sprinkled with gold, over half-open skirts and the *déshabillés* used for afternoon

tea, but these plastrons require to be well arranged and well worn. Another eccentricity is the *Sabran*—a cuirasse and overskirt of white jet, decorated with roses and worn over either a long or short skirt. It must be heavy, and, one would think, unpleasantly metallic in appearance. Two or three bandelettes of narrow ribbon or velvet *à la grecque* are much worn across the head, and a coiffure called *la victime* consists of a chignon and two long curls falling to the waist, and would seem to have nothing new about it but its name.

COMPLETENESS.

Shines there no star where one day I shall wander,
No dream that I have worshipped unfulfilled?
No cloudless far-away, no stormless yonder,
Where I may find the castles now I build?

Tell me, my soul, what is it thou art craving?
Hast thou not swooned on Love's responding lips?
Supremely wrought by her melodious raving,
What new-born shadow holds thee in eclipse?

I dream a dream to which no answer liveth
Save its deep self, whereto I turn away
As to a fount that for a twelvemonth giveth
The thirst it quenched but a single day.

Sometime, somewhere, I dimly hope to find it—
That perfect all-in-all, without a name, [it,
Which from my sight shall loose the glooms that blind
And stir my spirit to a finer flame.

In that mute land, oh! is my dead love waiting,
Grown there to flower who here but blushed in bud?
Will some amending day renew our mating?
Shall Fate re-tune her ashen lips with blood?

And he whose heart to minethrew wide its portals,
Awaits he me, with faith by love kept fresh?
Oh! is the silent mingling of immortals
Sweet as the murmured rapture of the fish?

I know not. Yet with some eternal sweetness
My spirit pines to enter into league;
And incompletely dreaming of completeness
I faint and fall with a divine fatigue.

Where is thy home, O Angel, still recoding? [gleams?
Where burn ye, stars, that shed these vagrant
Ah! even as I do ask, with passionate pleading,
A mocking voice laughs sadly, "In thy dreams!"

E. A. LANCASTER.

"GOD KNOWS."

In the burying ground of Dungeness,
Where the graves of the shipwrecked lie,
Through the grass-grown loam, like flocks of foam
Blown in from the sea, hard by,
'Mid the time-worn marbles, with many a trace
Of the wrinkling wind o'erspread
Is a tablet, white as upturned face
When the spirit of life hath fled,
With "God Knows!" brokenly carved thereon,
Like a sob that has stiffened along the stone.
Like a sob that is knotted in breast and throat
Long after its voice congeals,
That mute "God Knows" amid death's windrows
To the readers of tombs appeals.
'Tis a child's light body those daisies deck,
The sole one washed ashore
From the emigrant Northfleet's ill-starred wreck,
And her wave-whelmed human store;
The only body of all the drowned,
Nameless and nude, that was ever found.

The clergyman paused in the funeral rites—
"The name of the dead," quoth he.
"God Knows," said the clerk of that parish kirk.
And the waif of the dark, deep sea,
With only those words on the headstone gray,
Which so much to the heart express,
Was folded away till the judgment day
'Neath the daisies of Dungeness.
And ever at hand, in a cadence deep,
The winds and the waves their requiem keep.
And the mists at morn, and the sun at noon,
And the stars when the day is done,
And the soft moon, too, in the shimmer of dew,
Wheel over the nameless one.
But God in His infinite goodness knows
What ethereal name and rare
From lips seraphic in music flows
When they call to our waif up there!
God knows! In the earth's maternal breast
Nameless and titled find equal rest.

M. LECARD has discovered on the Niger an annual plant which plentifully yields grapes. He thinks that this African plant might be substituted for the vine, now devastated by the phylloxera.

CHARENTON.

[The insane asylum at Charenton, about three miles from the heart of Paris, enjoys a world-wide reputation.] D. —

The window grated ! the wicket barred !
Ah ! monsieur, they are cruel and hard ;
They know I am pining to get away,
For, voyez-vous, 'tis my wedding day.

I cannot tell you why I am here,
Perhaps one day 'twill be all made clear ;
I only know they should set me free,
For dear Fanchette is waiting for me.

I saw her—methinks it was yesterday—
On her bed in her bridal dress she lay,
White, oh, white as the Jura's snow
Ere the sun has kindled its heart to a glow.

You see, monsieur, I had yet my congé
In my little tin box, and I hastened away
As only an infantry man can stride
When he hastens to meet his affianced bride,

Through the valley and over the bill,
Past the poplars and past the mill,
Through the orchard and past the gate ;
Blithe as a bird that is seeking his mate.

There was the cot with its heavy thatch,
There was the door with its loosened latch.
Softly I raised it, crept up the stair
And entered the chamber—my love was there,

All alone in the darkened room,
Never a sunbeam to chase its gloom,
But it couldn't shadow her lovely face,
For that would lighten the darkest place.

Playful she ever was, and now,
Though I pressed my lips to her fair young brow,
And kissed her hands and hair, 'twas vain,
Never she kissed me back again.

" Sweetheart, you'll kiss me, by and by,
Will you not, dearest ?" still no reply,
" Cease, I prithee, this girlish play,
Know you not 'tis our wedding day ?

" Open, I pray thee, those fairest eyes,
The priest is waiting, my love, arise !"
But while I chided her fond delay
The strangest dream stole my wits away.

I dreamed that a Sister of Charity
Rose by the bed from her bended knee,
And gently, so gently, led me aside—
" Speak not of marriage here," she sighed.

" Never will open those gray hidden eyes,
Ne'er on your cheek will you feel her breath,
For she you sought is the Bride of Death.
Bitter the tears we all have shed,
As we robbed the maid for her narrow bed.
She is at rest, but ah ! from you
Tears far bitterer still are due."

That was a tale for a bridegroom, ay, ay !
'Twas enough to steal his senses away.
To make a man rave and shriek and tear
In a frenzied fashion his flesh and hair.
'Twas quite too horrid a dream to last ;
Away to the fiends that vision I cast.
But, strange to say, when my nerves were clear,
I woke to find they had lodged me here !

Speak to them, kindly, and gently urge,
For they are masters of bond and scourge,
Darkened dungeon and falling shower !
Oh, how well do I know their power !

Yet will they hear if you plead with skill,
They only can sever my hands at will.
Oh ! let me haste to Fanchette, for she,
In her bridal raiment, is waiting for me.

—FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

THE BOYS.—A volunteer belonging to the cavalry wrote home to his father, stating that each member of his company was obliged to furnish his own horse, and the innocent old gentlemen sent the money demanded for this purpose. Hearing of the success of this scheme, another volunteer in the artillery wrote to his governor that he was obliged to furnish his own cannon, and the equally innocent father immediately sent his brave boy the money requested. But seeing, the other day, a large Krupp cannon of brass, he asked the price. " One hundred thousand francs." " One hundred thousand francs !" said he to his wife. " How fortunate our boy isn't in this battery."—*Parisien*.

"PIZEN" LITERATURE.

Little Rock Gazette.

OLD Zeb Wilson came to the city yesterday, and entering a book store, said :

"Is yer got any Ingin books heah?"

The clerk handed down several yellow-covered collections of thrilling escapes. The old man examined the pictures, and remarked :

"I want one ob dese pizen books. Gimme one what tells ob blood from de fust word to de last.

"Here's a bad one," said the clerk, as he handed down "Savage-eyed Nat, or the Slasher of the Prairies."

"Do it tell about men had been tore all to pieces?" asked the old man.

"Yes, together with wolves and bears."

"Gimme one wid a hornet's sting in eberv word. Do de champion in dis book git kotched and thin got away?"

"Yes, his escapes are marvellous."

"Well, jist gin me one whar the champion gits snake-bit, steals a gal, chokes a wolf ter death, and hits his school teacher with a rotten egg. Yees can't get nuthin' too pizen for a nigger ob my understandin'."

"Why do you want such poison books, old man? If you have a family, I should think that you would like to spread a better class of literature before them."

"Dar's whar you miss hit. Dar's whar yer gits offen de track ob reconstruction. Lemme tell yer, I'se got two grown sons. I sent 'em bof ter school. Arter a while dey tuck ter readin'." Ike he tuck up de—what word did yer use jis now, boss, when yer spoke ob books?"

"Literature."

"Dat's de word—a pizen one, too. I'll try to 'member hit an' fling hit 'cross de table at de ole 'oman when I gits home. Wal, Ike he tuck ter readin' de soft literature—ur' he. I'se got hit down finer den silk. He got books what told 'bout good boys an' all that sorter thing. Jim he tuck up all de pizen books. He wanted Ingin in his'n. Now, what is de 'sult? Why, Ike, of de soft—Boss, yer'll hab ter gin me dat word again."

"Literature."

"Yes, literature, pizen word, too. Ike, what read de soft literature, tuck ter preachin'; while Jim, what read de pizen stuff, tuck his ax and went ter de woods an' chopped cord wood. Ike is sich a poor preacher dat de folks won't listen ter him. I heard him last Sunday. He said dat Judas S. Catt was at one time a cirket rider, an' afterward took a situation on de Little Rock Perlice Force. He said dat Joshua 'manded his daughter to stand still while he washed her years wid a cob, an' kase she wouldn't do it, kicked a hole through her. He went on to tell how Able was killed by a stear, an' how Cain stole a mule an' went ter Chickago an' married a yaller 'oman. Now yer know that sorter preachin' will bring down de chunks ob a 'munity. Wall, now, as ter Jim, what read der pizen—Boss, I'll be dinged ef yer doan hab ter let me take dat word a minute."

"Literature," said the clerk, and the old man scratched his head and continued :

"Dat's de hardest piece ob guology I eber heard. Wall, Jim, what had been readin' the pizen literature, got 50 cents a cird fur his wood, and now wars black clothes, while Ike has ter go ter bed ter hab his shirt washed. Jim jumps outer bed ob a morning, grabs his axe, yells like an Ingin, an' pitches onter a tree like killin'

ob a snake. I'se got a nuder son, a young one, an' I'se gwine ter give him de pizen stuff. So de champion in dis book gets snake-bit, do he?"

"Yes."

"Den gin me four ob the same sort."

"Wouldn't you rather have different kinds?"

"No, sah; I wants dem all ob de same sort. I wants dat boy to git hit down fine. An' now, boss, ef yer'll gin me dat word again, I'll quit ye."

"Literature," said the young man.

"Literature," repeated the old man, and he bundled up his books and left.

ODDS AND ENDS.

It is said that Turkish baths and the drinking of milk in which figs have been stewed will cure cancer. The mash of figs has been applied as a poultice in some cases.

WHEN old Mrs. Bunsby had got through reading in the morning paper an account of the last fire, she turned up her spectacles from her eyes to the top of her head and remarked: "If the city firemen would wear the generwine hum-nit stockints, such as we make and wear in the country, they wouldn't be a bustin' of their hose at every fire."

Le Figaro gives us an old anecdote in a new form:—"A peasant having lost his wife led the funeral by a bushy path to the church, and the branches striking against the coffin awoke the woman, who was only in a lethargy. Twenty years later she really died, and the husband again accompanied the procession, repeating continually to the bearers 'Pray avoid the bushes.'"

La Feuille d'Avis de Meaux caps this story with another:—"An honest gardener died recently from an attack of apoplexy. His face was not changed, and during many hours after the body did not stiffen. A neighbor remarked to the widow that her husband might be in a state of lethargy, painted in vivid colors the horrors of premature interment, and recommended that she should take steps to assure herself that he was really dead. The answer was 'I am sorry, but there can be no delay, for the funeral is ordered and paid in advance.'"

A CLERICAL ERROR.—Deacon Julius C. Snowball, who takes a religious paper, asked Rev. Aminadab Bledso the other day: "What is de meanin' ob de terms Pan-Episcopals and Pan-Presbyterians? Why de debbel hain't we got no culled Pan-Baptisses?" "Look heab, niggah, it pains me to see you 'splay sich ignorance. Don't you know dat de Pan-'Piscopals, Pan-Mefodists, Pan-Baptisses is dem what pans out de mos' when de hat's being passed?"—*Galveston News*.

A PREMIUM ON MARRIAGE.—Surrogate Veeder, in Brooklyn, has admitted to probate the will of Fried. Rose of 399 Union Street. It contains this clause: "Since I believe that married life is best for mankind, I beg my dear wife to try not to be hindered by any false romantic ideas from remarriage after my death if she finds a man worthy of her, and request her to accept as a wedding gift from me, her first husband, who loves her more then he can express in words, the sum of \$10,000 to hold and own forever."

A STORY is told of a minister who made a call on a friend of his, and seemed never likely to cease his conversation, when the dreadful child of the friend aforesaid stepped up to her father and whispered, quite loud enough to be heard by the visitor, "Papa, didn't the gentleman bring his 'Amen' with him?" This reminds us of a minister who was accustomed to make very long calls, and being seen approaching the house

of a friend one day, the lady of the house, busily occupied at the time, sighed out "I hope Mr. X—— is not going to make one of his long calls." Her little girl ran to the door and accosted him with "Mother hopes you are not going to make one of your long calls to-day!"

THIS story of a troop-ship is just now current in London :—In the ladies' cabin were four washbasins, one of which was much larger than the others. There were three ladies in the cabin, whose husbands were about equal in rank. The women always think they have a right to presume on the rank of their husbands when taking choice of berths, &c., and there was a great discussion as to who was entitled to the big basin. It was referred to the Paymaster of the ship, who could settle nothing, and eventually to the Captain. He gave a decision worthy of Solomon. After first asking them if they would abide by his verdict and not give any more trouble in the matter, which they readily agreed to do, he said he thought it was only fair that the oldest lady should have the biggest basin.

A MUSHROOM CITY.—Everybody is familiar with the startling rapidity with which many of the great cities in the United States have risen, but a city which was founded, attained a maximum population of 15,000 people, and disappeared, all within seven months is certainly something unusual even in that land of enterprise.

Within one month of the completion of the first house in Pithole city, Pennsylvania, that city had a telegraph office and hotel costing the owners 10,000 dollars. In one month more there was a daily paper established, and in the next a theatre; in another month another theatre, and then an academy of music. In six months there were 74 hotels and boarding-houses; in the seventh month the city had reached its highest prosperity. It then had about 15,000 people, elaborate water works, a city hall, and an expensive city government. Then occurred the completion of labor-saving enterprise—the so-called Millar Farm Pipe line—by which the petroleum was sent off independent of the laboring population.

At once 4,000 persons were thrown out of employment, while 8,000 houses became useless. This was the death-blow to Pithole. At once the hotels, the theatres, the telegraph office were closed, and the daily paper gave up its ghost. Only nine families remained out of a population of 15,000 souls, while the railroad from Pithole and Oleopolis runs only one train a day, consisting of a locomotive and a single car, which is frequently empty; but the company is obliged to keep running, otherwise the charter for the road would be lost, and they still hope against hope for better days for the unfortunate city which in only seven months was born, grown, got sick and died.

AN ESQUIMAUX WEDDING.—There entered, in perfect silence, a cortège drawing a dog sled, in which was seated the high priest of the tribe, and a more villainous-looking object I never beheld. He was stripped to the waist, and smeared with oil and coloring matter in stripes, which gave him the appearance of a Chinese joss. On his head was a tiara of bears' claws surmounted by an enormous polar bear's head. On his shoulders were placed erect on end two large walrus tusks, fancifully decorated with stripes of red flannel, which had been obtained from the clothing of a drowned sailor washed ashore. The lower part of his body was covered with other skins, over which was spread a number of young seals, all alive and barking. In the right hand he held a spear, which he waved aloft in a theatrical manner, while with his left he motioned to the bride and groom to approach him. The whole concourse arose and with shouts of gladness capered around the priest's chariot. This he submitted to for a space of ten minutes, and then, imperiously waving his spear, commanded silence.

The groom was now directed to prostrate himself upon the earth upon his back, and the bride directed to place her right foot upon his throat, which she evidently did with reluctance. While in this position the priest instructed the groom that such was to be his fate, trodden under foot by men, should he ever prove untrue to his plighted troth. He was then permitted to rise, and directed to approach the old chief, who placed a spear at his breast, telling him it would be his doom should he prove untrue. He was next directed to his father, who, producing a fishing-line, informed him that he would choke to death his offspring should he prove unfaithful. Then, to cap the climax, he was directed to face the entire tribe, who, brandishing their spears, yelled at the top of their voices vengeance on him in the event of unfaithfulness. At this juncture the groom, apparently overcome with emotion, dropped on the ground, and bowing his head to the earth cried "I will be true," until raised to his feet by the bride.—*San Francisco Mail.*

"THE ORIENT."

FEBRUARY NUMBER.

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A FIERY ORDEAL.

A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

(Written expressly for the ORIENT.)

[CONTINUED FROM No. II.]

CHAPTER VII.

"SINCE I must tell the entire truth," continued Maxime, "Grégoire believes that, though my lungs are sound as yet, I am threatened with some form of rapid consumption, or with the breaking of a blood-vessel, which might prove quite as serious. But Grégoire is fallible and may be completely mistaken," he added, perceiving the effect of his words on Aimée, and trying, all too late, to moderate her alarm. The effort to reassure her led him once more to tread on dangerous ground, from which he retreated by hurriedly declaring it to be high time to take the road homewards.

"I know it," she said a little coldly, rising at once and resolutely brushing away her tears. In her calmer moments she divined Maxime's reasons for fleeing her society and honored him for them, but there were times when, agitated and over-wrought, this rejection of her sympathy and affection affected her painfully.

Of the change in her manner M. D'Allaire was well aware, but he dared not pour forth the words which trembled on his lips, and raising the forgotten bouquet from the grass he offered his arm in silence. Something in the action, or the view of his face, from which the color had again faded, touched her heart, swept away the cloud that had rested there an instant, and she began earnestly to urge on him the advisability of seeing another doctor, one to whom age had given experience, and whose renown was a guarantee of his ability.

"You must not think," he said, "that I am inclined recklessly to throw away my life. I would not lightly take any step that should make my submission to the inevitable more difficult; but, on the other hand, I am ready, and even anxious, to do all that is possible to preserve my health. No,

life holds for me hopes, bare possibilities if you will, but still possibilities so precious that the thought of them would make death unwelcome to me, even if I did not know that you would regret me, and my loss would leave my mother childless and desolate."

Aimée was crying again, but they had already descended the stone steps of the fortifications and were approaching the omnibus, which, with its pair of lusty grays, stood ready for a start.

"Mademoiselle," said Maxime, glancing at her averted face, and emboldened perhaps by the knowledge that in an instant all opportunity for confidential conversation would be at an end, "will you forgive me if I have caused you pain to-day?"

Aimée answered him by a look only, and in another moment they had taken their places in the omnibus, where several persons were already seated. The heavy horses started at a lumbering trot, destined to be frequently broken to take up fresh passengers, till the well-known words "*au complet*" appeared above the conductor's head, and he himself found an opportunity to snatch a few seconds of rest, and to sit down on the leather strap which he hooked across the doorway for that purpose. A Parisian omnibus does not receive more than the allotted number which it is supposed to accommodate comfortably, and once *au complet*, never by any chance takes up another passenger.

Yet, even under these comparatively favorable circumstances, persons of more than average bulk seriously inconvenience their neighbors, as Maxime found when a remarkably fat woman on his left side (one of those unfortunates who appear to complete their growth at a late period of their existence, and take it all out in width) crowded him close to Aimée, who occupied the upper right-hand corner of the vehicle.

In spite, however, of this inconvenience, he refused to get out when they passed near his domicile in the Rue de Seine, and, with a promise to write, bade adieu to his companion at her own door.

Half an hour later, when Aimée, having changed her dress, was busy preparing the evening meal in expectation of her sister's return, Maxime found himself, for the third time that day, crossing the Tuileries garden. Tired as he was, it would have been wiser to take the omnibus back, or even to have allowed his friend to finish her ride alone; but that day, he told himself, must be their last opportunity for prolonged intercourse, and he had not the courage to shorten it by ever so little, and by walking home he gained time to recover from the fever and exaltation that possessed him, before he encountered his mother's questions as to the manner in which he had been employed since they last met.

His situation in respect to Aimée was fast becoming unbearable, and an end must be put to it for both their sakes, especially now that another barrier

in the shape of his precarious health had risen up between them ; and while he was, in his unselfish solicitude for her happiness, most unwilling to say anything which, by increasing her attachment, could make the contingency of his death a more painful one to her, he told himself that much of the truth must be revealed, and deep in his heart lurked a consciousness, not altogether painful, that no affected indifference on his part could save her from bitter grief if his dark forebodings should be realized, and his life come to a speedy termination. That day had at least convinced him of the depth of her love, and he experienced a curious mixture of exultant joy and of despairing and impatient anguish when he thought of the cruel obstacles which separated them. Those obstacles were there, however, grim and impassable, and it was useless—nay, wrong—to dream of what could not be. He must nerve himself to see Aimée no more, or at least not for a very long time ; to forget her he knew to be out of his power.

CHAPTER VIII.

In his present frame of mind Maxime dreaded his mother's society, for Mme. D'Allaire and her son presented one of those cases (less rare than might be imagined) where the closest consanguinity fails to create sympathy of thought or feeling, however much it may be productive of affection. Mme. D'Allaire was apt to consider her son as an eccentric being, upon whose views and opinions it was difficult to calculate, and Maxime in consequence, while consulting and yielding to her where it was possible to do so, had once or twice taken grave steps without vouchsafing the explanation which he had not supposed likely to be understood. Just now, however, he was deeply touched by his mother's solicitude on his account, and the thought of her son's danger had roused all the mother in her, and made her resolve to circumvent him, if circumvent him she must, in the most unobtrusive way possible.

Mme. D'Allaire was not only devout in the extreme, but inclined to be narrow and prejudiced in her views. She would as soon have thought of rebelling against the ordinances of her Church as against the customs and manners of the little society in which she had passed her life, and she had long been imbued with the idea that it was her especial mission and province to provide for the marriage and establishment of her son. This idea Maxime had strongly combated, and had once expressed himself with great firmness on the subject ; but she had attributed his objections rather to a secret distaste for the young lady she proposed, than to any dislike to follow the custom of so many of his countrymen, and find himself provided for by some happy possessor of a fair round *dot*.

Of course Maxime's objections to this sort of legal sale of himself had not been diminished by his attachment to Aimée ; and indeed it is possible

that by the illumination of a pure love he had seen the horrors of the system in a far clearer light than he would otherwise have done. Certain it is that he had expressed himself on the subject with a vigor which he considered sufficient to prevent any farther solicitations. He had not counted on his mother's obstinacy, nor on a little circumstance that had arisen to give new point to her desires, and make her resolve to take a great step, which, while it should open the path to a most eligible alliance, should make it difficult for her son to draw back without wounding a family he esteemed. Maxime's account of his interview with M. Grégoire had not altogether satisfied Mme. D'Allaire, and she had secretly resolved to see the young doctor herself, and obtain from him an exact opinion of her son's case. Unfortunately, however, for her design, Maxime had half expected such a step on her part, and begged his friend to avoid alarming Mme. D'Allaire, in case accident or design should bring her into his presence. So when the obliging Grégoire found himself questioned by the anxious and inquiring parent, he simply informed her that a nourishing diet, freedom from worry, and a happy marriage could not fail to speedily render Maxime as strong as a lion. Poor Grégoire, believing himself to be as astute as he was obliging, had thrown in the last item in the charitable idea that he would thereby advance Maxime's secret desires, for the friends had spoken frankly of the difficulties of the position and of the miseries of a hopeless love.

"Then," thought Mme. D'Allaire, as she wended her way homewards, "Mme. De Breul frightened me without good cause. My son never complains. There cannot be so very much the matter with him, and it is quite possible that, as this young man says, a good marriage would set him up. He is agreeable in person, well born, well educated, and well brought up, decidedly a *bon parti*, and I might already see him settled if it were not for his unaccountable ideas. After all, who knows if his objections to *la petite Delpeau* would be as strong as they were to Mario Froissart. As a child she was a favorite with him, and I am persuaded the Delpeaus would be glad to give Adèle to a young man who is honest and full of good principles. She is an only child, her *dot* will be a round one, and her expectations are good. She is pious, and appears, from the little I have seen of her, rather agreeable than not. *Voyons*, decidedly it is worth trying."

And having worked herself up to the right pitch of enthusiasm the good lady started on a mission to a little suburban house at Passy, where the Delpeaus had lately taken up their abode.

It was just as well, she told herself, that Maxime should not be consulted previous to this first step, which he might foolishly oppose, and after all she would only sound her friends, and of course avoid engaging her son.

It is, however, proverbially difficult for feminine diplomatists to keep exactly within the prescribed limits, and finding the first hint of her desires cordially welcomed by Mme. Delpeau, Mme. D'Allaire advanced so far as to leave an impression on the mind of her friend that if Maxime was not aware of his mother's visit, there was at least something in his wishes and opinions to justify it. Well pleased, on the whole, with the skill and delicacy with which she had conducted her self-imposed mission, Mme. D'Allaire returned home in a little flutter of excitement, not unmixed with apprehension lest her son should be ill-advised enough to put "*des bâtons dans les roues*," and demolish by his prejudices her air-built castles. Truly he must be approached on the subject without delay, and with infinite precaution, to the end that he may be induced to swallow the maternal pill which is to make him well and happy.

It is curious how completely Mme. D'Allaire forgot Grégoire's other recommendations. They did not so exactly tally with her own preconceived notions; besides Maxime already lived well and regularly, nourishing food was always provided for him except on those fast-days specified by the Church, when it was well that a young man who rather neglected his religious duties should have before his eyes the example of an exemplary mother, and should find himself forced to abstain occasionally from the gratification of his carnal appetites. As to the question of anxiety and overwork, that became a mere side issue which a rich marriage would effectually dispose of, for anxiety as to money matters would be at an end, and the necessity for overwork would exist no longer. Towards the accomplishment of this marriage she must then bend all her energies; and she devoutly recited a prayer, and promised a votive offering to *Notre Dame des Victoires* in case of success, as she told her little maid-servant to place the soup on the table, and took her place opposite Maxime, whose thin face and hollow eyes still further excited her benevolent zeal in his behalf. Unpleasant topics and indiscreet inquiries were carefully avoided, and during dinner Maxime was preoccupied and Mme. D'Allaire charming, herself urging him, as soon as coffee was served, and the *bonne* out of the way, to light a cigarette.

"I thought you objected to smoking," he said kissing her hand, and thinking remorsefully that he had been but a dull companion during the last half-hour.

"No, not in this room, and with the windows open," she answered amiably.

"Where do you think I have been to-day?"

"Impossible to guess," said Maxime, feigning more interest than he felt.

"Why, to spend an hour with Mme. Delpeau, who has the most charming *maisonnette* at Passy. They seem to deprive themselves of nothing they

fancy, and they are right, for there is certainly no lack of means there. She is a woman of rare distinction and great heart, a most exemplary mother, one whose daughter could not fail to be well brought up. I had a delightful visit."

"*Tant mieux*," responded her son, who was thinking of the events of the day, and had heard about a quarter of her speech.

"I saw Adèle too. She has just left her convent, and is really a *charmante enfant*, gentle and quiet, and agreeable in appearance. You remember Adèle?"

"Certainly, mother," answered Maxime, who was far from realizing the fact that the child he had seen eleven or twelve years ago was no longer the infantile individual with whom he had romped.

"It appears she will have 150,000 francs on her marriage," continued Mme. D'Allaire, "and will eventually inherit all her parents possess, as well as the property of her uncle M. Léon Richard, who, as you know, is an old bachelor and rich. With her *dot*, her principles, and her amiability she will be a prize for some fortunate man, and they are thinking of marrying her."

"Already!" Maxime exclaimed.

"She is sixteen, my son, and it is certain they will have no trouble in finding a husband for her, for their pretensions are by no means exorbitant. All they ask is a young man of good family and good principles, one who would make her happy, a task which would not be difficult to an honest man, for the child is modest, charming, and almost pretty."

Ah, pious Mme. D'Allaire! Have you forgotten that the poor little thing is cross-eyed, and that her singular want of pretension to good looks, as well as a liability to epileptic fits, which the fond mother flatters herself the mystic rites of marriage may forever remove, are the real reasons why your friend lent a ready ear to your hints?

"Pretty!" exclaimed Maxime. "Why, she promised to be the living portrait of her mother!"

"*Mais en mieux, mon fils*, much better-looking, and a man without fortune or expectations cannot expect everything in a wife. He is already fortunate when he secures piety, goodness, and fortune," said Mme. D'Allaire in a deprecating tone, and something peculiar in her manner caught Maxime's attention, and told him at last that the remarks he had hardly heard had reference to himself. Still, however, he never accused his mother of doing more than favoring what she had perceived to be the secret desire of Mme. Delpeau, and he answered with proportionate gentleness:

"Far be it from me to dispute the honor and advantages of an alliance with the Delpeaus, but I thought you understood, mother, from what passed between us *à propos* of Mlle. Froissart, that I was not disposed

to marry, and cannot therefore avail myself of this opportunity, however tempting it may appear to you. I am sorry if my resolution disappoints you, but you must allow that that my present state of ill health furnishes a new plea in favour of celibacy."

"Not at all," exclaimed his mother, grievously mortified, but struggling hard to retain her composure and presence of mind. "Not at all. I must confess to questioning Grégoire this morning, and he advocates a marriage for you quite as earnestly as I do."

"So that was the reason you started off to renew your intercourse with Mme. Delpeau!" said Maxime, who was at no loss to understand the motive of his friend's indiscretion. "That was why you were so ready to attribute to her a desire to have me for a son-in-law! Console yourself, my poor mother, a union with Adèle could bring me no happiness, and therefore would be in no way conducive to health."

"And would it not be happiness to feel that you were walking in the path of duty, obeying the voice of experience, making the last years of your mother happy, and devoting yourself to that poor girl, who may fare badly if she falls into the hands of a husband without the delicacy and devotion you possess?" said Mme. D'Allaire in a voice rendered unsteady by anger and vexation.

"Seriously, mother, you go too far. You do not mean to tell me that for the sake of another man's child, whom I do not love, I should entail the curse of epilepsy on my own children, whom I shall love. Self-sacrifice carried to that extent would be absurd."

The knowledge of Mademoiselle Delpeau's little infirmity had come to the D'Allaires through the indiscretion of a servant, and Mme. D'Allaire had never for a moment suspected that the fact had dwelt in her son's mind.

"We are not even sure it was epilepsy," she exclaimed, "and if it were the attacks were very slight and far apart. I think, Maxime, that if you are too worldly-minded to find happiness in duty and generous devotion you at least owe some respect to my wishes."

"Devotion so well paid can hardly be called generous; no, mother, in all reasonable matters count on my submission," said Maxime, on whose cheeks burned two brilliant red spots, "but once and for all I must tell you that, while I have no desire to marry without your consent, I shall use my right to choose a wife for myself, or to remain single." He pressed his lips to her hand as if to soften the hardness of his words, and retiring to his own room bolted the door behind him; while Mme. D'Allaire gave free vent to her tears, and lamented her hard fate in possessing a son whose eccentricities would probably defeat her well-laid plans, and leave her in a very difficult position with respect to her friends.

CHAPTER IX.

As to Maxime, it was long before he could quiet the feverish restlessness that had taken possession of him, and which was caused as much by his mother's insistence as by the agitating events of the day. Calm and quiet had been especially recommended by Grégoire, but it seemed difficult for him to obtain them. In vain he sat down to his writing table, and tried the soothing effects of work. His ideas would not flow, and his thoughts wandered in spite of himself.

He threw down the pen, and seating himself on the window sill leaned out to meet the cool evening breeze. Gray old St. Sulpice loomed above the houses on the opposite side of the street, and one little star twinkled already in the sky. Maxime lit a cigarette, and of course his musings turned on the one all-absorbing topic.

Was he in her thoughts as she was in his? Was she thinking that he was selfish and calculating, that he did not value the gift of her love? He would write to her at once, she should know part of the truth, should know at least that duty and expediency had not altogether stifled his heart, that poor tortured heart, which suffered all the more from the storm to which it was exposed because it had long been like a hothouse plant, sheltered from the atmosphere of passion, safe from the tempest which had now burst over it. The letter could not be altogether frank. If he must die and leave her, no act of his should deepen the wound that must remain in her heart. So he thought at one moment, the next the torrent of passion carried him away, and he longed with intense longing to lay bare his heart before her, and read the secret of hers in return. Something of this conflict was visible in the letter he penned that night before he slept, and which ran as follows :—

“MA CHERE, MISS,—From the time we first met, now nearly a year ago, I felt that my heart had chosen you for my friend, if indeed the strong and indefinable sympathy which attracts two persons to each other can be called choice. You know how sacred in my eyes is this title of friend, that I have never given lightly, and to which I attach a meaning deeper and stronger than is usually accorded to it. My friendship once given is given for life, is independent of events, independent even of my friend's conduct to me ; and my friendship for you soon became as deep, as strong, and as disinterested as might have been the affection of your mother. In you every faculty of my mind, every aspiration of my soul found its echo and its complement. I entered your presence as I would have entered a temple, and found peace and rest in the atmosphere which surrounded you. It long seemed to me that I could ask no greater joy than to see you from time to time, to know that your friendship was mine, as mine was yours, for ever, that neither time

nor space could ever separate our hearts ; and I was blindly, unreasonably happy, forgetting that an intimacy like ours covers always a hidden snare, presents always a danger, the danger of passing to an affection still more tender, to love.

" I know I have not avoided this hidden snare, that our calm friendship can satisfy my heart no longer. I dare not say I *hope*, I cannot (God forgive me !) say I *fear* it is the same with you, and yet at the price of my existence, and while my very soul thirsts for your love, I would, for your dear sake, endeavor to put the draught from my lips, and spare you what may be a lifelong regret.

" And now to clearly define the situation.

" The end and aim of love is union, and, the forces of nature being blind, love will attain its ends or break our hearts.

" Is union possible between us ?

" Yes, by marriage, not otherwise.

" Can we marry ?

" At present no ; and the future is enveloped in darkness and uncertainty.

" Marriage being, then, doubtful and uncertain, if we allow our love to increase, it will lead us to misfortune and suffering, for to allow it to augment would be imprudent, and God abandons the imprudent, those who willingly seek danger. I will maintain it, then, within just bounds, cost what it may. I will protect you even against myself. I have sworn it and will keep my word.

" What are the precautions necessary ? What measures to take against my own weakness I know not yet. I will reflect, and it is possible that we must see very little of each other for the future. Still I will be with you for an instant on Monday evening, if only to say farewell to the visits which must be renounced because they have become so dangerously dear, because I fear to render myself unworthy of your confidence, to lose your esteem, and make you regret that we ever knew each other.

" So goes the world. Two people meet and speak of chance, when it is Providence they should accuse. They separate to meet again, and, behold, two lives are united for ever. This is my history. Your life is henceforth blended with mine ; your sorrow will be mine ; your joys will be my joys ; and you have a place in my heart which none can take from you. This at least is certain in the future, even if the future is not for us.

" Let us go on, then, without trusting to the dim light of hope before us, lest it should fail and leave us in utter darkness. I dare not say I hope. I say only all things are possible, and when you have read this letter, which will explain much that may have seemed strange in my conduct, lay it aside, and think as little of it as you can, for fear that your repose (far dearer to me than my own) may be troubled.

“ Adieu till Monday, then, *ma douce et bien chère amie*. May God keep and guard you !

“ MAXIME.”

CHAPTER X.

Each human being, however insignificant, resembles a stone cast into a pool, that causes a spreading ripple, which meets the ripples made by other stones, modifies them and is modified by them, but still sets in motion currents and eddies whose effects last long after the stone lies out of sight and forgotten. The mind fails in the endeavor to conceive the ever-branching circumstances and results that may follow not only one life, but one accident or one event of a life. How many a suffering wretch might know (if it were only given to mortals to look back clearly into the past) that he and hundreds of fellow-sufferers owe their common martyrdom to the debauchery of some heartless and licentious ancestor ! How few of those before whose talent the admiring world bows low remember to thank a long-forgotten great-grandfather or grandmother who cultivated, perhaps in silence and neglect, the germ that was in them, and left it to burst gloriously forth when it found fitting soil among their descendants ! Far-reaching and strong indeed is the influence of every life, forming a ripple within which move countless other ripples, taking their rise in the acts, circumstances, and aspirations of that one life, and meeting and modifying the countless, never-ending, and ever-growing and encroaching ripples proceeding from other beings and other circumstances ; until the eye and mind alike refuse to contemplate the kaleidoscopic whirl thus conjured up.

In the year 1870 a man set in motion a ripple involving rivers of blood, and death, suffering and grief to millions. Whatever may once have been the mental power of the man, it is certain at that period he could not boast of a sound mind in a sound body, and an observer had but to meet his weak, dim eye, note his unsteady walk and bloated face, to feel sure that the brain, no longer fed by a pure and healthful supply of blood, had lost much of its power and clearness. He could not judge wisely and well, either for himself or for others ; but he could, and did, aided by his tools, set in motion a very big ripple. True he suffered, like countless others, for his folly, and his misfortunes only served to set up a mirror in which his people saw his faults and shortcomings magnified immensely ; but he could certainly boast of having started a *wonderfully* big ripple, a ripple, too, which set out with some very fine words, hopes, and expectations attached to it—so fine indeed that many a hot young enthusiast saw ‘only in the whole affair a brilliant haze,’ in which twinkled and scintillated the words ‘glory,’ ‘military prestige of France,’ ‘victory,’ ‘Rhine provinces.’

It mattered little that a few calmer spirits shook their heads, talked of Waterloo, and blamed the little Corsican pepper-box who raised his shrill voice for war ; or that the man who had edited the audacious and stinging *Lanterne*, and fainted ignominiously at poor Victor Noir's funeral, sent out a note of warning from his cell in St. Pelagie. The very pretext for war, the obnoxious candidate to the Spanish throne, had formally retired from the lists, but the demon of battle had bitten the ruling party in France, and if they could not find a reasonable pretext, why they would do without one. Take Berlin first, and find an excuse for so doing afterward.

And let no one rashly blame the great mass of Frenchmen for this state of things. They knew but little of the real march of affairs ; for if you take away the liberty of the press you leave the people at the mercy of the garbled statements put forth in the official sheets ; and for want of a true and impartial statement of facts feeling is apt to take the place of reason and judgment. Deep in every French heart lurks a strong vein of patriotism and warlike ardor, and truly the old Gaulish cock is not a bad emblem of the hot-blooded and vivacious Frenchman, ready alike for love and war, gallant, gay, industrious, impulsive, vain, and often generous, sensitive, unselfish, and altogether charming.

The axiom that social upheavals are apt to bring the scum to the surface was fully exemplified in the crowd that thronged the streets, boulevards, and cafés of Paris on the 15th of July 1870. There the government spy and the pickpocket found themselves side by side with the artizan and the blouse-clad countryman, all alike exultant and intensely patriotic, and many of them endeavoring to console themselves for the fact that there were no Prussians standing ready for immediate annihilation by singing in unison, and with the full power of their lungs, "*Partant pour la Syrie*," the long-forbidden "*Marseillaise*," and other warlike songs.

Elbowing his way along the Boulevard des Capucines, as thronged this evening as it usually is just before the old year gives place to the new, was broad-shouldered Tony Martin, his face a little more red than usual, and his interest keenly excited by the scene before him. He was hurrying home as fast as the crowd would allow him, for it was just possible that the popular excitement might draw the demoiselles Albert out, and that they would stop to speak to his mother before returning to their own quarter. On he went, brushing the sparkling little grisette hanging on the arm of her lover, passing a reeling devotee to absinthe, or greeting hastily some enthusiastic acquaintance, and finally turning into the Rue de Luxembourg, in which was situated the paternal domicile.

Seated under the open gateway, ready to seize all that was to be had in the way of evening breeze, able at the same time to watch the *loge* door

and view the scene in the street, was Mme. Martin, and near her her husband and father-in-law. The universal excitement appeared to have affected both the men, but Marie's loosened capstrings bordered a face full of gloom, and she greeted her son with a sigh.

"Come, mother," he said, "haven't you got rid of those black cats yet? It is a public duty to keep up your spirits now. Why, even the very children cry '*à Berlin*' and '*à mort les Prussiens*,' as if Berlin and the Prussians were as near us as the Bois de Boulogne."

"*Mon fils*," answered Marie, searching in all her pockets for her absent snuff-box, "it is not the cats alone, though I firmly believe that the dream, repeated twice, as it has been, is meant for a warning, but it is the madness of declaring war on a Friday, as if no other day in the week could suit them, but they must tempt Providence by choosing a Friday, like so many heathens as they are. Many a fine young man will be cut down in the flower of his life by this day's work. Many a widow and orphan will curse those who sent their husbands and fathers like sheep to the slaughter, and tacked ill luck to France by declaring war on a Friday."

"But it is Friday for the Prussians as well as for us," objected Antoine. "No doubt the ill luck will be for them. You surely don't think they can stand before French ardor and patriotism?"

"No," said Marie, a spark of national pride roused in her breast at last, "I don't think they can stand before our brave troops, but I can't forget how many a valiant heart may cease to throb, how many poor fellows may come back shattered and maimed, before the victory is won. Then, too, the French, brave as they are, were beaten at Waterloo, and what has been may be again. My grandfather was in the Imperial Guard and left his arm at Waterloo, and he would take me on his knee when I was a child, holding me with his one arm, poor man, and tell how the grass was red instead of green, and the wounded and dead lay heaped up together, and horses among them, some still quivering and kicking, crushed many who might have been saved if there had been any one to care for them and comfort them; and while they died without a friend to give help or succor, their mothers and wives (God pity them!) sat at home with nothing to do but to wear out their hearts in misery and suspense, and curse the man who made the war and lost the battle."

"Cheer up, *ma fille*," said Martin, who had just been to the *loge* to fetch his wife's snuff-box, "there will at least be no defeat this time, I hope. You must not forget that at Waterloo we fought the English, the satanic English, who never know when they are beaten and defeated and ought to run, but stand still and immovable under fire as if they were so many brutes instead of men."

"Still Marie is right in one way," put in the old man. "The national good will not compensate the individual suffering this war will cause. The joy of the multitude is catching, but those who have seen something of life feel more like fasting to-day than joining in all the mad rejoicing around them, and we shall all be taxed to pay for this, and prices will go up, and the poor suffer."

"Yes, provisions will be scarce and dear," exclaimed Marie, "that is what was meant by the cat falling into the *marmite*; we'll come to eat the very cats. If they had but made war yesterday, or waited till to-morrow!"

"There you are, mother, back again on your Friday," laughed Tony. "You say nothing begun on a Friday ever comes to good, yet you have told me that I, like yourself, was born on a Friday, and you see I am well and hearty, and have not been so very unlucky."

"Ah, *mon garçon*," interrupted the old man, "you may boast of having made a commotion indeed! When it was known on Thursday that your arrival was imminent, your poor grandmother passed an hour on her knees, and promised a *neuvaine* to the holy Virgin if you would only put in an appearance on the right side of midnight, and the fat Calixte our neighbor ran perspiring and puffing to the church of the Saint Sacrement in the Rue de la Haie to burn a taper in the same intention, having herself lost a child born on a Friday. But when it became evident that you would not come on Thursday, seeing that it was already Friday, then they changed their tune, and all prayed (except perhaps your mother) that they might not see your face till Saturday. Unfortunately you were an unmannerly *vaurien*, and thrust yourself where you were not wanted at, nine o'clock on Friday the ninth day of the month. Perhaps that is the reason you were drawn for the conscription, and we had to pay so much money to find a substitute for you."

"It is not kind on your part, *mon père*," observed Mme. Martin when the laugh had subsided, "to make fun of my poor mother, nor of Calixte Dufour, who was *un cœur d'or*, and I hope it may never come home to you."

"Chut! chut! *ma fille*! Produce your *tabatière*, and let us make friends," said the old man, stretching out one hand to take a pinch, and with the other raising his skull-cap, and exposing his bald head with its fringe of silver hair.

"You will allow at least," continued Marie, "that there were signs and portents on earth and in the sky to-day. They can't mean misfortune to Prussia, or the good God would have sent them to Berlin. Why, a mist like the smoke of sulphur and brimstone went up from the ground this morning, and hung over our heads all day.* It is possible you will tell me that I dreamed it, and that you never saw it; some people won't see any-

* A fact. The phenomenon was noticed by many persons.

thing that does not serve to raise a laugh, or give them a chance to crack a joke," and wiping her tear-stained face she cast a severe look at her father-in-law.

"There, there, Mario, seriously I acknowledge there were signs on the earth, or rather on the staircase, seeing that the *porteur d'eau* let his pails drip on them immediately after ciring-stick and brush had brought them to their brightest polish; and it is also true that the day has been cloudy, sultry, and oppressive in the extreme, but—"

"*Une Prussienne! une Prussienne!*" shouted a passing *gamin* who had just discovered that the dismal Marie was in tears. "*A German who weeps the death of all her countrymen, and the sacking of Berlin!*"

"Mother, if it is the same to you, you would greatly oblige me by sitting a little further back in the shade of the gateway. I am quite willing to fight in your service, and will go to Berlin if you wish it, but both father and I shall have enough to do if we have to engage in combat all the passers-by who may take umbrage at your tears on what is popularly supposed to be a night of jubilation," said Tony, at the same time tempering his speech by producing from his pocket a package of peppermint drops he had bought for his mother. Her son's little attention appeared to have a soothing effect on the good woman, and aided by the arrival of some neighbors, who gave another turn to the conversation, she regained comparative cheerfulness, or at least wept in an unobtrusive and unostentatious manner not calculated to distress her companions.

ON MEMORY'S WALL.

Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth the best of all;—
Not for its gnarled oaks elden,
Dark with the mistletoe?
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milkwhite lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing the golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pink, nor the pale sweet cowslips,
It seemeth to me the best.
I once had a little brother,
With eyes that wore dark and deep:—
In the lap of the olden forest
He lieth in peace asleep;

Light as the down on the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful Summers,
The Summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the Autumn eves
I made my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.
Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace
As the light of immortal splendor
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore among the pictures
That hang on memory's wall
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

—Alice Cary.

HAMLET'S "MADNESS."

HAS any critical writer on the Hamlet of Shakespeare had the penetration to see, and the courage to avow, that there is no ground whatever for assuming that the character of Hamlet is presented to us as mysterious and perplexing? In the tomes that have been written upon the subject, all, as far as I can learn, assume and accept the belief that his manifestations were, more or less, of a "mingled yarn"—something, says Charles Knight, "altogether indefinable and mysterious." With all due respect for those who hold this opinion, and with becoming self-distrust in confessing to an absolute want of conception as to the *data* from which such an opinion has been formed, I submit some proofs—as I think—calculated to overturn it.

Put in Shakespearian language, the belief I contest is, that Hamlet "contrives against his own nobility, and in his proper stream o'erflows himself"—that his character is a "tangled skein."

Immediately after the revelations made to him by the Ghost, he announces with marked preciseness, and with a significance most pointed, his intention "to put an antic disposition on;" but note, only

"As I, *perchance*, hereafter shall *think meet*."

Only as circumstances suggest the policy to "bear himself as strange or odd" will he assume this "disposition." This resolution, couched in precisest language, is plainly not that of a madman, but of one having a healthy intellect controlling an obedient will.

The next point to pursue is this—did he consistently exhibit an "antic disposition" on each and such occasions as his design demanded? In other words, was he, as a sane man, able to control his resolution so as to fit the time and season in which to display his "crafty madness"? There is no doubt that he did. The several scenes of the drama in which he appears afford abundant testimony that he did so control himself as to completely carry out the purpose he had in view; and by the startling contrast of the character he assumed, and of that in which he exhibited his lofty and weighty "discourse of reason," he furnishes overwhelming evidence that he was marvellously sane. A cursory examination of the scenes in which Hamlet appears ought, I think, to dispose of Charles Knight's shallow remark, that "Hamlet is propelled rather than propelling"—though this, in a sense the opposite of what is intended, is perfectly true. Hamlet's vigorous and untainted intellect—moved by the secret knowledge of atrocious guilt to compass fearsome ends—doubtless propels him to deliver himself of those far-reaching and most elevated principles of morals and philosophy, as well as of wit and repartee, which reveal a perfectly controlled mind—now soaring in the loftiest sphere of

morals, as when justly denouncing his mother—now charging himself, in undeserved self-reproaches, to fulfil the “remember me” of the Ghost—now delivering his incomparable instructions to the strolling players—now, exhibiting his charming and sterling character, as in the deeply moving regard he expresses for Horatio and the confiding trust he reposes in him—now in his soliloquy wherein he philosophizes so reverently, so solemnly, of that side of life which haunts mankind—now in the other soliloquy, which exhibits such close and lucid reasoning designed to brace himself up to inflict a just revenge. In all this is Hamlet himself—the sober and serious man, moved to “fine issues,” demanding, as he displays, a clear and unclouded intellect, self-controlled as the soaring eagle, firm as the stable pole-star. In his own words may be summed up the condition here claimed for him :—

“ My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have uttered : bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from.”

As for the “wild and irregular” (Charles Knight’s phrase) side of Hamlet’s character, it ought to be manifest to every intelligent reader that he puts it on and off with an ease that only a perfectly sane man could accomplish, and carries it to a perfection that only the clearest and most commanding intellect could portray. This predetermined purpose was plainly bred of a penetrating and well-balanced mind, to compass an object which his piercing discernment had designed. His “antic disposition” is marvellously accommodated to the several individuals before whom it is exhibited ; and his well-timed banter and rollicking drollery were eminently calculated to throw them all off the scent of what was his determined but apparently “dull revenge.” He was “wild and irregular” with a very serious purpose, covering and leading up to tragic issues.

In referring as I do to the published opinions of Charles Knight on this subject, it is because I treat him as representative of the class of critics who confess that they are perplexed with the “obscurity and mysteriousness” of Hamlet’s character, and who avow that “this is the stage in which most minds are content to rest.” This is surely a “lame and impotent conclusion.” And when this same critic seriously asks, “Where is the line to be drawn between Hamlet’s artificial and real character?” I can only express my wonder at any such difficulty presenting itself. What I have advanced above would of itself, perhaps, furnish a plain and conclusive answer, but there is a wealth of further evidence throughout the play. Hamlet has drawn the line with as sharp and complete a contrast as his design demanded—a design that did indeed demand a plain and palpable line to be manifest. But, in a sense, this artificial was but a

phase of his real character, for, all through, it requires no keen observation to discover that he adopted it to aid his purpose "in delving one yard below their mines."

The conclusion that his two interviewers, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, came to, and which they delivered to the anxious King and Queen, was that Hamlet confessed himself distracted (the Ghost revealed enough to produce that condition), and that he exhibited a "crafty madness." They might have reported to their Majesties a more significant admission made by him when he darkly intimated they were "deceived;" in what? inquires Guildenstern earnestly, but only an evasive reply was vouchsafed. In a subsequent interview with these courtiers he gives them conclusive proof that he was as sane as they, by the pertinent question, "Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?" and this, with his subsequent felicitous comparison between their playing upon him and upon a "recorder," completely balked them in their inquisitive mission. The King doubtless suspected that Hamlet had a hidden design to overthrow him, and he rightly divined that what Hamlet spoke

"Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger."

The Queen and Ophelia believed that Hamlet was really mad, because to the one it brought a "flattering unction," false comfort, to her disturbed soul—to the other, it soothed her disappointed hopes; and they both saw him exclusively in his assumed erratic character.

There is an apparent insincerity in Hamlet protesting to Laertes, when "disclaiming a purposed evil" in the killing of his father, that it arose out of the "sore distraction" which afflicted him. The delusion on this point, however, which he had himself designedly created, it was essential to his purpose to sustain to the last, as he, "perchance, thought meet;" and much of the perplexity which some feel in determining the point under consideration, that is, of the reality or not of Hamlet's madness, arises, no doubt, from accepting this address to Laertes as true—that Polonius's death was the result of Hamlet's "sore distraction." As I have said, it suited his purpose, on such an occasion as the serious "play" with the foils upon which they both at that moment were entering, to asseverate what he did; but we have only to remember that on the instant that he had killed Polonius he impulsively gave utterance to his disappointment that it was not the King, and to his surprise that it was the "intruding fool" who was the victim.

I cannot but think that no perplexity or doubt about Hamlet's real character—which is so grandly exhibited in his firm and unwavering intellect, his unclouded mind—would ever have arisen if his last earnest

words to Horatio had been well borne in mind. To quote them is sufficient, as their significance, to any one well read in this great drama, ought to be apparent :—

“ You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
Had I but time, O, I could tell you—
But let it be,—Horatio, I am dead,
Thou livest ; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.”

“ O good Horatio, what a wounded name
Things standing thus unknown shall live behind me !
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.”

THEA.

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

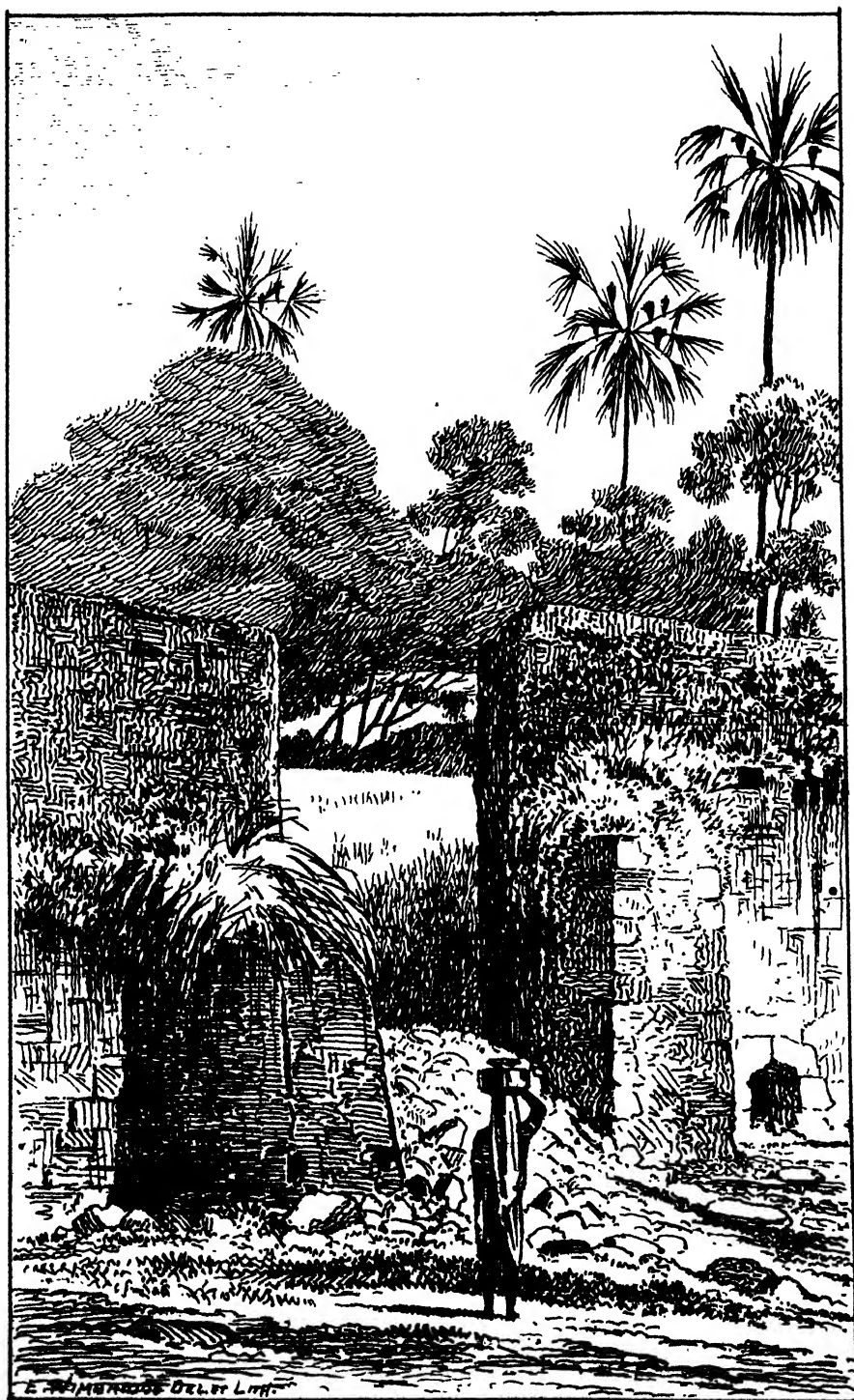
SOME two hundred and nineteen years ago the island of Bombay was ceded to the British as part of the dower of the Portuguese bride of Charles the Second, and probably prized more highly by the graceless monarch than was his unloved and not very attractive consort.

Even then, in 1662, a small Parsee colony—an offshoot of the one established at Surat by those Zoroastrians who fled from Mahomedan rule in Persia—must have existed in Bombay, for about that time, or very soon after, the first Dokhma or Tower of Silence reared its white circular wall on the summit of Malabar Hill. Since then, in obedience to the necessity created by the rapid growth of the community, other and larger towers have arisen, the Parsees have prospered and multiplied, and their grave, strong faces and robust forms are seen side by side in the streets of the city with the descendants of Catherine's swarthy countrymen, the turbaned Hindoo and Mahomedan, the martial Rajpoot and emaciated fakir.

Untrammelled by caste prejudices, and unrestricted in their choice of an occupation, the Parsees enjoy an immense advantage over their neighbors, and in enterprise, public spirit, and charity they are unsurpassed. No beggar is found among them, and the poor and sick are relieved from the ample funds at the disposal of the Punchayet, or Council of Five. One Parsee alone, the first Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, spent in charity over £221,000.

In spite of some few Hindoo customs long since adopted from policy, or that have crept into use from long intercourse, the Parsees are still as much a race apart as are the Jews, intermarrying among themselves, wearing the sacred cord and shirt, and keeping alive beliefs and practices in which outsiders can have no part ; and in nothing is their peculiarity more strikingly exemplified than in the unique, and at first sight horrible, manner in which they dispose of their dead.

Many months ago the writer, then a stranger in Bombay, wandered at day-break one sultry morning to Back Beach. The sun was already darting his first



VULTURES' HAUNT

beams through the palmtrees in the East, but the long point of the high woody range known as Malabar Hill was still wrapt in haze that at the same time hid from sight a certain square black building, and the top of a round tower on the summit of the hill, usually plainly visible from Back Beach. It was not long before the sunbeams gained power, and, the heat and glare of the unsheltered beach becoming unpleasant, the view of a dark spot of foliage on the slope of the hill below the Towers tempted the stranger's steps in that direction.

A huge gateway, just behind some tumble-down Hindoo cottages, gave access through a massive wall to a court in which two or three women were drawing water from a well; beyond that another gateway, ruined and ancient, half choked up with loose stones and rubbish, led onward and upwards. The massive strength of the masonry proved the walls had been erected for no temporary purpose, and dried and baked by the tropical sun they could at present show little of the verdure that the approaching monsoon would bring to veil their rugged outlines. Higher up the slope lay still more walls, so broken and ruined that gateways were superfluous, and at last, perched on a mound and encircled by a wall, there came in sight the vihar or cell of a Hindoo temple, whose outer courts these old walls had probably once bounded.

Near the temple, among the tall stems of the central group of palmtrees, lizards—some with snake-like heads and shining, metallic bodies, others with horny crest and rugged aspect that gave them the air of medieval dragons—rustled and glided among the dried vegetation; the slough of a snake attached to a fragment of masonry showed that less innocent reptiles were in the vicinity; and the ground, the rocks, the tops of the dwarf palmettos, all were coated with a whitish limy-looking covering; here and there lay a strong grey feather, and the nostrils were assailed by an odor like that of an ill-kept poultry-house, but ranker and more offensive, and which even the fresh sea-breeze that had risen with the sun was powerless to dispel.

Suddenly the flap of huge wings was heard; a large bird, with awkward pendent legs, flew lazily to a more distant tree, and another and another followed.

It was the haunt of the vultures of the Towers of Silence, the *protégés* of the Parsees, the descendants of birds brought by them from Persia hundreds of years ago.

The vultures were roosting there by scores, each tree bore its horrible burden, and most of them had chosen the side that commanded a view of the stone pathway on the other side of the temple, by which the dead are borne to the towers and given over to their voracious beaks.

Presently the birds, as if weary of waiting for their breakfast, rose *en masse* and wheeled and circled in the air high overhead, entirely removing the impression of awkwardness given by their shorter flight, and showing themselves in grace and swiftness little inferior to the lordly eagle himself; still they were vultures after all, and that thought was sufficient to destroy any desire for a closer acquaintance.

(To be continued, with Illustrations.)

LITHOGRAPHY.

TWENTY years ago appeared in the columns of an Indian magazine, since defunct, an able article upon the subject of lithography. The article in question was a good and practical one, supplying nearly all the information necessary to enable any man with some brains and a little patience to acquire the art. In the course of his remarks the author laments the utter impossibility of getting good lithographic work done in India, and is impelled by this fact to publish the article in question, in the hope that some individual or individuals in this country of scholarly pauperism might be induced to take the matter up. This was twenty years ago, and, alas! what was true of the condition of lithographic art in India then is true to-day, and we find the large European houses sending their agents six thousand miles to secure orders in India for execution abroad, which could just as well have been executed here but for one trifling drawback *viz.*, there is no one here capable of doing the work. This appears to me a shame and a disgrace, and what is true of lithography is unfortunately true of many industrial arts in India. There is a wide-spread tendency to cast all blame for this state of things upon the Government. Whatever the errors of the Government may be, and they are doubtless many, I think that failure, in most cases, is the result of a want of exertion and enterprise on the part of the people. The feeling akin to horror with which the average Hindoo looks upon any suggestion that he should do anything new—anything, in fact, which his ancestors for generations have not done before him—will perhaps largely account for the lamentable lack of progress in India.

As an instance of what may be done by brains and enterprise I may mention that one of the most celebrated, not long since the most celebrated, lithographic establishments in England was started by a baker. And now, at the risk of meeting the same fate which befell the writer of the article of twenty years since, and finding twenty years hence (if I live so long) lithography in just as bad a plight, I propose to give a few practical hints on lithographic drawing and printing. The history of the art I shall say nothing about, as not being in any way essential to its practice; suffice it to say that for many years after its invention or discovery nothing of great moment was done with it. About forty years ago, however, a quality of work was produced which has never, in many respects, been surpassed, and work of so delicate and refined a quality was drawn on stone that I doubt if any, even the most skilful, of the lithographic printers of to-day could print it.

Twenty years ago an old friend of mine, an eminent artist, lamented that there was not a lithographic printer in London at that time who could print such work. But the god of "cheapness" has banished all

this, and we have to ask not only what is good, but what is practical.

I propose to divide the subject into three heads—materials, drawing, and printing.

Firstly, materials. The materials necessary are—for drawing, litho. ink, do. chalk, fine pens (Gillott's litho. nibs), brushes, steel scraper, wooden rest for the hand, fine steel point, parallel rulers and crayon holder. The materials for printing are press, ink varnish, ink slab, rollers, gum arabic, turpentine, nitric acid, and sponge and cloth for damping the stone.

The simplest method of drawing on stone is that which is technically known as "ink-work;" for this the stone is used with a polished surface, obtained by first grinding two stones together with sharp sand and water, next rubbing with pumice stone until the sand marks are obliterated, and then bringing to a polish by rubbing with water of Ayr stone, the stone being kept well wetted during each of the foregoing processes. It is now, after being thoroughly washed in clean water, allowed to dry, and is then ready to receive the drawing. A tracing on transparent paper is made of the proposed sketch, which is placed face downwards on the stone and secured at the corners with a little gum. A piece of thin paper, over one side of which red chalk has been rubbed, is now introduced between the tracing and the stone, care being taken that the chalked side is next to the stone; then, with an ivory point or a hard lead pencil, go carefully over the lines on the tracing, and on removing it an outline in reverse will be found in red upon the surface of the stone. The work is now ready for lithographing. The next step is to prepare the ink. This is done by heating a small saucer tolerably hot, and rubbing the stick of ink in it until a sufficient quantity has adhered to the saucer; then add a few drops of rain water, and rub gently with the top of the finger till mixed. Care must be taken to have the ink, when mixed, neither too thin nor too thick; it should be of a consistency which will allow it to flow freely from the brush or pen, but not too freely or the lines will spread. Having satisfactorily prepared the ink, we proceed with the drawing. It will perhaps here be well to remark that great care must be taken to avoid touching any part of the stone where the drawing is to appear, as the slightest finger mark is apt to print when the drawing is "rolled up" by the printer. If there are any lines requiring to be ruled, two pieces of cardboard thick enough to prevent the parallel rulers from touching the stone must be used. For the free-hand drawing a wooden bridge wide enough to span the work is necessary. This bridge is a simple piece of thin board with two narrow strips of wood fastened to each end, so as to raise the board, say, a quarter of an inch above the surface of the stone. For ruling lines an ordinary architect's or

draughtsman's ruling pen is used. For the free-hand work Gillott's lithographic pen, a fine-cut quill, or, better than either, a sable water-color brush of moderate size cut to a fine point with a razor. As the brush, if successfully cut, is by far the most effective implement, I will endeavor to describe the method of its manufacture. The first thing necessary is to select one with good springy hair; having selected such a one, hold it horizontally in the hand and pass the tip of it rapidly through the flame of a candle or lamp,—this removes the fluff at the point; next wet the brush, and, holding it vertically, commence to cut away the hairs with a sharp razor, beginning at the base and cutting towards the point, turning the brush round so as to cut equally all round; continue this cutting until the point consists of only a few hairs, when, if the operation has been successful (which is not always the case), the result will be an implement with which the finest work can be executed. It is well to cut several suited to draw lines of various thicknesses. Having secured a set of such brushes the rest is comparatively easy, and the result will depend only on the artistic ability of the individual. It will of course be understood that this article does not pretend to teach the art of drawing, but simply to give such instruction as shall enable any draughtsman to turn his ability to account. There is yet another method of drawing with lithographic ink, which is known as transfer work. In this case the drawing, instead of being executed on the stone itself, is made on prepared paper with lithographic ink, to be afterwards transferred to stone by the printer. The method of procedure is the same as in drawing upon stone, except that the drawing is executed as it is intended to appear, and not in reverse. Transfer work is more frequently used for writing than for drawing, although it answers well enough for rough sketches and the like. A fine-pointed quill scraped thin will be found a most efficient tool for working on transfer paper. Recipes for making this paper, together with ink, chalk, &c., will be given at the end of the series of articles on lithography. In the next number of the *Orient* I propose to describe the method of drawing on stone with crayon.

EDWARD WIMBRIDGE.

QUOTATIONS AND CRITICISMS.

No. I.

STARS there are in the galaxy of literary talent whose names have been heralded from one end of the world to the other by the trumpet blast of fame. Their merits have been proclaimed again and again, and sometimes exaggerated, and their works are familiar as household words to the English reading public. With those who have received their full meed of honor

and reward, whose names are written where all men can read them, the following articles have little to do; they aim rather to bring into notice authors robbed, by foreign nationality, early death, poverty, or misfortune, of the praise and appreciation they deserve, or those crowded out of mind by the newer talent that has arisen since their day.

No man can better head the list of half-requited genius than Edgar Allan Poe. His strong weird talent, his daring imagination, the rhythmic music of his verse, entitle him to a far prouder place and more general honour than he has ever obtained, and the bitter biting poverty that pursued him through life, the slander that assailed his memory, should gain for him the widest sympathy.

To quote his own words, he was indeed one—

“ Whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster
Till the songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that
Melancholy burden bore
Of ‘ Never—nevermore.’ ”

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Somewhere about the year 1806 an English actress, reputed pretty, talented, and good, accepted an engagement to play in the United States, and there met her fate in the person of a young law student, of good family and Irish descent, whom she married after a short acquaintance. The poor girl soon discovered that she had made a most unwise choice. Her husband was but eighteen years of age, and by no means remarkable for natural gifts or stability of purpose. A few unhappy years passed, and then David Poe deserted his wife, and left her to maintain herself and her three little children by the exercise of her profession. She battled bravely for a time, not only fighting poverty and care, but also fast-growing weakness. Night after night, when her place should have been an invalid's couch in a warm room, she dragged herself to the theatre, and played her part behind the footlights as if no mortal malady were hourly tightening its grasp upon her. The struggle could not be a long one, and five years after her marriage the *Richmond Enquirer* of December 10th, 1811, contained the following paragraph :—

“ Died :—On Sunday last, Mrs. Poe, one of the actresses of the company at present playing on the Richmond boards. By the death of this lady the stage has been deprived of one of its chief ornaments.”

David Poe is supposed to have died about the same time as his wife, and the little orphans were left completely destitute. Fortunately the custom of adopting children prevailed greatly in America, and has indeed continued till the present day. The eldest boy was taken by a rich Baltimore

family, the baby Rosalie, still an infant in arms, was adopted by a Scotch gentleman named McKenzie, and Edgar Allan, then nearly three years old, found tender and indulgent friends in Mr. John Allan and his wife, —too indulgent, indeed. The child was talented, beautiful, self-willed, and sensitive in the extreme, and his foster-parents appear to have been totally deficient in the firmness and good sense necessary to deal with such a disposition. They were very proud of the boy, and happy to exhibit his precious talents; no one was allowed to cross him; and, more than all, he was brought up to consider himself the undoubted heir to the wealth of the childless couple.

It was a bad beginning to a life that was destined after all to be one of privation, poverty, and disappointment; and much of the poet's tendency to melancholy and discontent, his morbid sensitiveness and self-consciousness, may be traced to injudicious treatment in early youth.

When he was seven years old Mr. and Mrs. Allan took their son, as they called little Edgar, for a tour in Great Britain, and left him at a school at Stoke Newington, where he remained six or seven years, and was then recalled to Baltimore, and his education continued by private masters until he entered the university of Virginia in 1826. R. H. Stoddard, one of his biographers, speaks thus of his boyhood:—"He was a handsome lad, with bright eyes, soft clustering hair, and a face alive with expression. A lady of Richmond, who was his playmate at this time and earlier, recalls him as a sensitive schoolboy, whose inordinate self-esteem often led him to fancy affronts where none were intended, and who used to revenge himself on those who offended him by impaling them with doggerel verses. These verses, which were no better and no worse than the average of such productions, were much relished by Mr. Allan, who delighted to read them to his friends, by whom they were secretly pronounced 'trash'." The same writer says "He had the art of making friends, and was profoundly touched by kindness. The extreme tenderness of his feelings was shown one day when he visited the house of one of his schoolmates, whose mother, entering the room where he was, took his hand and spoke some words of welcome, which penetrated his heart so deeply that he lost the power of speech, if not of consciousness itself; to the friend thus found he was wont to impart all his youthful sorrows. She had a happy influence over him in his darker moods, and after her death it was his habit for months to pay a nightly visit to the cemetery in which she was buried. The drearier the nights the longer he lingered, and the more regretfully he came away. The memory of this lady is said to have suggested the most beautiful of his minor poems, the lines beginning

"Helen, thy beauty is to me."

It is far more likely, however, that she remotely suggested "The Sleeper," the concluding lines of which reflect what we may suppose to have been his feelings in his long night watches at her grave :—

<p>" My love, she sleeps! O, may her sleep, As it is lasting, so be deep ! Soft may the worms about her creep ! Far in the forest, dim and old, For her may some tall vault unfold— Some vault that oft hath flung its black And winged panels fluttering back, Triumphant, o'er the crested palls Of her grand family funerals—</p>	<p>Some sepulchre, remote, alone, Against whose portals she has thrown, In childhood, many an idle stone— Some tomb, from out whose sounding door She ne'er shall force an echo more, Thrilling to think, poor child of sin, It was the dead who groaned within."</p>
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Poe's talent made it easy for him to distinguish himself during his college career, and it cost him little effort to take all the honors then available. Unfortunately, the standard of morality at the university was by no means high, and the young student appears to have indulged in drinking and gambling, and incurred debts to a heavy amount. His adopted father forgave his conduct and paid his debts, partly, it is believed, through the intercessions of Mrs. Allan, who was tenderly attached to the culprit.

Having elected the army as a profession, Edgar was sent to West Point, where he continued the vices that had beset him at the university, and scarcely made even a pretence at study. Day by day he grew more idle and dissipated, and it is not wonderful that he was finally accused of gross neglect of all duty, and dismissed the service. He had now no indulgent foster-mother to plead his cause with Mr. Allan; the first Mrs. Allan had died, and the second Mrs. Allan had just presented her husband with a son, thus putting an end to Edgar's hopes of heirship, hopes that had been encouraged in him from his earliest years. Irritated by his conduct at West Point, Mr. Allan now utterly disowned and discarded him, and if, as has been alleged, Edgar really went to the home that had so long been his and created an unseemly scene there, his conduct is not quite without excuse. A long course of weak indulgence had encouraged him in extravagant expectations and lazy security, and now his golden dreams had melted away, and he found himself cast penniless upon the world, without a profession, and without the habits of industry that might have enabled him to earn his bread. He certainly owed his education to the Allans, but in spite of that benefit it is difficult not to regard his connection with them as the first of the series of misfortunes that pursued him through life. A few years later, Poe, struggling with the direst poverty, heard that Mr. Allan had died leaving a very large fortune and three children to inherit it, and so ended his last hope that

some crumbs of the abundance he had once considered his might come to relieve his pressing necessities.

Before leaving West Point Edgar had already published a volume of poems dedicated to the "U. S. Corps of Cadets." The collection contained, among other poems of less merit, "Israfel," "To Helen," "The City in the Sea," and the rough draft of "Lenore," which, as finally perfected by its author, my readers will forgive me for giving entire. It is a gem of musical verse, at once majestic and weird, full of a subtle charm as difficult to analyze as is the perfume of the violet, or the song of the lark. For me it is married forever to the whistle of the wind and roar of the ocean that accompanied it when I read it for the first time at sea, long ago. It is a key that, like certain favorite airs, seldom fails to open the door to a host of vague aspirations and desires, the first step in a road that is endless, and which it is impossible to follow far :—

"LENORE.

"Ab, broken is the golden bowl !
The spirit flown forever !
Let the bell toll ! a saintly soul
Floats on the Stygian river ;
And Guy de Vere, hast *thou* no tear ?—
Weep now or never more !
See ! on yon drear and rigid bier
Low lies thy love, Lenore !
Come, let the burial rite be read,
The funeral song be sung !—
An anthem for the queenliest dead
That ever died so young—
A dirge for her the doubly dead
In that she died so young !

"Wretches ! ye loved her for her wealth
And hated her for her pride,
And when she fell in feeble health
Ye blessed her—that she died !
How *shall* the ritual, then, be read
The requiem how be sung,
By you, by yours the evil eye,
By yours the slanderous tongue
That did to death the innocence
That died, and died so young ?

"Peccavimus ; but rave not thus !
And let a Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly
The dead may feel no wrong !
The sweet Lenore hath "gone before"
With Hope that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child
That should have been thy bride—
For her, the fair and debonair,
That now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair,
But not within her eyes—
The life still there upon her hair,
The death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt ! to-night my heart is light,
No dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight
With a pæan of old days !
Let *no* bell toll !—lest her sweet soul,
Amid its hallowed mirth,
Should catch the note, as it doth float
Up from the damned Earth.
To friends above, from fiends below,
The indignant ghost is riven—
From Hell unto a high estate
Far up within the Heaven—
From grief and groan to a golden throne,
Beside the King of Heaven."

The mingled pity, admiration, and bitter regret of the first verse ; the burst of indignation in the second, melting into a wail of pity for the innocence that "died so young ;" the passionate exultation of the last

verse, sinking at the end to a lull as peaceful as the ripple on a moonlit lake, the calm that comes when despair and indignation have worn themselves out, all make of this poem a gem of beauty and freshness whose lustre shall long endure.

(To be continued.)

MAGNETISM.*

THE term magnetism is used here not because it really describes the subject with which I have to deal, but simply for the reason that it has become the formula by which the science in question is usually recognized. It is, after all, less inappropriate than "*animal magnetism*," and infinitely less absurd than the term *mesmerism*, which saddles a science coeval with humanity itself with the name of a man of modern times, who groped, like many another, after the light, and perhaps differed from others only in his ability to hold the feeble light he gained aloft and set it on the pinnacle of publicity. Both before and after Mesmer there have arisen greater than he, men who hid their knowledge and their power as a treasure that would be profaned by the gaze of the many, a something too sacred and mysterious to be flaunted abroad, a gift which filled even themselves with trembling awe and delight, which grew by secret use, but withered and paled in the glare of publicity.

Such men are of all time and of all ages. They have worn kingly robes or the peasant's coarse raiment, they have dwelt beneath the palace roof or the humble thatch, they have inhabited the castle and the cave, the crowded city and the mountain fastness, they existed in the earlier ages of the world, and they shall not perish till the earth itself comes to an end. They are the masters of the art we are about to discuss, and when, far from profane ears, they mention its name, be sure they call it neither magnetism, animal magnetism, nor mesmerism.

The entire universe consists of ebb and flow, of alternation between two opposing forces, one of which retreats as the other advances. Every elevation has its corresponding depression, every quality its answering defect, and each living creature its duality, the equilibrium of which means health.

For not only is duality of organization and function the rule, but where life is, there reigns an element, or rather a combination of two elements, forming a total subtle and all-pervading as the air we breathe, a something that is born of body and soul, that is neither, but partakes of the attributes of both, and which is strong or weak according as the positive element or the negative prevails, and becomes diseased when either prevails partially or irregularly. No matter whether physicians call the disease in question fever or small-pox: neither fever nor small-pox, nor any other malady to which flesh is heir, could exist in conjunction with perfect equilibrium of the vital force or dual element,

* In response to repeated requests for information on the subject of magnetism, the *Orient* has obtained and publishes a series of articles treating of the sources and potency, uses and abuses of magnetism, of the persons apt to become magnetizers, and the means they should employ to increase their powers.

and no recovery can take place until such equilibrium is re-established, either by its own native force, or by the aid of remedies known to science, or of others yet more powerful, which shallow science is too much disposed to ignore.

Life itself is but the union of matter with other matter so sublimated and rarefied as to be invisible to ordinary perception, and which we have agreed to call spirit. When that union ceases, life—or rather the powers of manifestation to senses and perceptions that are earthly—vanishes, just as countless myriads of minute living creatures are imperceptible to us, simply because our eyes are not constructed so as to enable us to perceive them.

Life, in the true acceptation of the word,—the real being, of which the body was but the shadow and the clothing, and sometimes the burden and expiation,—has but pushed on to a higher manifestation and donned a richer garment, is reaping the fruit of what is often little better than a long nightmare, a weary dream in which illusions fade one by one, and the spirit loses little by little the buoyant, hopeful confidence, the powerful vitality, which it brought to its union with the body, and often blindly spent in aspirations it could not understand, or in earnest striving after objects which were not really what it wanted, and gave but limited satisfaction if attained.

The ignorant freshness of youth must fade, its vitality need not, unless men seek to make of life a something other than it is, and forget that it can be only a little stepping-stone to a longed-for goal, one of the many struggles by which the spirit may reach untold and illimitable good; or allow the passions, prejudices, and cares of earth to envelope them as in a mist, and obscure the clearness of spiritual perception, which if unclogged and undimmed had surely given them serenity and peace, a peace deep and delicious as the hovering calm on the mountain top when the day is young, and the anguish and stain of humanity lies buried far out of sight in the valleys below.

When something of this great calm dwells in a human spirit, when small trials and vexations have lost much of their power to sting, and there broods over all and beyond all an indefinable sense of peace and security, a calm certainty that all is well and must be well, when the organization is of a peculiar type to be described hereafter, and the body free from infirmity, disease, and especially malformation, there grows and increases in body and in spirit a something which is not life, for life existed already, but life's essence and life's spirit, its fullness and its complement.

It is fed by all noble emotion, by all beauty, all truth, but above all by Nature's grandeur and repose; by secret communion with her; by the breeze that comes purified across the sea; by emanations from certain plants; by the companionship of animals and young children; by intercourse with all that is pure, unwarped, and unsullied.

More subtle than a perfume, more delicate than the finest spider's web, it is light as a cloud, pure as a dewdrop, a state rather than a thing, but it may grow to be greater than any power on earth, it may influence the hearts of kings, sway multitudes as one man, comfort many, and prove a priceless jewel to its possessor.

For he who having this gift uses it purely and truly for the good of others, without a thought of self-interest or self-glorification, who refuses to warp his power to purposes of hatred, to cast one perverted ray upon his enemy, that man, though he were the poorest of all, has his foot upon a ladder whose top reaches heaven.

There shall come to him moments of calm delight, deep and delicious, when so grand a conception of the sublime harmony that overlies all the apparent discords that greet us here shall permeate his consciousness, that he shall scarcely wonder when he looks upon some suffering and alleviates it, or lays his hand upon a sore and sees it disappear.

He knows himself to be but the happy channel through which some of the floating vitality of the universe, some of its grand repose, has flowed where it was needed, and given healing, but the channel is more blessed than the receiver. He feels his kinship with those greater than he, he knows that the earth and its fullness are his, and he knows also that he may one day possess far more than his dazzled mental vision can yet bear to contemplate.

THAUMA.

(To be continued.)

THE COST OF A BOTTLE OF SHERRY.

(By G. L. E. N.)

(Continued from No. II.)

Soon after Christmas, and a little before the first anniversary of the baby's birth, the two Miss Gibsons (Miss Gibsons still) came to stay at the Hill. Maria neglected no art to make her husband's home agreeable, and hoped their chatter and boisterous animal spirits would help to amuse him during the dull winter days. Indeed the one object of her life was to prevent her truant from straying back to his old haunts, and she never grudged trouble in her efforts to please him. William had given her no rival but the bottle, and yet her well-cut dresses were far more carefully chosen than in her girlish days, and her snowy skirts, and dainty shoes and gloves, proclaimed the care and attention she gave to her toilet, and her desire to neglect no means, however trifling, of retaining her place in his heart.

One still, cold afternoon near the expiration of their visit, the two girls went out with Mr. Ullman for an hour's skating, leaving Maria at home with her dear old friend and adviser, Mrs. Claridge, who had never had a girl of her own, and felt almost a proprietary right in the Hill baby, having made its acquaintance at a very early stage of its existence, and watched it through all the phases of tooth-cutting and other infant maladies.

"You are happy, Maria," said the old lady, stroking the yellow hair of her pet, "to possess such a child and such a home."

"And such a husband," broke in Maria. "Yes, I am very happy; I sometimes fear it is too good to last," she added, with a sigh.

It seemed as if those words and that sigh were prophetic. Her cousins returned soon after without her husband, and informed her that Mr. Strange had carried him off, but that he promised to return before tea-time, when Mr. Claridge and a gentleman friend were to join them. The poor wife waited in an agony of suspense, and was more grieved than surprised to see her husband return intoxicated, and to know that those few hours' absence had sufficed to sweep away the good effects of a year's self-restraint, and launch him once more on the downward road. With a heavy heart she smuggled him away to his room, urged him to lie still for an hour or two, and then take a cup of strong tea and come down; but William, who was not so far gone as to be helpless, refused to look at it in that light.

"Ole Claridge's b'low, war t' see ole Claridge, mus' sit er head m' own table," he said thickly.

"Indeed, indeed, William, you are not fit to go down," she pleaded. "Why, war's er mat'r me? nev'r fel bet'r ole course m' life; be down d'rectly," answered William. No amount of coaxing shook his resolution, and poor Maria endured the shame of seeing her drunken husband take his place among his guests.

"How do, Claridge?" he said, "Sun'land, glad t' see y'r. Ada, ole gal, come and sit b' me. Good-look'ng girl l'ke you orrer taken som'boday in long 'go. Nor er singl' man m'self, but there's Sun'land, go for 'm. Sh' is n't a bad-look'ng girl, Sun'land, littl' padd'ng an' false hair, bur make 'lowance for that."

William had some days since remarked to his wife that in spite of the sly little game Ada was playing, it was quite plain she was setting her cap at Sunderland; and now, when the wine was in and the wit was out, he persuaded himself, to Ada's dismay, that a little judicious help from a third party would be sure to bring matters to a crisis.

"William," interrupted Mr. Claridge, catching sight of poor Maria's agonized face, "I have got those plans for the new road in my pocket; I wish you would come and look over them. I want your opinion." "Pres'n'ly, pres'n'ly, Claridge; can't expec' man leave er head's own table—man's house his cas'le, y' know, cas'le's his house," and, under the impression that he was making a speech he arose and delivered a few incoherent remarks, ending by bringing his fist down on the table with a crash which made everything thereon dance, while a backward movement of his arm swept the cream jug into Martha Gibson's lap, to the great damage of her silk dress. A preliminary wipe to get rid of a part of the cream, and then all the ladies made the more complete sponging of the dress an excuse for leaving the room and the unfinished meal, and they were followed by questionable remarks, and abjurations from the host to return quickly.

"Lawk!" said Betsy the parlor maid to Louisa the baby's nurse, who was in the kitchen with her charge, "they can't ha' done tea already, master's drunk and there must ha' been a row," and changing her tone as her mistress approached, "Shall I fetch out the tea things, Ma'am?" she asked.

"No, leave them for the present, Betsy, and get a sponge and some hot water."

"Lawk," exclaimed Betsy, "the dress is ruined."

Martha seemed to be of the same opinion, and after the sponging she retired with her sister to change it for a dry one, while Mrs. Claridge drew Mrs. Ullman into the parlor, and did her best to console her, but she herself saw much cause for uneasiness in the events of the day, and could say but little that was consolatory.

"I am really sorry for you, Maria; it must be a dreadful thing to have a drunken husband," observed Ada a little spitefully, when she and her sister returned to the room. Ada had been extremely annoyed by Mr. Ullman's remarks.

"I have not a drunken husband," exclaimed Maria indignantly. "A man is not a drunkard because he has once taken a little too much."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Claridge.

"But," put in Martha, who could not forget her spoiled dress, "Mr. Ullman was constantly intemperate more than a year ago."

Poor Maria! That day's torture was but the beginning of much more. She found her husband ready, as usual, to make promises, but perfectly unable to keep them; and as she sat alone in her once happy home, or tossed on her sleepless pillow, she asked herself despairingly what the end would be, for it was impossible to hide from herself that William's bad habits were taking deeper and deeper hold on him, and that he drank not only abroad, but at home, to obviate the lassitude and depression which were becoming habitual with him when he was not under the influence of stimulants.

"Don't go to Runburn to-day, dear; the haymakers may want you," said Maria, one lovely summer's morning, when the earth was all dewy freshness, and the slanting beams of the sun shone on the haycocks in the meadows near the house. William set down his coffee cup and began fondling his daughter, but he made no reply to his wife's request, and an hour or two later she heard him ride away from the stable; and the bright earth faded from her dim gaze, and her heart grew heavy as she sat sewing by the open window. The work on her knee was a little unfinished cap, and she asked herself sadly what would become of her child, of her children, if death should snatch her away, and leave them to the care of a father who was daily sinking deeper into intemperance, and wasting alike his substance and his health. A curse had indeed fallen on that household. "Mama, why you ki?" asked little Maria, looking up from her game on the floor. "I won't cry so long as you are left me, my treasure," said the mother, taking the baby on her knee and hugging her close. Late in the afternoon William returned. "It is cool in the dining room, come in and rest a little," said Maria, noting the signs.

"No, no, they are carrying nine acres, and I must see how they are getting on. Where is baby?" asked Mr. Ullman, who was never too far gone to remember his child.

"Out with Louisa."

He started for the nine-acre field, and on his road there saw nothing of Louisa or her charge. The men grinned slyly while he gave a few directions, and, as he manifested an objection to walk home again, assisted him, with some difficulty, to the top of a piled-up load of hay. Luxuriously cushioned in his elevated seat he might have fallen asleep before he reached home, had not a cry of "Weesa! Weesa! there's Papa" aroused him. Louisa rose from the shelter of a hedge, slipped a tattered volume into her pocket, and followed the child, who ran to meet her father shouting, "Meyia wants to yide." "So you shall, my pet," said her father; "Jem, stop the horses and hand her up." Louisa and Jem were not without misgivings, and both ventured a remonstrance; Mr. Ullman was not, however, in a humor to brook opposition from his servants, and it ended by Jem standing on the shaft and passing the baby from Louisa to the outstretched arms of its father. "Look at Meyia yiding!" screamed the delighted child from her perch, and it did seem, as the wagon moved slowly over the smooth ground, that little harm could come of the baby's caprice. She herself saw no fear, and, full of an infant's innocent confidence in its father's boundless power to protect it, stood with her little fat feet and legs half buried in the hay. Another minute and the wagon would draw up by the side of the unfinished stack; the men on the top were disposing of the last of the previous load, and the empty wagon was already moving away to make place for the full one. Louisa, walking behind the advancing load, had fixed her eyes on Joe Walker, the young man she was keeping company with, as she herself would have put it, and dreaming of their last walk together, and of still more delightful walks in the future, when her attention was violently brought back to earth. The lane leading to the stackyard was fringed with tall elm trees, and the extremities of their lower branches almost met. The child clutched eagerly at the green leaves. "Want a bough, Dot?" said her father, reaching over to snatch one. At the same moment the wagon turned sharply to enter the stackyard gate, the fore off-wheel sank in a rut, and the load swayed violently. William abandoned the bough to clutch at his child—too late, however; she was already beyond his reach, and fell with a dull thud on the hard, dry road. Louisa sprang forward, but the father, sobered now, slipped from his perch and raised the little one. A convulsive quiver ran through her frame, but she gave no other sign of life. "Water," said William hoarsely. There was none there, and one of the men ran to the well near the house and returned with half a pailful.

"Water is no good," whispered Joe Walker to Louisa, "her neck is broke." And even the miserable father realized that it was so when he removed the sun bonnet with its curtain, and saw the little livid and swollen throat, and noted the loose motion of the head when the body was stirred.

"How shall I tell her mother?" he murmured.

No need to tell her; attracted by the unusual stir, or drawn to the spot by a mother's instinct, Maria herself stood before them. One glance she cast on her child, another on her husband, and then, gathering the little corpse to her

bosom, she turned and without a word retraced her steps to the house with her burden. William, pale and wretched, struck off in another direction.

"We may not have seen the worst of this day's work," said an old laborer, as he looked after him, "I'll step across to the Glen and fetch Muster Claridge."

Through what agony the father passed, and by what false train of reasoning he convinced himself that death was the only way out of his trouble, it is difficult to say, but such was his final conclusion, and when the evening was far advanced he stealthily entered the open window of the room in which he kept his firearms. The house was still, and the room almost in darkness. He took his revolver from its place above the chimney-piece, struck a match to assure himself it was loaded, and turned to leave the room by the way he came. Maria should not hear the report of the arm which made her a widow, and the spot where the child had died would do as well as any other. Another minute and he would have been outside, when a rustle was heard in a dark corner, and Mr. Claridge rose and laid his hand on the young man's arm.

"So," he said severely, "because a most deplorable accident has happened here to-day you would add the crime of murder to it?"

"Murder!"

"Yes, murder; your wife lies between life and death; her state much aggravated by anxiety on your account, and any rash act of yours will most surely be her death-warrant."

"I dare not see her, Claridge, that look of hers when she took the child haunts me."

"I am to understand, then, that you first bring trouble on her and yourself, and then sneak out of it, like a coward, and leave her to bear it alone, she who is guiltless of what has happened?"

"But," said William, "my death would relieve her of a husband she must hate now."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Claridge indignantly, "you are not worthy of such a woman as your wife, you can neither appreciate nor understand her; why, she has not uttered one reproachful word, and the sight of you, and the certainty that you are safe, will do more to restore her than all the doctors in the world. William, your father and I played together when we were boys, sat on the same form at school, and I was with him when he died. Your mind is unstrung and your reason troubled by what has happened; but if he were here you would trust him and listen to him. Can you not trust me in his place? Hear at least what I have to say to you."

"I know what you would say," murmured the wretched father hoarsely; and as he sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands his old friend drew the revolver from his relaxed grasp. "I know what you would say, that I had health and competence, a good wife and a dear child. You would ask me what use I have made of these blessings. You would remind me of what I am, and what I might have been."

"No, William, no need to remind you of these things. I would speak of hope,

and not of despair; not of the irrevocable past, but of the better life that may lie before you; of the wife whose life hangs on yours; of the children who may yet call you father; of a nobly-won victory over great temptation. You remember the words 'To whom much is given, of him shall much be required.' Would you then choose the time when you have made shipwreck of all that was confided to you to give in your account? No! live to retrieve the past. Live so that you may say when your time comes, Though I was tempted beyond other men and fell grievously, yet have I risen again and gained a victory, the more glorious that my besetting sin had taken such strong hold on me."

"But," said his listener hopelessly, "I have promised Maria a dozen times to reform, and always broken my word."

"You will not break it this time, William. You must seek the only means of safety for men of your temperament. You must totally abstain from all drink; and you must cut the acquaintance of Strange and other empty-headed fellows of his stamp, who find pleasure in seeing another man drunk, while they, who have taken more, can still walk straight and speak clearly."

"Ah! that is true," sighed William, "half of what Strange can take upsets me. Why, this very day I should have come home sober if he had not dropped into the Swan just as I was leaving. He stood a bottle of sherry last time we met, and I thought I was obliged to stand one to-day, and that, with what I had taken before, was too much for me. Curse that bottle of sherry! I owe this day's work to it. It is no use, Claridge, I can't face life again, everything I saw would remind me of the child," and he dropped his head on the table and sobbed aloud.

"My boy," said his old friend, when those tears of agony seemed to have drained some of the bitterness from his heart, "your wound is a deep one, but time will do more than you can believe to heal it. My son George is coming home, he can manage your farm and mine; and as soon as Maria is stronger we will all four go away for a while, till you are calmer and able to look your trouble in the face."

"I cannot believe poor Maria will forgive me," was Mr. Ullman's reply.

"Maria has forgiven you long since. See her and judge for yourself."

William hesitated.

"Her life may depend on your going to her," insisted Mr. Claridge. "She is very ill, and made worse by anxiety for you. Wait, I will be back directly."

But after a minute's interval lighter steps came in the place of his. A woman's arms stole round the mourner's neck, and Mrs. Claridge kissed him for the first time since his childhood. "Come," she said, "Maria expects you; the doctor has left her for a moment, and she is alone; but you must only stay with her a very short time," she added as she drew him upstairs and closed the door of the sick-room on him.

Maria lay motionless on the bed, her white face pinched and drawn by mental and physical suffering; but she smiled faintly at the sight of her husband, and opening her arms clasped him to her.

"Oh, Maria! Maria!" he murmured between the sobs which shook his frame.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," she whispered. "My darling, try to think as I do. It was His will she should go."

Several years have passed since William Ullman's two children were laid in their graves. Other little voices are heard in his home, and baby faces bloom around his table; but they cannot bring to their parents forgetfulness of the dead, or wipe out the cherished memory of their first-born. They seldom speak of her, but she is often in their thoughts, and if ever William feels tempted to lapse from sobriety he has only to open a drawer of his bureau, in which lies a bunch of yellow curls, and the clothing worn by his daughter on the day of her death.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

FULL of years and of honor, strong and rugged as an old oak tree, Thomas Carlyle has gone to his rest, and the world is the poorer for the vivid talent and honest sincerity that dies with him. His writings are not elegant, not always faultlessly correct in style, but there is in them a strength and truth, a hatred of all shams, all false pretences, all humbugs and all sophistries that is refreshing and wholesome, stern and picturesque as the mountains of his native Scotland. Listen to his denunciation of quacks:—"O my brother, be not thou a quack! Die rather, if thou wilt take counsel; 'tis but dying once, and thou art quit of it for ever. Cursed is that trade, and bears curses thou knowest not how long, long ages after thou art departed, and the wages thou hadst are all consumed; nay, as the ancient wise have written, through eternity itself, and is verily marked in the Doom-book of a God!" Read his description of the death of Louis XV.:—"Frightful to all men is Death; from of old named King of Terrors. Our little compact home of an existence, where we dwelt complaining, yet as in a home, is passing, in dark agonies, into an unknown of Separation, Foreignness, unconditioned Possibility. . . . Yes, poor Louis, Death has found thee: No palace wall or life-guards, gorgeous tapestries or gilt buckram of stiffest ceremonial could keep him out; but he is here, here at thy very life-breath, and will extinguish it. Thou, whose whole existence hitherto was a chimera and scenic show, at length becomest a reality: sumptuous Versailles bursts asunder like a dream into void immensity; Time is done, and all the scaffolding of Time falls wrecked with hideous clangour round thy soul; the pale kingdoms yawn open, there must thou enter, naked, all unking'd, and await what is appointed thee. Unhappy man! There as thou turnest, in dull agony, on thy bed of weariness, what a thought is thine! Purgatory and Hellfire, now all too possible, in the prospect; in the retrospect,—alas, what thing didst thou do that were not better undone; what mortal didst thou generously help; what sorrow hadst thou mercy on?"

One might almost call Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution" a prose poem of the passions. Blind, ferocious Hatred stalks there, and Greed and Vanity, livid Fear and dire Revenge. Horrible howling Want meets selfish Luxury, and

long-endured privation and suffering culminate in a convulsion. But the scene is not all darkness; patriotism, daring, and self-sacrifice show themselves, even here, in gleams that shine the brighter for their terrible surroundings. The picture Carlyle drew, with its strong deep outlines, its vivid contrasts and touches, has served as a framework for more than one other writer. Dickens especially has borrowed very largely from "The French Revolution" in his "Tale of Two Cities," perhaps one of the best of his novels, although not in his ordinary style. Carlyle came of a keen, shrewd father, and mother of more than ordinary intellect, and from her he appears to have inherited many of his qualities. To his friendships with the great men of his age, with Goethe, Ruskin, and Froude, he must have owed many a pleasant hour; and one other element of peace and success, wanting to many great men, Carlyle enjoyed to perfection. His domestic life was a happy one, and when, after forty years of marriage, his wife, Jane Welsh, dies in the sixty-fifth year of her age, he certifies upon her tombstone that she had been a true and loving helpmate to him, and forwarded him, as none else could, in all of worthy that he did or attempted, and he adds that with her the light of his life had gone out.

Doubtless the harmony of his family relations contributed as greatly to his success as did a similar state of things to that of his contemporary John Stuart Mill, and the genius of both shone brighter and clearer than it could ever have done if life had been embittered by bickerings and petty domestic strife, or if poverty had inflicted its thousand tortures. In that case we should assuredly have missed some of the light and strength that emanate from "Sartor Resartus," "Past and Present," and "The History of the French Revolution."

THE MOUND-BUILDERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

FAR back in the misty past, in fact so far back that it is no longer misty but absolutely black, there dwelt a mighty people on the vast North American continent whom in these days we have chosen to call the "*mound-builders*." Everywhere in that tract of country which is known as the Low Lands, and which is comprehended between the Mississippi and the St. Francis rivers, a district ninety miles long and forty miles broad, and therefore representing an area of three thousand six hundred square miles, there are mounds varying in altitude from four to forty and even sixty feet, some being rectangular in plan, and some circular. Some years ago when Irishmen were employed in constructing the Levee in Mississippi country above Memphis in Arkansas, they unearthed vast quantities of skulls and bones. It seemed like the Valley of Dry Bones. The number of skeletons was innumerable, and the limits of this prehistoric graveyard could not be ascertained. Superstitious awe took possession of the laborers, and they refused any longer to desecrate this mysterious habitation of defunct mound-builders, and their places were supplied by negroes.

There is abundant evidence to show that this extinct race were a very numerous, industrious, and withal intelligent section of the human family.

Water goblets and drinking vessels have been found which are not wanting in beauty of outline and embellishment, and although this singular people do not seem to have progressed so far as to have had ice depôts, they had water-coolers made of a gray clay, which, to judge from the evidence of a gentleman who used one of them in his house, were quite as effective as any modern refrigerator. They did not, apparently, construct railroads, but in making canals and in draining their country they showed prodigious skill and enterprise. Concerning these works a writer has said—"We of modern times are boastful of our engineering skill that bridges rivers, upheaves levees, and constructs railways. These mound-builders achieved mightier tasks, constructed road beds which stagger credulity, and dug canals, infinitely more serviceable than railways, in the lowlands. Floods, ruinous to civilization and wealth, were rendered by them wholly impossible. They cultivated the lowlands, first regulating the distribution of water, and making the country healthful by this useful system of drainage; and then doubtless there were at Memphis, as at St. Louis and Louisville, and other points designated by remains of the mound-builders, greater works, magnificent cities." From data derivable from the annual lengthening of the Mississippi occasioned by its ejection of mud at the Balize, the probable date of the disappearance of the mound-builders from the earth becomes known. The river has grown in length 325 miles since they ceased to follow its course, and as this gradual lengthening of the river bed has proceeded at the rate of two hundred yards per annum, it would appear that fully three thousand years must have elapsed since the mound-builders utterly disappeared from the face of the earth.

H. C. V.

SCIENCE FOR THE PEOPLE.

HOUSEHOLD SOAP-MAKING.

MR. W. MENZIES gives in *The Chemist and Druggist* the following practical recipe for making soap without boiling:—Take exactly ten pounds of double-refined 98 per cent. caustic soda powder (Greenbank), put it in any can or jar with forty-five pounds (four and a half gallons) of water, stir it once or twice, when it will dissolve immediately and become quite hot; let it stand until the lye thus made is cold. Weigh out, and place in any convenient vessel for mixing, exactly seventy-five pounds of clean grease, tallow, or oil (not mineral oil). If grease or tallow be used, melt it slowly over the fire until it is liquid and just warm—say, temperature not over 100° F. If oil be used, no heating is required. Pour the lye slowly into the melted grease or oil in a small stream continuously, at the same time stirring with a flat wooden stirrer about three inches broad; continue gently stirring until the lye and grease are thoroughly combined and in appearance like honey. Do not stir too long, or the mixture will separate itself again. The time required varies somewhat with the weather and the kind of tallow, grease, or oil used; from fifteen to twenty minutes will be enough. When the mixing is completed, pour off the liquid soap into any old square box

for a mould sufficiently large to hold it, previously dampening the sides with water so as to prevent the soap sticking. Wrap up the box well with old blankets, or, better still, put it in a warm place, until the next day, when the box will contain a block of 130 pounds of soap, which can afterwards be cut up with a wire. Remember the chief points in the above directions, which must be exactly followed. The lye must be allowed to cool. If melted tallow or grease be used it must not be more than warm. The exact weights of double-refined 98 per cent. powdered caustic soda and tallow or oil must be taken; also the lye must be stirred into the grease, not grease or oil added to the lye. If the grease or tallow used be not clean, or contains salt, it must be "rendered," or purified, previous to use, that is to say, boiled with water and allowed to become hard again to throw out the impurities. Any salt present will spoil the whole operation entirely, but discoloured or rancid grease or tallow is just as good as fresh for soap-making purposes.

If the soap turn out streaky and uneven, it has not been thoroughly mixed. If very sharp to the taste, too much soda has been taken. If soft, mild, and greasy, too little soda has been used. In either case it must now be thrown into a pan, and brought to a boil with a little more water. In the first case boiling is all that is necessary; in the other instances a very little oil or a very little more of the double-refined powdered caustic soda must be added to the water. These things will never happen, however, if the directions are exactly followed, and after the soap has been made several times, with the experience thus gained, the process is extremely easy, and the result will be always a good batch of soap. Beef tallow makes the hardest soap, mutton fat a rather softer soap; of oils, cotton-seed is the cheapest and best, but the soap is much softer, lathering very freely indeed. Ordinary household fat or dripping will make a nice soap, and in many places can be obtained at a trifling cost, and in exchange for goods sold. Such grease, however, must be carefully examined for salt, which it often contains. It will be evident that any smaller quantity of soap can be made at a time, according to the above directions, by taking the ingredients in exact proportion. It is not advisable to make more than double the quantity prescribed, as it is difficult to work more by hand.

YESTERDAY a *News* reporter, after fulfilling one of the obligations imposed upon him (attending church service), was returning home, when he chanced to pass a place of worship of the colored folks, and heard the following dialogue between a youthful brunette and an aged African who weighed a fraction less than the elephant Romeo:—
 Dusky Belle—"Aunty, you didn't hear de news, did you?" Aunty—"What news, honey?" Belle—"Why, Sarey Jane Cornish gwine to git married to-night." Aunty—"Go long, chile, you ain't sho ob dat, is ye?" Belle—"Sho ob it! In course I is; she done told de preacher she gwine to hab de feller at de passinege at quarter-past seven dis evenin', and me and Andy Jacksin is collected for to wait on to 'em." Here the old lady threw up her hand, and exclaimed "Sarey Jane Cornish gwine for to get married! What's dat gal want wid a husbin? She can't git washin' 'nough to do to s'port herself; dey will both starbe, sho." The bridesmaid seemed offended and walked off in a rather dignified manner.—*Baltimore News*.

A PEN PORTRAIT.

THE following extract from a letter written by Mr. G. W. Smalley to the New York Tribune may prove interesting to the admirers of George Eliot, especially as there appears to be some danger that nothing but pen-portraits will ever be obtainable.

“George Eliot’s appearance has often been described, but the descriptions do not always harmonize. She has been called—I suppose most people called her—extremely plain. A noted wit and writer is reported to have said of her and Lewes that they were both so ugly it was impossible to believe any harm of them. This sharp-tongued person avers that he said it not only of but to them. Let us hope his memory in that matter has played him false. About Lewes’s extraordinary ugliness there could be no two opinions. There was not a good feature in his face, yet his face as a whole was one which you would look twice at, and which had, at any rate, the merit of not being commonplace. George Eliot, when you saw her in repose, had beyond dispute a forbidding countenance. People who did not like her used to say she looked like a horse, a remark I have also known made about a celebrated living actor. It was true so far as this, that the portion below the eyes was disproportionately long and narrow. She had that square fullness of brow over the eyes which Blake had, and which led Blake to affirm that the shape of his head made him a Republican. George Eliot’s radicalism went much further than mere republicanism. She never can have been a beautiful woman, either in face or figure. She was tall, gaunt, angular, without any flowing ease of motion, though with a self-possession and firmness of muscle and fibre which saved her from the shambling awkwardness often the characteristic of long and loose-jointed people. There was no want of power in her movements, nor in the expression of her elongated visage, to the lower part of which went plenty of jaw and decision of contour. She was altogether a personage whom at first sight the beholder must regard with respect, and whom, upon further acquaintance, it was perfectly possible to find attractive, not from her talk only, which was marvelously full, but from her mere external appearance, and still more from her expression and the animation of her face. Her eyes were, when she talked, luminous and beautiful, dark in color and of that unfathomable depth and swift changefulness which are seldom to be seen in the same orbs except in persons whose force of character and force of intellect are both remarkable. They could be very soft, and she smiled with her eyes as well as with that large mouth of hers; and the smile was full of loveliness when it did not turn to mocking, or mark that contemptuous mood which was not, I gather, very infrequent with her. In conversation which did not wake this demon of scornfulness, born of conscious intellectual superiority, the face was full of vivacity and light, whether illuminated by a smile or not. I have seen it, when she was talking on a subject that moved her, irradiated and suffused with deep feeling.

“She had her humble moods, too. Boldly controverting everybody else, leading the talk, often monopolizing it, always confident, sometimes despotic, she bowed

herself before Lewes in a humility that on occasions was positively distressing to her friends. Lewes's friends and hers, to be sure, were largely the same, but few of them were under any such delusion as she was about the relative superiority of that strangely-matched pair. Lewes attached some people to him, and had sterling merits, but he was never popular, and of his many books hardly one can be called successful. Strange indeed would it be to the vast multitude of George Eliot's readers, who saw in her the greatest woman and almost the greatest writer of her time, to know that she fancied herself the intellectual debtor of George Henry Lewes. But so it was, and the fancy made both her domestic life and her later books very different from what they would have been otherwise."

NEW BOOKS.

THE COUNTESS MOURENINE is the title of a book recently published at St. Petersburg, and which has created an immense sensation, partly on account of its real merits and graphic style, partly because its author is believed to belong to the very highest Russian circles, to have portrayed in his characters eminent and well-known persons, and to have related a story which is literally true.

Although not faultless, the book has strong merits, and, taken all in all, is far above mediocrity. Perhaps nothing in the entire volume is more characteristic and interesting than the death of the heroine, which we believe ourselves to be the first to translate into English :—

The child, the involuntary cause of so many disasters, and to whom its mother owed her most brilliant triumph, came into the world some time after Princess Marie's second marriage.

At the first cry of this new-born son she—who had ground her teeth at the arrival of her other children—felt a gleam of maternal love.

Her eyes, dimmed by suffering, sought the little creature to whom she had given birth. Balguine took it in his arms and held it towards her ; she looked at it anxiously, and sought in its face the features of the man she loved.

She looked wistfully at the little red and wrinkled face, and at the black eyes winking at the light. A flood of novel tenderness swept over her heart, and revealed itself in the sudden manner in which she snatched the child from her husband, pressed it to her heart and deposited a long kiss upon its brow.

For the first time she felt herself a mother. Balguine understood what was passing in her, and hoped from it a complete regeneration. For the first time since the soiree at Wiesbaden their hearts were united in perfect agreement, and this moment recompensed the Prince for the price at which he had purchased it.

The young wife gave back the child, which her weakness did not allow her to hold longer, and with a soft languor in her looks she pressed her husband's hand and said, "Grégoire, how beautiful life is !"

On the morrow she complained of having passed a bad night, and experienced a feverish chill.

Balguine took his place at her bedside, wrapped her up, and tried to warm her cold blue hands in his. The doctor called in haste, felt her pulse, asked a few questions, prescribed remedies, and informed the Prince that he could not yet form a positive opinion as to these new symptoms, but that he feared a complication. When he returned to the sick-room the first question of the Countess was, "It is nothing, is it?" * * * * *

The doctor did his best to reassure her, and the day passed without any apparent increase of her illness, but at night it was different. A paroxysm of burning fever had replaced the shivering; red patches appeared on her cheeks; her parched lips remained half-open, and she gasped for breath.

"I am thirsty, Grégoire, give me water. You do not know how I suffer! Oh, I can never drink enough! I have a furnace within me!"

She uttered these phrases one by one in a voice full of suffering. She had short intervals of heavy slumber, but they did not calm her, and little by little delirium came on.

It was a succession of incoherent words, of disjointed phrases, whose sense Balguine could not seize on account of the rapidity of her utterance, but it was evident that she was tormented by some terrible and persistent idea.

Toward the morning she appeared calmer, and Balguine told the nurse, who was dozing in her armchair, to go and take some hours' rest while he remained alone with the invalid.

He gazed long at the delicate face, rendered still more diaphanous by suffering, and at the long fair locks rippling fantastically round her, and showing a vivid gold against the whiteness of the pillows. Balguine thought that if his passionate love for his mistress had suffered shipwreck amid the trials of life, there still remained a calm affection for the wife and mother, and he lost himself in smiling projects for the future. Drowsiness inseparable from the last hour of the night slowly gained upon him, and he had just closed his tired eyelids in that state of torpor which is neither sleeping nor waking, when a cry of poignant anguish sounded in his ears.

He rose as suddenly as if he had received an electric shock. The Princess Marie had left her bed, her eyes were staring, her features contracted by an expression of horrible terror, her hands were thrust out as if to defend her against an invisible aggressor, her voice had an unearthly sound that turned one's blood to ice.

"The skeleton—there—there—he wants to take me! Grégoire, defend me, save me!"

Balguine sprang toward her and with gentle force and caressing words endeavored to replace her in bed.

"I will not go back," she cried, pointing with her finger at the bed. "It is his tomb, he wishes to push me into it—it is cold—it is horrible—it is good for him—for the skeleton with the hole in his heart! Do you not recognize him?" Then lowering her voice, she added, "You do not know. It is my husband, the other. He is come to fetch me. He forces his love on me. I do

not want it, I will not have his love. I will not! I will live—for Grégoire—live for my son!"

Then throwing off the arms of the Prince she burst into a mad laugh horrible to hear, and crossing her arms on her breast in an attitude of proud defiance she cried, "Ah! one does not easily get the better of me. His death is my liberty, and when I shall be free he will marry me! Well! Let him kill himself, then."

A shiver of horror shook the Prince, but pity soon took its place, for the revengeful vision had again seized upon Marie's mind.

"He has returned—he is at the foot of my bed—his bony hands try to seize me. Pity, O God! Grégoire! Where is Grégoire? He abandons me also—alone—alone with the spectre!"

Her hand tried to make the sign of the cross to break the spell; but she could not succeed. Then she pressed her head with her two hands and compressing it as if in a vice she cried, "That hammering! Will it never cease! Cannot they stop! What torture! They do not know, then, that it is my coffin they are nailing up."

The violence of the paroxysm had exhausted her, she fell back helpless into the arms of the Prince. He laid her back in her bed, and, worn out himself by the violence of his emotions, he called help and sent for the doctor.

When, a quarter of an hour later, the invalid came to herself, she remembered nothing of what had passed. Her eyes sought her husband, she made him sign to lean towards her, and said in a broken voice, "Do not leave me, dearest. I am only easy when I feel you near. You don't know how heavy my head is! I must have had a nightmare or something horrible,"—and her eyes took the fixed expression that comes from an attempt to seize or to remember something that escapes.

Balguine endeavored to distract her attention, and when the doctor came she recognized him and spoke to him calmly.

When they left her, and the Prince had spoken of the paroxysm that had so much alarmed him,—without, of course, revealing what related to family secrets,—the physician shook his head solemnly, and declared that his fears of the day before were confirmed.

"The Princess is attacked by puerperal fever," he said, "a terrible malady common to women in her position."

"But you can save her, can you not?" asked the Prince anxiously.

"What science can do shall be done; but as an honest man I owe you the truth. Danger exists, great danger. Her youth is in her favor, and, though of a nervous temperament, she possesses great vital force. The case is, then, not yet desperate."

The Prince tried to smile, but the dark prophecies which she had herself uttered filled his thoughts and stifled the slight hope that the doctor had expressed. He felt as if his senses were leaving him, and, as usual with him in all his great sorrows, his thoughts turned towards his mother.

• He sent a telegram to the Princess, then at Baden, to inform her of the birth of his son, and the very serious illness of the mother. The day before, he had written to confide to her all the joy he felt in his paternity. He did not ask her to come to them, he was sure she would do so of her own accord. If Marie recovers, he thought, her arrival will hasten their reconciliation.

But disease did not appear disposed to loosen the hold it had obtained upon its prey. The day passed in alternations of better and worse, but towards the evening the fever increased in intensity.

The Princess writhed in agony and complained of the inextinguishable fire within her; then she sobbed like a child, and reproached those around her that they were untouched by her sufferings and did nothing to alleviate them.

Balguine endured a thousand tortures but he never left her side.

When, exhausted, she closed her eyes, the hallucinations returned; she fought against the phantoms of her sick conscience, and the scene of the night before was repeated with new features, but now her husband held her hands, and her weak fingers clenched themselves so violently that the joints cracked.

At intervals came moments of lucidity, and she fixed her eyes—made still larger by the dark circle that illness had stamped around them—on her husband, and questioned him with an indescribable expression of anxiety.

“I am in no danger, am I, Grégoire? When the pain allows me a little respite I feel well;” then, as if to reassure herself, she added, “It is impossible to die when one is young and wishes to live. I will cling to life, if necessary, it shall not escape me,” and she sought to read his most secret thoughts, and seemed comforted by his apparent serenity, for by an heroic effort he drew back the tears that filled his eyes at her words.

When he paid his morning visit the expression of the doctor's face darkened. The violent attacks had given place to complete prostration.

The gangrenous venom had reached the blood, which floated coming death through every vein.

“I am better, doctor,” she said in a voice scarcely intelligible.

“You no longer suffer. That is good, at any rate,” he answered, not feeling the courage to destroy her last hope, but as he left the room he murmured, “Young, beautiful, rich, beloved, no wonder she desires to live!”

When the Prince rejoined him full of anxious questioning, he pressed his hand in his and said with sincere emotion, “You are a man of courage, and I will not lull you with deceitful hopes; prepare yourself for the worst, I can do no more here. Science cannot save her, let religion help her to die.”

Balguine heard the sentence in despair, his own condemnation would not have moved him as deeply. “I thank you,” he answered, mastering his emotion, “for having fulfilled your duty and shown me mine.” He had always been fervently religious, and, whatever it might cost him, he resolved to gently prepare his wife for her last religious duty. He knew but too well the frivolity which formed the basis of her character, and he employed every device that his affection suggested to lead her to a suitable frame of mind.

It was in vain; at the first allusion a little more transparent than the others, she sat up and joining her hands in an attitude of entreaty, cried, "Grégoire, if you love me, not a word more. The priest, the holy sacraments, are the prelude to death, and I will live—do you hear? I will live. I misunderstood, did I not? you could not have the cruelty to frighten me so? Happiness is here, around me, and you would have me think of leaving it. Besides, I assure you I feel well, not the least pain,—a little weakness, that is all. Do not torment me uselessly, then."

The last words were a touching entreaty; the Prince bowed his head, and lamented inwardly the obstinacy which he no longer hoped to vanquish.

After this spasm of energy the invalid fell back exhausted upon her pillow, her breathing became still more labored, and little by little she fell into a deep torpor.

When at the end of an hour she opened her eyes, her sight, already weakened, sought to distinguish a stranger watching with her husband by her bedside.

"Marie, it is my mother," said Balguine, who guessed her thoughts.

The Princess bent over the dying woman and said in her gentlest tones, "I have come myself to thank you for the grandson you have given me."

She would have kissed her, but Marie threw herself back, and passing her damp hands over her brow she cried despairingly, "Oh, it is not for that. I know what you came here for, Madame! They told you I was very ill, and you hope for my death! Do not rejoice too soon. You did not count upon my energy. I will get well. I will get well in spite of you all."

It was the last gleam of reason. Her eyes again dilated with terror, her body writhed in convulsions, and delirium seized upon her as if it repented the truce accorded. Her slender finger pointed at empty space, and she murmured with growing dread, "The skeleton—there—there—again. He comes to fetch me. He laughs hideously. Grégoire—drive him away!—Who speaks of the priest? I want no priest, I tell you! Yes, but hell!—eternal damnation!—I am afraid—Doctor save me—my fortune is yours—I am young, I am happy—I have attained my desire—save me, for pity's sake!—Save me!"

Balguine and the nurse restrained and supported the invalid, the Princess wept silently and prayed for the sufferer, whom exhaustion soon threw back again helpless upon her pillows. Her husband, livid with emotion, leaned over her, her heart still beat, but the death-rattle announced the supreme struggle between matter and destruction.

Balguine knelt by the bed and covered his face with his hands, and great tears one by one filtered through his fingers. A solemn silence reigned in the room broken only by the sound of the death-rattle.

Suddenly, like a lamp that flickers up for the last time before expiring, the Princess Marie raised herself up, her large eyes rolled in their orbits, her labored breath sounded as if it would tear her chest, her hands struck the empty air, her voice was broken by the death-rattle.

"Grégoire, I do not see you. Why have you abandoned me? I am frozen. For heaven's sake warm me. It is not death, do you hear? That was

good for him—for the other. I will live—Grégoire, defend me! The tomb—nothingness—hell perhaps! Oh! it is horrible!—no, no—I will not—”

The last word was never spoken on earth.

A final convulsion stiffened the graceful form, a last breath passed her teeth, clenched as if they would oppose resistance to its passage, and the poor remains were all that was left of the beautiful Princess Marie.

Balguine pressed his burning lips upon the marble hands of the departed. Death had effaced the remembrance of her crimes. He regretted in her the radiant hours of vanished love, he wept the mother of his child.

A light touch made him raise his tear-stained face. His mother was standing before him with the baby—all unconscious of the terrible death that had draped his cradle with a funereal veil—asleep in her arms.

“Grégoire,” she said, presenting the infant, “you have still your son.”

THE WRONG WAY AND THE RIGHT WAY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Churchman* makes some very pertinent observations upon the shameless and systematic injustice of the American Government toward the Indians. “It is a known fact,” he says, “that nine hundred treaties have been made with the Indians, all of which have been broken by the Government.” This is a grand total of infamy greater than was ever before imputed to any people on the face of the earth. No barbarism since the days of Adam has been guilty of such monstrous bad faith as that here charged upon us, and the worst of it is that the facts are undeniable. We turn the pages of history in vain for one that is not stained with national perfidy in our dealings with the Indians. Our soldiers know it better and feel it more deeply than any other class of our citizens. General Crooke, probably the most successful of our Indian campaigners, is reported to have said that he had never fought in a just Indian war. They have always been first deceived, then robbed, then slaughtered.

Among the most exquisite in literary construction of Mr. Jefferson’s productions are his speeches to visiting Indians, and nothing can be finer than the ideal standards of faith and fellowship and good neighborhood which he raised. But how have these been observed? We have been honest with no single tribe. “Our seventeen States,” said Mr. Jefferson to the chiefs of the Choctaw Nation in 1803, “compose a great and growing nation. Their children are as the leaves of the trees, which the winds are spreading over the forest. But we are just also. We take from no nation what belongs to it. Our growing numbers make us always willing to buy lands from our red brethren when they are willing to sell. But be assured we never mean to disturb them in their possessions. On the contrary, the lines established between us by mutual consent shall be sacredly preserved, and will protect your lands from all encroachments by our own people or any others. We will give you a copy of the law made by our great Council for punishing our people who may encroach on your lands or injure you otherwise. Carry it with you to your homes, and preserve it as the shield which we spread over you to protect your land, your property and persons.”

A few years after this speech those very Choctaws ceded their lands east of the Mississippi to the United States. The United States covenanted to survey and sell them, and to pay the Indians the net proceeds. Although acknowledged by many subsequent treaties, and repeatedly ascertained by arbitration of the Senate, by Executive and Congressional inquiries, and never for an instant disputed, the debt remains unpaid to this day, and the price of the Choctaws' homes bids fair to lie forever in the treasury of this magnanimous nation. Old Peter Pitchlyn, their agent, whom Charles Dickens saw engaged in the same business on his first visit to this country, and described as a "lordly gentleman," has grown gray in begging for his own at the doors of the American Congress. Years roll on ; parties rise and fall ; the children of the men who contracted the debt have come and gone ; but we still hold on to the Choctaws' money, which we basely induced them to trust in our itching hands.

But is the Indian question capable of Christian treatment ? Most certainly it is. History shows nothing more clearly than that the American Indian will keep scrupulous faith with those who keep it with him. Penn and his people practised in their relations to the Indians what they preached, and for eighty years not a drop of blood was spilled between the races in that happy province. They kept the chain of friendship bright at both ends, and neither side was engaged in picking pockets while rubbing it up. To be sure, it paid the Broadbrims well, but honesty is always the best policy, and the Pennsylvanians earned the reward of humanity and justice.

PASSING EVENTS.

Mrs. LANGTRY's appearance on the stage has been postponed.

BOTH Indian and Transvaal affairs have lately occupied the attention of the English Government. More than 4,500 men have been despatched to the assistance of Sir George Colley, and it is to be hoped that we may soon hear satisfactory news of him.

A Native Resident is recommended for Candahar on the retirement of the British troops, and Mr. Gladstone promises to give his best attention to the subject of the duty on Indian silver work.

LADY FLORENCE DIXIE is probably the first lady ever appointed war correspondent to a daily paper. She appears particularly well qualified for the post, being of an intrepid disposition, and perfectly able to dispense with side-saddles and other feminine conveniences. She will, too, be well guarded and seconded, as both her husband and brother accompany her to South Africa.

OUR friends, the Americans, appear to do most things on a large scale, from a Rodanow swindle to a theatrical representation, and it will be long ere Bombay can show anything to match the novel features introduced in the production of "The Black Venus" at Niblo's Theatre. A large boat capable of containing fifty persons will be used in one scene, in another there will be a procession designed to give an exact imitation of a desert caravan. For this purpose the

Kiralfys have purchased a number of animals used in desert travel, together with their saddles, harness, and other accoutrements. Nine large camels will be seen, as well as four zebras and three sacred oxen. The design of the procession also admits of the introduction of two cages full of trained lions and tigers.

The arrangements for the accommodation of these animals and the formation of so large a procession upon the stage are elaborate. Under the stage of the theatre a temporary stable, divided into stalls and fitted up with necessary conveniences, has been built. In it are placed the camels, zebras and oxen. From the centre of this stable a long inclined plane runs to the extreme right of the stage. At the back of the stage will be erected a heavy flight of "runs," or wooden mountains, up which the procession is to pass. The animals, arriving on the stage, will take their places in the caravan, which will file around the foot of the mountains and begin its ascent.

ODDS AND ENDS.

To make shoe-pegs enough for American use consumes annually 100,000 cords of timber, and to make lucifer matches 300,000 cubic feet of the best pine are required every year.

CHORUS of ladies to comely curate who is ascending the ladder to hang decorations : " Oh, Mr. Sweetlow, do take care ! Don't go up ! So dangerous ! Do come down ! Oh !" — Rector, sarcastically : " Really, Sweetlow, don't you think you'd better let a married man do that ?"

" UNCLE, what is the hardest lesson you ever had to learn ?" asked a young lady of a veteran statesman known for his strong prejudices. " That the man who differs with me not only in opinions but in principles may be as sincere and honest as I am," was the reply.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it ; if food, you must toil for it ; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When a man gets to love work, his life is a happy and contented one.

CULTURE, 1881.—Mistress : " As you've never been in service, I'm afraid I can't engage you without a character." Young Person : " I have three School-board certificates, ma'am." Mistress : " Oh, well—I suppose for honesty, cleanliness,—." Young person : " No, ma'am—for literatoor, joggr'phy, an' free 'and drawin' !" — *Punch Almanack*.

A BLIND BOY who was taken in an elevator for the first time in a Cleveland hotel on Friday set up the most terrific screaming when the cab began to rise, and would not be pacified until it was stopped. He explained that he supposed he had been misled, and was being taken down into the dissecting room of a medical college to be used as a subject.

ONE Sunday night we were sitting out in the moonlight, unusually silent, almost sad. Suddenly some one—a poetic-looking man, with a gentle, lovely face—said in a low tone: “Did you ever think of the beautiful lesson the stars teach us?” We gave a vague appreciative murmur, but some soulless clod said: “No, what is it?” “How to wink,” he answered, with a sad, sweet voice.

The Office of the “ORIENT” is removed from No. 107 to No. 2, Girgaum Back Road, opposite the bungalow of the late Hon. Morarjee Gokuldas.

“THE ORIENT.”

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A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

(*Written expressly for the ORIENT.*)

[CONTINUED FROM No. III.]

CHAPTER XI.

MAXIME's letter to Aimée was not as cold or as firm as he had intended it to be, and even while writing to put an end to their intercourse he sought a last interview; but those who have felt reason totter and consistency vanish before the hot and enervating breath of passion will understand the effort he had made. Who among us shall judge him? who shall venture to estimate the strength and the weakness, the truth and the deceit of that thing of fire and blood—the human heart?

As for Aimée, she read by the light of her sympathy what his letter only partially revealed. She appreciated his sacrifice at its full value; to him went out the worship which a woman's soul can yield but once, and yield only to the man she believes to be better, stronger, and nobler than herself. Heaven help her if her stay should be taken from her, and weakened, numbed, half-dead, she should be left to face life alone!

Those whose loves flow on like a calm and tranquil river between flower-decked banks, whose wishes are favored by friends' approval, competence, and the smile of the world, know nothing of the tremulous passion, alternately nourished and fought against, swelled by obstacles, deepened by difficulties, till it becomes a mighty torrent, and threatens to sweep away reason, life itself. Fancy such a love as that finding itself suddenly face to face with—Death!

To what shall the widowed soul turn for comfort? Love is not for her, she can never know life's crown and essence, and meaner pleasures have lost their savor. The fountain of fountains did gush forth, but it was dried up ere she could quench her thirst, and she is doomed through life to think of the waters of that vanished fountain as something purer and

sweeter than earth ever held, and to turn from other streams with indifference, or taste them and find little pleasure in the draught.

Aimée wrote no answer to that letter; Maxime had asked for none, but she looked forward to Monday as if life ended there, and she had not the courage to refuse Valentine's offer to absent herself and leave them without a witness to what she, in the innocence of her heart, regarded as their final parting. Monday came and went as other days. The sun still shone in at Aimée's windows when he arrived, and the shadows were lengthened and the twilight deepening when he left, but except for a certain subdued tenderness in his manner this interview had differed little from their other meetings. He had put a curb alike upon his heart and on his tongue, denying his speech the license he had allowed his pen. His hand had lingered an instant in hers at parting, and he had promised to write in case his illness became more serious, but that was all—not much for memory and hope to dwell upon during long days of humdrum occupation and anxious uncertainty; but hope can live on very little, and it is astonishing what trifles memory will garner up and consider treasures. Perhaps, after all, Aimée was less to be pitied than Maxime, who left her with a heart torn by regret, vain longing, and useless perplexity, and sought in restless motion, in long rambles in the Champs Elysées, an anodyne for the storm within. It is not easy to shake off the influence of the moral atmosphere in which we have been born and brought up. The prejudices and opinions of our country and our kin build around us a wall more or less impassable; and however willing Maxime might be to break loose from the chain of custom he could not vanquish the material obstacle before him in the shape of his mother. Nearly a year still separated him from the age (twenty-five) when a *sommation respectueuse* could begin the work of setting him free from parental control, and give him the right to contract a legal marriage without his mother's consent. The idea of calling in the law to interpose between his only remaining parent and himself was naturally most repugnant to him, and not even possible at present, but supposing the difficulties created by his mother's opposition set aside, other and formidable obstacles still interposed themselves between himself and Aimée. His pecuniary position was extremely unsatisfactory and his health precarious, and no matter how entrancing might be the picture of wedded bliss with Aimée, he could not help seeing beside it another possible picture which showed her, in the not far distant future, a mourning and penniless widow encumbered by his little fatherless children.

True Grégoire had said that happiness and a cessation of the struggle he was enduring might avert the crisis that threatened him, but the happiness in question being out of his reach it was manifestly unwise to allow his thoughts to dwell upon it. Wisdom told him to seek distraction and

all the occupation his failing strength permitted, and to think of Aimée as little as possible ; unfortunately, even as he nursed his half-formed resolutions, fevered imagination reproduced every incident of their interview. He heard again the tones of her voice, and saw the smile with which she had received him.

For hours he wandered, striving by bodily fatigue to still the unrest that possessed him, and, wearied out at last, leaned over the stone parapet of the Pont des Invalids until the thunder growled in the distance, and the great raindrops fell on his face and drove him feverish and weary home.

CHAPTER XII.

Eight days only passed after the declaration of war before there fell the first red drops, ominous forerunners of the gory torrent that was to follow and drench the soil of France. All Paris was in a ferment of expectation and anxiety, which increased as the days rolled on, and the conviction that glorious tidings would come ere long, that foreign legions could never stand before the French eagle, slowly gave place to misgivings, to fears lest the final victory, which no one seemed to doubt, might be prefaced by some reverses. The great public drama, however, which awakened so keen an interest in all patriotic hearts, in no way stifled private griefs and joys. Infants made their appearance on the world's stage, and many a tired-out player left it for ever, as if to flee from the evil to come. Justice laid her iron hand on the evil-doer, and the way of the transgressor who was found out was as hard as ever.

Charles Schmidt, or rather Pierre Gaudin, for such the police had discovered his real name to be, had long since been tried and convicted. Tony's recognition of him proved the starting point from which the police had been enabled to work up the proofs which told with overwhelming force against him, and branded him as the red-handed assassin whom society was about to cast violently forth from her midst.

It was known that his *pourvoi en cassation*, or appeal to the superior court, had been rejected, that his execution must be close at hand, and the depraved wretches who abound in every capital made strenuous efforts to discover the exact time of his punishment, and were ready to pass several nights on foot in the midst of a jostling and unsavory crowd rather than lose the brief spectacle which seemed to possess for them such an unaccountable fascination. Those who have made a pilgrimage to Père la Chaise must have been impressed by the funereal aspect of the Rue de la Roquette, which by a gentle ascent leads directly up to the iron gates opening on the central alley of the cemetery. In that street the *entrepreneur des pompes funèbres*, or undertaker, the sculptor, and the seller of crowns and crosses appear to be the only tradespeople who thrive ;

except indeed the florist, who sells flowers to decorate the grave of some loved one, or watering pots to water the flowers already planted. All here breathes of the tomb, or of the surviving love which helps to mask some of its horrors, and the eye turns from the glittering array of white marble urns and broken columns only to rest on anchors, rings, and crosses made of everlasting, tinsel, or glass beads, and inscribed "A ma mère," "Regrets," "Hélas, mon enfant!" "Souvenir," and which, on account of their tawdry incongruity, only escape ridicule because they will in most cases serve to represent a real grief, and become the last poor little gift to a dead friend.

Up the hill all day toil at short intervals the stout omnibus horses, the vehicles they draw loaded frequently with black-clad, and sometimes red-eyed passengers, who have stolen away from the city and its whirl to spend an hour with their dead, and probably to enrich the tomb they visit with some new monstrosity in the form of wreath or crown, which shall lie rotting and discolored by sun and rain, a fit emblem of the poor mouldering clay beneath.

Dreary as is the Rue de la Roquette, its gloom is still further increased by two edifices which are passed some time before arriving at Père la Chaise. They stand exactly opposite each other, one on either side of the wide street, and a glance at their thick stone walls, massive gates, and the sentinel who patrols before them is sufficient to indicate to the passer-by that they are prisons. The one on the left of the street is the *Prison des jeunes détenus*, and from the one on the right issues the condemned criminal to meet his doom, the place of execution being the open thoroughfare between the two buildings, the Rue de la Roquette itself.

One evening when it was confidently expected that Pierre Gaudin would expiate his crime with the morrow's dawn, two men passed the groups already assembled in expectation of the event, and applying at the *guichet* of the prison were admitted. One of these men was a middle-aged priest, pale and fragile in appearance, and the other a young man with dark eyes sunk deep in their orbits, a massive head covered with curly black hair, and set on a body which, though quite of the middle height, seemed out of proportion to it.

"This gentleman," said the priest, turning to the jailor on duty, who had closed and locked the door behind them, "is Monsieur le docteur Grégoire, bearer of a permit from the *préfet*, which gives him free access to the condemned, liberty to assist at the execution and to examine the remains of the *decapité*."

"*Bien, monsieur le curé*," answered the official, looking with some interest and curiosity at the new comer. "The permit must be examined and countersigned by the governor; I suppose you are aware of that?"

"Perfectly, and there will be ample time for it, as I must first see the prisoner alone, and my friend will wait here until I summon him to the cell. Is the unfortunate man aware that this is his last night on earth?"

"Yes, he has known it for the last hour, and he is half dead already. Unless you can put some life into him, *monsieur le curé*, it will be but an inert bundle they will carry to the scaffold. It was to be expected; the murderer of an old woman can have no courage in him but the savage fury of the wild beast."

"Hush, *mon fils*," said the priest, "he stands between two tribunals, those of God and man; let us forbear to judge him by so much as one harsh word. Grégoire, à tantôt."

"When you will, M. Magloire. I have provided something which will help me to pass the time," answered Grégoire, drawing a book from his pocket, and seating himself in the most advantageous position to catch the fading daylight, but not immediately beginning to read. There was food for reflection in what he had just heard, and he was asking himself if the prisoner's excessive prostration might not defeat an object he had taken much trouble to attain.

Meanwhile Father Magloire, conducted by a second turnkey, had reached the condemned-cell, in which he found the prisoner recovered from his first stupor, pacing its narrow bounds in a manner which suggested a caged animal bursting the bars of its den, and devoured by a burning desire for escape and liberty.

"You are not very robust, *monsieur le curé*, is it safe for you to remain alone with him?" asked the man, whose goodwill the priest had gained.

"The poor creature will not harm me," he answered tranquilly; "besides, the guard in the corridor is within call. Have no fears for me, my son."

The criminal had cast one eager glance at the door as it opened, as if he meditated an attempt at escape, and then, apparently convinced of the hopelessness of anything of the kind, he resumed his walk without deigning to notice his visitor, who, nowise discouraged by his reception, waited patiently for a few moments before speaking.

"*Mon pauvre Pierre*," he said at last, perceiving that Gaudin made no movement towards him, though in every turn of his restless walk he touched his garments, "I come to bring you help, the only help that can avail you now. Do not, I implore you, reject my prayers and my counsels, for they alone can give you calm and submission, and take away the fear of death."

"Ay, death," answered the man hoarsely; "deliver me from that, prolong my life if only for an hour, or don't come here to talk of help."

"That is indeed beyond my power, but I can come as one poor condemned sinner to another, to pray with him, to comfort him, to weep with

him. My days, Pierre, are numbered ; I too shall soon lose sight of the fair earth, the bright sky, and the faces of the friends I love. Like you, I have no wish to die, for life is sweet to me." And as the priest laid his hand appealingly on the arm of his companion the dim light of the lamp above the door revealed the tears glistening on his face.

Pierre paused in his walk. "At least," he said, "you will not die by the guillotine, in the midst of a jeering crowd. You will not feel yourself cut off in the full force of health and youth, dragged out to die a horrible death, your head severed from your body." And the trembling wretch carried his hands convulsively to his neck.

"No," answered the priest, "I have none of these things to fear, but I repeat that it has cost me much to submit myself to the will of God ; and you in your infinitely greater trial can teach me a lesson of resignation which may help me greatly. Come, my son, let us sit down and talk together, and pray to the great Father, Who loves even His wandering children, and to the holy saints and angels, who are ever ready to intercede for the most miserable sinner who repents and confesses his sin."

Not for the first time Pierre yielded to M. Magloire's influence, and dropping into a chair leaned his elbows on a rough deal table and hid with his hands his lower features, which, as usual in moments of agitation, were twitching painfully.

"And you believe," he said, "in all these things—in God, the Virgin, and heaven ? Tell me the truth as from one dying man to another."

"I am as sure of their existence as of my own. I know there is a heaven of purity and repose in which God giveth His beloved rest."

"Rest, purity !" echoed Pierre Gaudin contemptuously. "It is not so much rest I could desire as some of the joys from which I am about to be so soon cut off."

"Blaspheme not, my son, and do not think because God's ministers find no words wherewith to describe heaven that pure and active joys shall be wanting there. We must learn to trust all these things to infinite love and wisdom. Let us pray that God will light up our dim understanding, that his Spirit may shed upon you the graces of faith and penitence."

Whether or not the extremity in which he stood led the wretched man to welcome now, hopes and beliefs he would under other circumstances have fled from and despised, it is certain that when the priest's exhortation was finished Pierre appeared more softened and resigned than he had yet done.

"Would it help to make my peace with God," he asked, "if I endeavored to make all the restitution in my power for a wrong I have done?"

"Most certainly it would, but there can be no peace without contrition and confession. Your life is forfeited, my son, nothing can save you from

your doom, and an avowal made to me under the seal of confession is as safe as if your secret were still locked in your own breast. Speak to me as to God's viceroy on earth, and may He whisper peace to your troubled conscience!"

"I have heard that the secrets of the confessional have been betrayed," murmured Pierre as if speaking to himself, and he pushed back the wet hair from his low brow, and cast at the same time a glance in the direction of the corridor, where the tramp of a sentinel could be heard.

"You can speak in all security," said the priest. "Most rarely have the sacred confidences of the confessional been abused, even by the black sheep who may have crept into the sacerdotal office. God gives a special grace to His ministers, and even were it not so, none but the vilest of men could betray a confidence thus reposed in him. I leave you to judge if aught in me can justify fears of that kind, or make you deem it unsafe to tell me what you probably confided to your advocate. None doubt your guilt, none cast an imputation on the justice of your sentence, and for your own sake alone, for the good of your immortal soul, I implore you to make your peace with God. Let me have the consolation of thinking of you with hope, of believing that in the world to come I may meet you again."

CHAPTER XIII.

Vanquished at last by the persuasion of the man in whose heart there was no room for anything but compassion for the vilest of offenders, the criminal bent his trembling knees and repeated after the priest the formula of confession, and then in a voice hoarse, and inaudible to any but M. Magloire, he revealed the hideous secrets of his life. "I have been idle, false, and vicious," he said. "I was a bad son to my mother, and ill-treated the woman who loved me, and it is true I killed Mlle. Moreau. If I could only wake up and find it a dream! If she could be alive and well, I would lead an honest life. I would work for my living. I would marry Louise and treat her better. I would labor by day and sleep peacefully by night," and overcome by the thought of the joys he had cast away he sobbed aloud.

"My son," said the priest, "you cannot now offer to God the sacrifice of a virtuous life, but you may still give Him your penitence and resignation. You can endeavor to detach your thoughts and desires from earthly things. Tell me what led you to steep your hands in the blood of your fellow-creature."

"My mother, years ago, nursed Mlle. Moreau through a long illness, and she in return sent me to college, and promised to pay the expenses of my education. She had a good heart, the poor woman, and she would have made of me a worthy man, but I ran away, liking better a life of vagabond-

age than the restraints and discipline of school. Years after, when I came back, my mother had died of hunger, and I was unable to trace Mlle. Moreau. Indeed, my mother must have lost sight of her some time before her death, or she would not have finished so miserably. One day, two years ago last May, when I had no money to pay the rent of the hole in which I lived, and knew not where to turn for another meal, I caught sight of Mlle. Moreau entering a house in the Rue St. Honoré, and as I paused on the opposite *trottoir*, uncertain whether to follow her in or to first ask a question or two of the *concierge*, she appeared at the window of the first story, and behind her I discerned a man. My application, it appeared to me, had more chance of success if made to her alone. I watched the house for hours, saw her serve his dinner, and noticed that he seated himself afterwards at a table covered with papers, which he appeared to be studying or marking with a pencil. At last, losing all hope of his coming forth that night, I went home hungry, but feeling as if I knew where to look for help. She had been kind to me when I had less need of it, and it never occurred to me that she would refuse me now ; indeed I felt as if for my mother's sake I had a right to expect money from her.

"On my way home I looked in a directory and discovered that the tenant of the first floor was M. Laurenceau, Avocat à la Cour Impériale de Paris. This, then, not only accounted for the papers he was reading, but gave me a tolerably clear insight into what was likely to be the daily life of himself and Mlle. Moreau, who was no doubt his housekeeper. He would probably go to the Palais de Justice in the morning, perhaps return home for his lunch, and then back to the Palais until four or five o'clock. Early afternoon would be my most favorable opportunity for seeing Mlle. Moreau alone, since during the morning she would probably be at market, or too busy to make my visit welcome. I spent then my last few cents in buying a couple of sausages and a loaf, and ate them cheerfully in the hope of a better meal on the morrow.

"It was not yet two o'clock the next day when I entered the house in the Rue St. Honoré, and seeing the *concierge* asleep in his chair passed on to the first floor and rang the bell, which was answered by Mlle. Moreau.

"She took me for a man who had been sent for to repair the stove, and before I had time to tell her who I was she led me into the kitchen.

"There I undeceived her, and telling her she had grown younger and better-looking than ever I attempted to embrace her, as I had been in the habit of doing before she sent me to school. She, however, refused even to shake hands with me, declared it was easy to see to what I had fallen, and ordered me to leave the house.

"Vainly I implored the loan of a little money, and strove to hide the anger that was rising in my heart against her obduracy. What

right had she to live in plenty, she who owed her life to my mother, while I starved? I forgot that she accused my bad conduct of being the cause of my mother's death, and had already largely paid the services of her nurse, and I only answered her refusals to help me by renewed entreaties. She probably feared by yielding to subject herself to other visits from me, and, irritated by my persistence, reproached me bitterly, threatening to call help and have me ejected from the apartment.

"I was weak with hunger. It was as if the devil took possession of me, filling my heart with rage and hatred, and while my anger was at its height Mlle. Moreau, in turning round with the intention of going to summon help, threw a cloth, which was lying on the top of the fountain, into the *baquet* of water under the taps, and stooped to raise and wring it out.

"I never shall forget that kitchen ; the fountain stood at one end near the door, and the window was at the other. The venetians were closed to keep out the sun, but a ray of light struggling through them fell on a kitchen knife lying on a deal table. I seized it, and, while she was still stooping, I, from behind, drew it firmly and quickly across her throat. It was done in an instant, I could not help it ; and why does God, Who sent that second of madness, punish me so cruelly ?"

"God tempts no one," said the priest severely, "and sinners must not blame Him if after a course of vicious self-indulgence He abandons them, if the good angel, who has so long striven uselessly with them, leaves their side, and allows them to fall into yet greater depths of vice and misery. Continue."

To continue, however, seemed for the moment impossible to the quivering wretch. A memory that had often driven sleep from his pillow, and that even absinthe had never been able to lay entirely to sleep, assailed him with tenfold horror now that the punishment due to his crime was about to overtake him. He saw again the poor creature rise and face him. Her convulsive efforts to scream produced no sound ; for the passage of the voice was severed, and her cries were drowned in the bubbling blood. With an energy which appalled and astonished him, she sprang to the window, with the intention of pushing open the shutters, and attracting the attention of the neighbors or passers-by. He barred her passage, and she turned to the outer door. Here again he forestalled her, and as a horrible fear seized him that it would be necessary to lay hands on her, perhaps to strike her again, she sank at his feet never to rise more.

Pierre recovered at last, and told the priest how, leaving the dying woman in the last gasps of her agony, he forced a bureau in one of the bedrooms and took from it a gold watch and a considerable sum of money,

searched the rest of the apartment with small results, until he came to the trunk of the deceased, and, after throwing out her clothes and other effects, found a small locked box which he supposed to contain her valuables, and which he secreted about his person. "I had not the courage," he said, "to search the corpse, and after hurriedly washing myself in the *baquet* under the fountain I listened a moment at the door, slipped out, closed it behind me, and left the house. The man in the lodge slept as quietly as he did when I passed him before, and were it not for that cursed son of a porter, who met me under the gateway and swore my life away, I might have had long years to repent and make my peace with God. It is well for him I am safe in prison, and that he is not within my reach."

"Stop," said the priest with an accent of grave reproach, "you can hope no pardon from God, while you nourish thoughts of vengeance against those who have offended you. You whose hands are red with innocent blood, who should bow yourself in the dust before an offended Maker, you dare to refuse to forgive this young man who only did his duty, brought you to a well-merited punishment, and delivered society from a monster who has preyed on it once, and might do so again."

The criminal cowered before the stern rebuke of the man of God, and not till M. Magloire's voice took a gentler tone did he dare to continue his miserable narrative.

"I thought, all the circumstances considered," he said at last, "that there was little fear of detection, and making my way to Montargis I assumed the name of Charles Lamirault, and opened, with the money found in the bureau and the little box, a small wine-shop. I chose as my servant a country girl, called Louise, or Louison Nodier. She had neither wit nor beauty, but she loved me, and took all the trouble of my commerce off my hands, working hard and bearing patiently all my ill-usage. A few weeks only before I was arrested I was tired of the life I led, tired of Montargis, tired of Louise, and, leaving my house in her care, I came to Paris. Poor Louise, she must have long since expected me back, and if you will tell her, *mon père*, that I am dead, without revealing the manner of my death,—let her think I died in the hospital or was accidentally killed,—I shall be very grateful to you. Tell her too that I thought of her at the last, and begged her to forgive the unkindness I have shown her, and to keep all that belonged to me except the little box which was Mlle. Moreau's,—that she is to deliver to you; it will be found locked up in a carpet bag under my bed.

"Poor Mlle. Moreau must have had a presentiment that her life was to end suddenly, for she had written a letter to her sister or cousin, from whom she had long been separated, and the letter was to be delivered in case of her death. I read it, and would have sent it to its destination if

I had dared to do it. Will you deliver the letter and the things which remain in the casket to the poor creature's family? It is the only restitution in my power."

"I will," answered M. Magloire, promising himself that when the confession was over he would ask the penitent the necessary questions, and take such measures as would facilitate the keeping of his word.

Needless to follow the half-crazed wretch into all the details of his selfish and profligate life. The confessor, charitable as he was, could scarcely stifle his convictions that Pierre's penitence sprang from fear, rather than any more worthy motive, but he exhorted, comforted, strengthened, strove hard to reclaim the lost sheep, and finally left the cell promising to return in a few hours and administer the last sacraments, and support the dying man until he was beyond the reach of earthly aid.

"You will not tell Louise," implored the prisoner as the priest prepared to leave him. "To keep this knowledge from her I lied at the trial, I refused to tell even my *avocat* that ever I had been to Montargis. Let her, at least, regret me, and believe some good of me. You will not tell Louise, promise me, father."

"I promise she shall not learn your fate from me," answered the priest, rapping on the door to intimate to those outside that he was desirous of leaving the cell. An instant later he was speaking with Grégoire in the outer *salle*. The young doctor rose, a little moved by the thought that his interview with the condemned man was at hand. He had not ventured to confide to M. Magloire the intended purport of that interview, and even in the interest of science it was not quite easy to reconcile to his conscience what he was about to do.

Most physicians who would attain to eminence attach themselves to some special branch of their art, and Grégoire had strong convictions that in the blood were to be read most of the secrets of life and death, of disease and health. His studies had opened to him a wide field of research and conjecture, and this execution was not only a precious opportunity of confirming certain opinions of his own, of judging the opposing theories of Soemmering, Wedekind, Sédillot, and other great authorities on the effects of decapitation, but also an occasion on which he would enlist in his aid the criminal himself, draw from him if possible a sign that might serve to enlighten science, and furnish a strong argument against the use of the guillotine.

The difficult part of the affair was that let him approach the question skillfully as he would, he could not avoid increasing the terrors of the unhappy creature who was to die at dawn. He was the kindest of men. He would have deprived himself of bread to feed the hungry,—indeed had often done so,—and it needed all his love of science, his burning

thirst to elucidate a doubtful point, to urge him to the step he was about to take.

When Grégoire entered the condemned-cell, its inmate raised his head from the table on which it had been lying, and turned his dim eyes, with their red and swollen lids, slowly upon him. If he was calmer now than he had been at the arrival of the priest, it was only the calm of despair. The fear and horror of death was there still, but it was that trembling, cowering fear that is incapable of violent demonstrations. It was that unspeakable terror of pain or mutilation which frequently belongs to those who are the readiest to inflict suffering on others.

Grégoire drew the second chair to the side of Pierre and sat down. "My friend," he said, "you wonder, no doubt, what brings me here."

The prisoner shook his head apathetically, and then, struck by a sudden thought, asked, "There is no reprieve, no delay, is there?"

It was Grégoire's turn to shake his head. "No," he said, "I can bring you no news of that kind, but I am your fellow-countryman, both of us first saw the light at Nismes, and if I cannot save you from your fate I will at least try to help you to bear it like a man and a Frenchman."

Pierre's head again sank on the table, the flash of interest he had felt in his visitor was gone, and Grégoire, convinced that beating about the bush would not serve him here, resolved to rush into the real object of his visit.

"I am a doctor," he said, "I am here partly to aid the cause of science, but principally to make your punishment as easy to you as possible." The prisoner had raised his head and was listening. "You can die if you will," continued Grégoire, "not a despised criminal, but an honored martyr to science. You may serve your country as nobly and as well as our brave soldiers who are dying on the battle-field for the glory of France. You are aware how anxiously we are awaiting news; that a few hours may decide the destinies of nations and of armies, may——" He paused, perceiving that his listener had ceased to follow him. What to Pierre Gandin, on this the very edge of his doom, were empires or armies, even if the armies were those of France, the empire his own mother-country? He could not think of the thousands who had fallen or might fall in battle; he could only think of poor terror-stricken Pierre Gandin, who would soon feel the dear life driven out of his frame, and find himself cut off from the narrow joys and hopes that formed his idea of happiness.

Grégoire must touch some chord more personal if he wished to gain his attention. Patriotism and love of science were empty names to Pierre, but fear was a living and a present reality. The young doctor resolved to imitate the Prince of Darkness in his conflict with the patriarch Job, and to stretch forth his hand and touch his antagonist on his tenderest point. "Great physicians have maintained," he said, "that the head severed

from the body does not at once lose its powers of reason or of thought, does not die until some time after decapitation."

A hollow groan burst from the tortured prisoner as all the horror of the suggestion became apparent to him.

"Compose yourself," Grégoire hastened to say, "in any case there could be no pain, and you have only to make me a sign that you desire it, and I, who will be close to you, can give you at once the relief of a deep sleep. Remember, however, I can only do this if you signify clearly to me that it is your will. Some say that the head lives a quarter of an hour, or even half an hour, after the execution, and that this state, although I assure you it cannot be painful, may be strange and unpleasant; if you find it so, show me your desire to have it ended, and I pledge my word to throw you into a quiet and painless sleep."

The criminal appeared incapable of speech, but Grégoire understood the question in his face, and replied to it.

"You will only need to open and close your eyes three times, and I shall understand at once what you mean. I know you will not forget what I have said to you, that you will call on me for help if you need it. And now, before I leave you, tell me if there is anything I can do for you, any commission you would like me to execute. Come, cheer up, you must make an effort, and try to lay hold of what the priest tells you. He is a good man, and sees further into these things than you and I can," continued Grégoire, who was better versed in anatomy than theology, and could scarcely repress a feeling of contempt for one who manifested such an extraordinary fear of death and pain.

MODERN MATRIMONY.

AIR:—"We have lived and loved together,"

(*Husband loquittur.*)

1

We have lived and fought together
Through many wretched years,
We have had but little gladness
And very many tears.
I have known nought but sorrow,
And that ne'er soothed by thee,
Since that ill-fated summer
When you promised mine to be.

2

Of the friends we had around us
In our first few happy hours,
Not one of them now lightens
This darkened home of ours.

Oh, had you known a true wife's love
To only *one* should range,
You'd never then have lost my love,
Or found in me this change.

3

When I think that perhaps the future
As the past has been will be,
'Tis best to end our sorrows
At once in the D. C.,
As we have lived and fought together
Through many wretched years,
And had so little gladness,
But so many many tears.

NILKRAJ.

MAGNETISM.*

[CONTINUED FROM No. III.]

LIKE all other good things, the science we have agreed to call magnetism is liable to abuse ; to that, as to all else on earth, there is a good and a bad side. But magnetism possesses the immense advantage that the good alone is permanent, and the evil necessarily transient. The abuse of magnetism is but its strength run to waste, and by the very fact that it does run to waste it is smitten with sure and swift decay.

The holder of the gift may use it, but he cannot abuse it and hope to hold it long, for being by its very nature good and beneficent it loves not companionship with evil, with hatred, revenge, pride, and avarice. It assuredly will not dwell with them long, and can no more permanently assimilate with wickedness than can fire with water.

The records of bygone ages, disfigured and obscured as they are by superstition, ignorance, and exaggeration, still point undeniably to the existence of mysterious and obscure power in certain individuals, and those who know something of the science of magnetism have little difficulty in sifting the scattered grains of truth from the mass of rubbish. They can look beyond the curtain interposed by the jargon about witches, familiar spirits, charms, hearts with pins stuck in them, &c., and see and recognize the thing whose rare presence gave rise to all these shadows, shadows multiplied and magnified by the credulity and ignorance of the age.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred of the so-called wizards and witches were either impostors or victims, persons who found it profitable to trade on the prevailing superstition, or unfortunate creatures ill served by destiny, since their apparent malevolence of disposition, or certain physical peculiarities, laid then open to popular suspicion and called down upon them cruel and unjust persecution ; but the existence of masses of stupid error cannot destroy, nor, to the discerning eye, hide the presence of a grain of truth. The ninety-nine so-called wizards may be fitly ranged under the two heads already mentioned, but I cannot deal thus summarily with the hundredth.

Every advanced student of magnetism is aware that although the legitimate use and increase of the power may be compatible with age, it is incompatible with infirmity or decrepitude ; and he is also aware that the

* In response to repeated requests for information on the subject of magnetism, the *Orient* has obtained and publishes a series of articles treating of the sources and potency, uses and abuses of magnetism, of the persons apt to become magnetizers, and the means they should employ to increase their powers. The articles were designed to appeal rather to persons already possessing some knowledge of the art than to novices, but since the publication of the first of the series it has been represented to "THAUMA" that such persons form an extremely small minority of those interested in the science, and that there is a general desire for detail and explanation ; the subject will therefore be treated as plainly as is consistent with its nature, and also with an avoidance of the rudimentary information already made public in numerous treatises.

decrease and misuse of the elementary power is strongly conducive to decrepitude, infirmity, and decay—physical, mental, and moral. I say elementary advisedly, for the elementary state once passed the danger of decrease and misuse is infinitely lessened; with the growth of the gift come strength, peace, and safety, and a steadfast calm on which evil passions and desires can have but little hold.

Supposing, however, mesmeric aptitude perverted in its infancy, the result would be a being decrepit and decayed, but keen and malignant by flashes, exaggerating enormously his own power, but still capable of working transient evil and of glorying in that evil; in short, a creature fulfilling in some respects the popular conception of a wizard, but differing infinitely from that conception in others, and certainly not one to be dreaded by those sound of body and firm of purpose and of will, and far more dangerous to himself than to others, since he holds in his hands an edged tool over which his control grows more and more imperfect. Nothing could more perfectly illustrate the dangers and abuses of magnetism than the view of the magnetizer fallen from his high estate, crabbed, fitful, infirm, unwholesome, often a prey to the most undesirable outside influences, and sinking, shrouded in gloom and discontent, to the grave.

A consideration of the persons apt to become magnetizers, as opposed to the vast majority who would but waste their time and strength in seeking a goal they never can attain, will help us to understand the peculiar perils and errors to which their temperament and their gift subjects them.

Mentally the born magnetizer is usually well endowed, gifted with ready comprehensive insight and acute perceptive power, but not famous for memory or application. Morally he is conscientious and keenly alive to appreciation, cheerful, hopeful, open-hearted, susceptible, quick-tempered; fond of luxury, dress, adulation, and company; affectionate but not passionate, intensely self-willed where the will is really aroused, but yielding, easy, and vacillating in trifles. His enjoyment of nature and solitude are intense, and he delights in lonely wandering and active exertion. He is active indeed in all pursuits that happen to please him, but indolent in regard to work, very imaginative, and not always truthful. Children, old or sick persons, animals, flowers, and perfumes attract him. Physically he must be free from blemish, not marred by so much as short sight or one stiff joint, and the digestive, circulatory, and locomotive organs must be sound and unusually well developed. In active assimilative power, in ability to draw strength and nourishment from a variety of sources, this temperament is unsurpassed, and its strength and its weakness alike spring from superabundance of vitality.

For years the magnetizer may waste his time and thoughts on trifles, but there will generally come a day when he shall feel strange monitions,

when he shall find animals and persons occasionally obedient to his will in a way that he does not understand ; his steady and constant desires will find accomplishment, though often too late to be of use to him ; those who wantonly injure him shall fall into poverty and contempt ; and, interrogating his memory, he shall find that no serious accident ever occurred in his presence, that no one died when he was by, and that the sick instinctively sought him.

When the embryo magnetizer reflects thus, when he comes to know that certain incidents previously enigmatical to him were the result of the unconscious working of a strong will, positive and vigorous, joined to a sound and magnetically constituted body, he has reached the turning point in his career, the time of peril or of triumph. Let him cling with all his might and strength to benevolence, truth, purity, health and serenity, for they are his best protectors against the dangers that beset him—against vanity and the self-glorification to which his temperament lays him open, against avarice, which prompts him to use his power for gold, and above all against hatred. If he has an enemy let him avoid him ; if accident brings them together let him not look upon him, for however much reason may teach pity and forgiveness, instinct, a blind impulse quicker than reason, may do what no repentance can undo, no remorse annul.

The treasure he holds was confided to the magnetizer for the good of humanity, and woe to him if he uses it for his private advantage !—it shall melt from his grasp, and with it shall vanish health, hope, and vigor. The waters of life shall turn to a stagnant pool, all he touches shall crumble, all he tastes seem bitter. Yet magnetic power is no mere sterile gift to its possessor, no useless heritage of danger. The magnetizer who is true to himself enjoys the most blessed destiny accorded to humanity. He has less to fear from disease, from accident, from wild beasts, and from enemies than any other man, for around him extends an invisible atmosphere of protection, and his powers of repulsion and recuperation are great. He knows the joy of secretly shedding health and peace around him, he learns to discard the formulas which are at best but the alphabet of the science, and the trained, and chastened will becomes so powerful that a look may be sufficient to give healing and avert calamity. Nor is this all ; he moves onward from surprise to surprise, he is initiated into marvels and mysteries still a sealed book to science, his feet tread earth but his spirit dwells on the mountain-top. For him there are ever-widening rents in the curtain that bounds the view of other mortals, and he reads the secret of secrets which lies so near us all, but which magnetism alone can enable us to perceive, or, having perceived, to comprehend.

For you are blind, O children of men ! and children all your lives, from

your cradles to your graves, so strong in your weaknesses, so feeble in your strength, so clinging and inconstant in your loves, so vague in your aspirations ; and you grope in the dark, and touch the secret and know it not ; you pass it on the right hand and the left, it stands before your faces, and you never see it, never will see it. If it were not so pathetic it would be ludicrous to watch you snatching up and throwing aside your little playthings, affrighting yourselves where no danger is, and manufacturing with your own hands the phantoms that terrify you, and the gods that you adore.

THAUMA.*

SIBI, OR THE LAND OF KUTCHA.

By A. R. M.

"SORRY to disturb you, gentlemen, but the carriage has really got to be shunted off the main line, so I am afraid I must ask you to get up."

That was our first awakening in far-famed Afghanistan ; for Sibi is, or, to speak more correctly, *was*, an outlying portion of the Ameer's kingdom before the time when the treaty of Gundamuck annexed it to British India. In maps of England and Scotland there are certain queer, tiny, and isolated spots, disjointed fragments severed somehow or other from the adjacent counties to which they belong. I can never to this day look at these small dots without being forcibly reminded of old Scrooge's house in Dickens's Christmas Carols, which, as everybody knows, looked as if it had got hopelessly lost, stolen, or strayed when it was a young house, and then never managed to find its way home again. Well, Sibi—the other side of nowhere—that world's-end place situate across the dreary Put, formed just such another outlandish fragment, inserted haphazard between the dominions of the Khan of Khelat and the northern boundary of the province of Sind. Thanks to Sir R. Temple and the railway he laid down at the truly marvelous rate of over a mile of construction per diem, we had crossed the dreaded desert serenely unconscious of its perils. For us no six-days march in zigzag line from well to well, for us no broiling sun or deadly sandstorm, for us no putrid smell of dead and decaying transport animals, for us no yearning gaze at the mountains, which were wont so to tantalize the traveller by appearing to be no nearer to-day than they were yesterday, or even the day before. These troubles are things of the past, for the Kandahar State Railway rattled us over the sleepers, snugly wrapped up as we were in voluminous rezais and laid up on a shelf, just as though we were labelled "To be left till called for." Don't despise warm wraps when you go to Sibi. The 'desert Put may be hot as a blast furnace in the daytime, but at night it is as cold as cold can be ; and then all Indian railway carriages are wisely constructed with a view to ventilation. At any rate we ran into Sibi at the chill hour of 3 A.M. The

* The next article of the series will give such instruction as may be useful to those possessing magnetic aptitude.

remainder of the train was quickly shunted to a siding, leaving our privileged carriage standing at the platform, so that the sahibs might sleep out the natural course of their night's repose. But even the laziest of Anglo-Indians ought to have *chota hazri* by 6 o'clock at the latest. That is a point on which every wise man is agreed. It is as true a fundamental in sound sanitation, as that the European in the tropics should wear flannel next his skin, or regularly play badminton and lawn-tennis in the cool of the day. There's no use wasting good medicine on any person who is so foolish as to run counter to this three-fold rule. Talking of *chota hazri* as it is served at the Sibi refreshment room reminds one of the ancient saying "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*," which may be freely rendered somewhat as follows:—Whenever you go to Sibi, you will have to rest content with tinned butter and Swiss condensed milk; simply because in this arid waste not a blade of grass is to be seen for miles around. Consequently it is sound logic to infer that no Sibi-ite lips have ever learned to lisp in early childhood

“ Thank you, pretty cow, that gives
Such nice milk to sop my bread.”

Tinned butter and condensed milk! My good man, you are never going to be so foolish as to turn up your nose and make a martyr of yourself over dry crusts and black tea! See how I dig my knife into the tinned compound! See how my teaspoon scoops out a whole shovelful of waxy matter! And off I go for the double purpose of seeing the lions of Sibi and of getting a good appetite for breakfast, yes, a good appetite. That is a desideratum, for at 10 A.M. the *table d'hôte* breakfast will be spread, and that rough-and-ready refreshment room shall be the scene of high festivity. Tinned butter and condensed milk shall still grace the board, but they shall not be alone. Oysters from Kurrachee shall be served in shell, as fresh as when they left the sea full four hundred miles away. We are in luck this morning; for on oyster-days the sojourners at Sibi have what our American cousins would call “a high old time.” And then there shall be entrées and titbits cunningly compounded by the Goanese cook, highland mutton from the barren pastures of Afghanistan, vegetables from the sunny plains of India, spicy curry, jam and marmalade, rice, potatoes, and bottles bearing the magic name of Crosse and Blackwell. And if parsimonious Nature, not content with stinting Sibi in the matter of dairy produce, has also denied that thirsty land the priceless boon of pure water, wherewith man and beast may slake their burning thirst, what of that? Mine host of the Sibi refreshment room shall cause a perennial stream from other sources to foam and sparkle as does the spray on far-famed Lodore.

* * * * *

But temperance principles make us forbear.

Tinned butter and condensed milk! We return to these hermetically sealed compounds, for thereby hangs a tale. Whenever you cannot get “pucca” milk and “pucca” butter, depend upon it, your best and wisest course is to make the best of the “kutchas” article. If it should ever be my lot to write a dictionary of the English language, I shall certainly try to rescue the words

"pucca" and "kutchha" from the limbo of slang to which they are now relegated. They are still aliens and foreigners from our mother-tongue, and so I am reluctantly obliged to encircle them with the encircling defence of inverted commas. "I say, Bill, 'ere's a furringer, let's 'eave 'arf a brick at 'is 'ead." That's what literary critics would say if I did not protect these truly respectable dissyllables thus " " But I give every one full warning that I intend to dispense with inverted commas during the natural course of this article, let whoever will throw stones, and I do this bold deed in good company, since I have in my possession certain Government notices and other official documents with pucca and kutchha written pure and simple. And if Government documents are not true Queen's English, I should like to know what source we are to draw from when we desire to drink from a well of English pure and undefiled. I well remember being once present at a missionary meeting in Yorkshire when the whole effect of what was really a capital story was utterly lost owing to the inability of the audience to understand the meaning of pucca and kutchha. The good missionary had, poor man, to explain his joke, and that is a process which very few jokes will stand.

Poor despised, much-patronized Kutchha is not such a bad sort of fellow after all. True he is modest and of a retiring disposition, consequently he gets unmercifully snubbed and looked down upon; but, as we proved this morning by tasting the preserved butter and the tinned milk, Kutchha often manifests himself in the welcome guise of a friend in need, and therefore of a friend indeed. Dear old Kutchha, we meet you at every turn in Sibi, and cannot fail to recognize your sterling qualities. Those mud bungalows, kutchha-built in every daub of plaster, kutchha as to every sun-dried brick, how refreshingly cool are they within! Who would be such a fool as to build for himself a pucca brick-house, in which to be frizzled and baked, till, as the old saying puts it, he would be glad to "take off his skin and sit in his bones"? Sibi is preëminently the land of kutchha—kutchha from the old mud fort which dates back to Afghan times, kutchha right down to the brand-new mud bazaar which is only a twelvemonth old. From the General at his head-quarters down to Tommy Atkins on guard, all the troops delight in free-and-easy kutchha uniform, a good dust-and-mud color that makes them independent of dhobee and durzee.

FIRSTLY, KUTCHA IS DESIRABLE FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS.

—I must confess to a lurking weakness for tinned butter and condensed milk, because the very sight of these kutchha compounds carries me back in thought to that most delightful of all kutchha experiences: I mean, one's first bachelor lodgings—not a pucca house with its trim and prim proprieties; but a den—"my diggins," as flippant youth delights to style the suite of apartments he rents for sixteen shillings a week, with ninepence extra for coals and gas, and a trifle more for the cleaning of his boots. "Kutchha's the only wear." It was here we first learned the delectable desirability of tinned butter and of condensed milk, it was here we were wont to brew delicious tea in a kutchha brown china teapot, originally mottled and glazed, but now sooty black,

for be it known unto all men that room had a fireplace, and that fireplace had a hob, and on that hob the teapot rested thrice a day in order that the potent infusion might draw. (In a parenthesis we ask, how comes it that tea invariably tastes best out of a smoke-blackened kutchu pot? Why is there such unspeakable ease and comfort in an old coat? Why is brainwork better done when elaborated in a kutchu den all littered and bestrewn with that luxurious kutchu compound known as a literary mess?) But our acquaintance with dear old Kutchu dates many years farther back than this. Well do we remember a rough and homely wooden shanty which our father built for the special delectation of us his children in the days when we went gipsying, a long time ago. We christened it by a truly kutchu name—the Wigwam. It stood on the rocky shore of a lovely lake, and here year by year we spent our summer holidays. Two pucca houses, pucca No. I. in town, pucca No. II. in the country, that were an unheard-of piece of extravagance; so we youngsters were fain to nail old soap-boxes together, covering them with chintz and green rep; for it was thus we made chiffonniers, ottomans, and chests of drawers all out of our own head. Empty barrels turned bottom upwards made capital washing-stands, and our dinner service was as it were a “happy family,” in which old willow pattern fraternized with white delf, and china cups reposed on stoneware saucers. Let no one, however, run away with the idea that in loving Kutchu we love things that are untidy and slipshod. Why, you could have eaten your dinner off the floor in our kutchu wigwam, for not the primmest of prim old maids could ever have taxed that neat little box with the crime of being slovenly or out of order. Let us come back to Sibi and there I will show you how tidy and how neat a fellow is my homely friend Kutchu. Come with me to that kutchu mud bungalow. We send in our cards and are admitted into a room all furnished kutchu. A mere camp kit garnishes that room, and nothing more, for the master of the house is a Burra Sahib on tour, and has left his pucca establishment full many a mile behind him. The table is rough unvarnished deodar, the chairs uncovered reed, the carpet a circumscribed square of native-woven durra, and yet how neat and natty is the whole turn-out! You feel certain that here a real gentlewoman has been at work. Has been at work? No, not exactly that, for the words “has been at work” do not quite express our meaning. A real gentlewoman has been the inspiring genius of the place. There is a certain individuality about this camp kit, a sort of an all-pervading indescribable something, which no one can help being conscious of. Pucca furniture is altogether too overpowering. I’ll be bound that the Mem Sahib’s personal individuality is pucca buried in her own pucca establishment. There it is all damask and blackwood, Queen Anne suites, and Turkish carpets, but here you cannot help feeling “she’s made it all out of her own head,” for dear old Kutchu is a plastic material ready to take form from the inspiring and informing spirit of the presiding mind. To return to the holiday home of my childhood. I never saw such individuality in any other house. Firstly there was the clean and tidy individuality impressed on this kutchu abode by the maternal and sisterly powers that be, then there was a

certain nautical and aquatic individuality expressed by those sails, oars, paddles, and other boat's gear laid ship-shape on the verandah; there was a piscatorial individuality expressed in Baby Arthur's crooked pin attached by a long bit of thread to a walking-stick which stands up against a corner of the wall in the lobby; the girls' red and blue flannel bathing-dresses hang tidily on the clothes-rack; and in the bookshelf of the dining-room are books bound in kutchas but all pucca within. Which things duly considering, we are not ashamed publicly to avow our love for Kutcha, being moved thereto by reasons sentimental, but we love the dear old fellow for reasons practical as well.

PRACTICAL REASON No. I.—Kutcha very often proves to be what is commonly known as Hobson's choice. If you are too fastidious to choose Kutcha, you can go without. In other words, if you are too great an epicure to dig your knife into the tinned butter and your spoon into the condensed milk, you will simply have to munch dry crusts, and have the roof of your mouth shrivelled up by reason of the astringent properties of tea unmitigated by lacteal dilution. Again, if Sir R. Temple, turning his back on Kutcha, had refused to make his railway to Sibi simply because he could not have pucca bridges, pucca girders, pucca stations, and all the pucca appointments of a first class line, our poor troops must still have been ploughing their weary way through the fatal Put. Sunstroke, heat apoplexy, and many another nameless horror would still be counting their victims by the score. "A bird in hand's worth two in the bush;" therefore if you cannot get Pucca, by all means make the best of Kutcha.

PRACTICAL REASON No. II. for making friends with Kutcha arises from the prosaic fact that it generally pays best so to do. Jones went for a morning ride with me the other day and said, "I can't think how it is, but Smith and I were at Cooper's Hill together, we got similar appointments about the same time, and yet he managed to save eighteen thousand rupees when I had only saved eighteen hundred." Politeness kept me discreetly silent, but I might have replied, "My dear Jones, Smith made a friend of Kutcha, a thing your greatest enemy could never accuse you of doing, and that's the reason why." There's Ward, for instance, who has been to the front. He, like a wise man that he is, had learned the homely comfort of the farfamed 80 lb. kit. Ward's bachelor quarters are the most cheery and pleasant of any in our station, and yet they are strictly regulation. His purse is, however, all the heavier, and his balance at the bankers all the larger. In strong contrast to Ward I cannot help thinking of sprightly Tom Tolson, only a subordinate in rank and pay, and yet that man's bungalow was resplendent with mirrors and rich Persian rugs, costly engravings, and every conceivable pucca extravagance; all was pucca, and so he speedily came to a pucca break-down.

PRACTICAL REASON No. III. for making friends with Kutcha arises from the fact that Kutcha is an article that generally wears well. Just look at yonder skeleton of bones and rough hairy piebald skin careering over the plain in a sort of jerking cantering gallop with head stuck up so high in the air that one can't see what keeps its neck from being cracked in the effort. It is a kutcha

horse, nothing more or less than a real live Afghan tat. No pucca Arab steed could live on scrub and dried shavings, as doth this kutchu nag, all the while thriving with a sort of wiry toughness. No pucca Waler could thus alternately brave the scorching sun and then shiver in the cold blast from the passes. No throughbred could stand such rough usage, no pucca horseflesh endure such hardship and fatigue. Look at the Afghan tat, and as you look learn that Kutchu is an article that wears well. Broadcloth is torn to shreds where corduroy's only a little soiled. The Lord Mayor's coach would literally and figuratively be knocked into a cocked hat where an Indian bullock cart only creaks and groans. So take off your coat, roll up your shirt sleeves, put on an apron if you've got one; for, depend upon it, Kutchu's the only wear. But it will never do for us to stay moralizing like this; unless we get a good run in the cool morning hours we shall be prisoners for the day, inasmuch as whatever else may be kutchu at Sibi one thing is pucca, which nobody can deny, and that one pucca article in the great land of Kutchu is the heat of the Sibi sun and the torturing brightness of his beams—pucca heat, pucca radiation, pucca glare, and no mistake; so without more ado we sally forth, thread our way through the labyrinth of reed hovels that has sprung up alongside of the line, and as we pass by this rattletrap shanty town we learn

PRACTICAL REASON No. IV. for making friends with Kutchu, *viz.*, that this friendship is wont to drive dull Care away. Care killed the cat. The lilies of the field are without care; so are the birds of the air; so also are the happy-go-lucky riffraff—the *sans-culottes* who cook their rice, dāl, and chuppatties in the rude huts we are now passing. "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long"—a few short lengths of dirty calico, a few pice, a little ghee.

"Kings may be blest, but *Kutchu's* glorious,
O'er all the ills of life victorious."

The grand secret of friendship with Kutchu saves the Indian pauper from nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to. The skilled artizan of England is a pucca personage. He, poor man, must strike, must labor, must rack his brains to make both ends meet, must struggle hard to keep the wolf from the door. To say nothing of those extravagant friends of Pucca who feed their favorite greyhounds on pucca beefsteaks, that most respectable of all respectable men, the respectable mechanic, cannot fail to have his brow furrowed with care and anxiety as he strives to earn the wherewithal out of which comes a pucca house over his head, and pucca shoe-leather on his feet, pucca clothes for the outer man and pucca food for the inner man, pucca schooling for the children, a pucca doctor, pucca coals, pucca gas, and pucca rates and taxes. Commend us to Kutchu for true stoicism—"Vacuus cantet coram latrone viator."

Musing thus we reach the old Afghan fort, all kutchu-built of mud, and joining on to the crumbling remains of what used to be the old Afghan village of Sibi. It stands on a slight eminence, so from this rising ground we are able to view the landscape o'er. At our feet lies a tiny sheet of stagnant water, which irrigates a small oasis, green with

stunted trees, and yellow by reason of a crop of mustard, which has been sown in its solitary field. All else is desert, a level dried-up plain, stretching without break to the foot of the mountains of Afghanistan, which abruptly rise up like a wall of red stone. Young David, the shepherd boy, in the naughtiness of his heart must go and see the battle. We strain our eyes at that rugged barrier wall, and wish we could roam at will through Hernai Route or craggy Bolan Pass to far-off Kandahar and turbulent Cabul. Look at yonder body of native cavalry manœuvring on the sandy plain! See the clouds of dust kicked up by the prancings of their horse-hoofs! The long line of dust gets wreathed into strange and fantastic shapes, till at length it forms an enchanting mirage. See how the dust melts like a dissolving view into the appearance of reeds and rushes growing out of a lovely lake! Wooded banks rise from the water's edge, and every particular tree is faithfully mirrored on the calm surface of the polished sheet of water. And yet you know it must be an optical illusion, for yonder red wrinkled range is barren and bare, and poor as any church mouse. Downright kutchas mountains are these. You need not expect to find pucca hills at Sibi—hills, that is to say, which are highly finished, elaborately carpeted with flower and fern, clothed with pine and graceful deodar, furnished with waterfall and mossy glen. But while pucca is not to be had you may feast your eyes for hours on the beauties of the real kutchas article. Mountains cast in the rough, red and rude as they came forth from their Creator's hand, rent by the earthquake, wrinkled by the scorching sun, bare in their kutchas grandeur, and grand in their grim kutchas poverty. And here in the old mud fort is a group of Pathans resting in camp while their camels browse on the scanty scrub of the Put. If that rascally-looking highlander over there were not so filthily dirty, I would just like to catch hold of him and then give him a sound drubbing. Take that (*whack*) and that (*whack*) and that (*whack*) for your preposterous (*whack*), extravagant (*whack*) over-estimate (*a perfect shower of blows descends throughout the course of this relative clause*), by which you make my dear old friend Kutcha perfectly to stink in the nostrils of all sensible men. Now, Sir, that I have given you your thrashing, perhaps you are in a fit and proper frame of mind to listen while I tell you what it is that I have flogged you for. Kutcha is a particular friend of mine, and yet you make a perfect fool of the dear old thing by the absurd and exaggerated trick you have got into of continually falling on Kutcha's neck and kissing him at all sorts of inopportune times and in all sorts of unseemly places. It is no use your saying, "Please, Sir, I never kissed Kutcha in my life." No, of course you haven't, but you know what I mean, of course you do, inasmuch as you children of the East are wont to clothe your meaning in parable and to wrap it up in mystic figure and emblem. When I say that you and yours are always kissing Kutcha and making a fool of him, I mean that you are superstitious, fanatical, and exaggerated in your Molatry not only of good, honest Kutcha himself, but also of all the disreputable distant connections and poor relations with whom, I am sorry to say, worthy Kutcha is sadly troubled—to

wit, Cousin Slipshod, Aunt Slattern, Tommy Neerdowell, Uncle Scamp, and Brother Loafer. Now, Sir, that I have given you a sound beating, I ask you, in the name of all that is true and just, are you guilty or not guilty? That most benevolent of all motherly matrons, Mrs. Britannia herself, comes to you and says with sweetly coaxing smile, "Now, Afghan, be a good boy, and then British enterprise shall construct a railway through your passes, and then—only think of it!—Manchester cotton shall be yours, and real live short-horn cattle, irrigation, and knives and forks, pickaxes, blankets, and what not;" but you, poor fool, hug your filthy rags and reply you prefer "Old shanks' mare" to any iron horse, while the camel, the tat, the caravan, is more to your fancy than any railroad train. And then the benevolent matron continues, "Ah, but if you'll only be a good boy I'll give you the policeman and the magistrate, the habeas corpus, and protection to life and property." But no, you are such an incorrigible lover (not so much of dear old Kutcha as of his riffraff connections) that you say, "Salaam, Mem Sahib, but I'd rather make shift on my own hook—I'd rather have every man his own judge, jury, policeman, jailor, and executioner. With an old firelock on my shoulder and the ragged rocks for my home, what care I for protection to life and property?"

To sum up the whole matter, Kutcha is a most estimable personage in his way, but it does not follow that because Kutcha is a downright trump therefore Pucca must of necessity be an unmitigated ass, a perfect bore, who richly deserves to be cut dead the next time we meet him in the street. Both are good. Because, for instance, a picnic (that most kutcha of all kutcha meals) is enjoyable, that's no reason why we should make an invariable practice of sitting on our thumbs in the compound at the hour of tiffin. Because when we're fishing for sea-trout on the lovely shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or when we're moose-hunting amidst the snows of New Brunswick, it is very delightful to cut a whole round of bread, stick a slice of fat pork thereon, and then press one's penknife into the service, that's no reason why we should seek to give daily illustration to the undoubted fact that fingers were made before forks. Because a bachelor's den is delightful and his "diggins" free and easy, that's no reason why the charm of the dear home circle may not be unspeakably more delightful. And again, because many a frugal joy avails to sweeten the poor man's lot, that's no reason why, like good St. Francis of old, every rich man should go forthwith and wed Poverty as a bride. Because one can get an immense amount of downright hard work out of a skinny tat, that's no reason why Arabs, Walers, and thoroughbreds are to be forever forsworn and renounced. Because many a merry evening has been spent under the auspices of those homely Penates our 80 lb. kit, that's no reason why, iconoclastically zealous, we should think it our duty to break down with axes and hammers all the carved work of less homely household gods. Because tinned butter and condensed milk^a avail to lubricate our dry crust and are efficacious for the due mitigation of our tea, that's no reason why we should go forthwith and sign the pledge to abstain from all dairy produce so far as it is recently and

pucca-ly derived from the living cow. *Virtus stat in medio, vitia in extremis.* A young man out for a promenade with a fair damsel hanging on either arm has been somewhat vulgarly and coarsely likened to a sandwich, and such a one is generally supposed to mutter *sotto voce*, "How happy were I were either fair charmer away." As I travel down life's highway, may I be a sandwich! May gorgeous Pucca depend on my right arm, handsome, graceful, superb, arrayed in gold and costly apparel, resplendent with pearls and precious stones, every inch a queen. Then on my left let that merry little maid Kutchu walk. Her hair shall fall over her shoulders unbound by band or plait, her simple garb shall be neat though threadbare, attractive because it is home-made, the work of her own nimble fingers. The bloom of health shall mantle her cheek. She shall be natural, childlike, loveable.—Which things are an allegory, for lo, I woke up and behold, it was all a dream. I was not at Sibi at all, but had dropped to sleep after tiffin in that most pucca of all pucca establishments, my own bungalow in the Run of Kutch.

TO POSTUMUS.

Horace, Book II., Ode 14.

<p> Ah, Postumus, my Postumus, the years glide by apace, Nor love of the immortal gods shall from the human face Keep back the wrinkles, or avert old age's chilling breath, Or for an instant stay thy step, indomitable death. Should you three hundred bulls a year to Pluto dedicate, You could not hope the tearless king thus to propitiate, Who holds within the Stygian stream, that takes its course through Hell, The triple monster Geryon and Tityus as well— That stream, alas, which all of us who earth's rich bounties share Must some sad day be ferried o'er, though well or ill we fare; Whether, in regal purple born, we rule in splendid state, Or, like the wretched hind, the soil for bread we cultivate. The cruel god who rules the fate of war we flee in vain, With tangled beard and rolling eye, He longs for something to defy. To-night, in dictatorial state, On marriage he will fulminate. Next week, with oratoric hand, He sweeps religion from the land. </p>	<p> Or Adria's billows tumbling hoarse upon the stormy main; In vain the autumn wind we shun, with pre- sence of death, That on our feeble bodies pours its pestilential breath. On black Cocytus we must look, winding in sluggish mood, With ever-wretched Sisyphus and Danaus' evil brood. Your broad domains must be resigned, and home and loving wife, And not a single tree or plant you tended here in life Shall follow to his sepulchre their transitory lord, Save yonder gloomy cypresses, by living men abhorred, A worthier heir than you, my friend, your Cæcuban shall drain, That priceless wine protected by a hundred bolts in vain, And shall upon his pavement a diviner vintage waste Than pontiffs at their festivals may ever hope to taste. But always his devotion hot Befriends the working-man's low lot. His little, drudging, faded wife Has clothed and fed him half her life. And yet (ah, solve it, ye who can)* His heart bleeds for the working-man. </p>
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—Hawkeys.

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

(CONTINUED FROM No. III.)

BOMBAY is the Parsee stronghold; in no other city in India are they as numerous, and no other place offers equal facilities for examining their method of disposing of the dead, and contrasting it with the Christian and Mahomedan custom of burial, and the Hindoo one of burning on a funeral pyre. The writer therefore very gladly availed himself of a permit authorizing a limited number of persons to view the Dokhmas on Malabar Hill, but before giving a description of what is to be seen there, or repeating the explanations and information given by Mr. Nasserwanji Byramji, the kind and courteous Secretary of the Punchayet, it will be well to say a word about the ceremonies observed on the occasion of the death of a member of the Parsee community. The Parsees marry early, and as it is not usual for young couples to set up a separate establishment, one household will frequently consist of a dozen or twenty persons—old people, and handsome young women, picturesque in their sarees of brilliant-coloured silk, husbands and brothers, and dark-eyed little children, all under one roof. Imagine the head of such a family stricken by disease. The dread fiat has gone forth, and the hour of dissolution is approaching. The dying man is arrayed in clean clothes, and the Mobed, or priest, is summoned to comfort and strengthen him by repeating portions of the Zend-Avesta. The invalid responds if he is able to do so, if not the nearest male relative repeats the responses for him.

Meanwhile a messenger has been despatched to the Nassesalars, or corpse-bearers, and they arrive bringing an oblong slab of polished stone which is deposited on the floor, and on it as soon as life is extinct is placed the body well washed, robed in clean white garments which must be old and well-worn. Carpets are spread around the corpse, a fire is kept burning near the stone, and the female friends and relatives of the dead, still arrayed in the same sarees they usually wear, take their places on the floor and weep and wail aloud, beat their breasts, recite the praises of the deceased, lament the ill-success of the doctors employed, and give way to the extremity of grief and despair. (Hired mourners are generally dispensed with now) and the men, seated on the verandah of the house, are, as might be expected, less demonstrative in their sorrow than the ladies.

Three times at short intervals the mourning is interrupted while the family dog, or—failing that—one borrowed for the purpose, is brought in and held towards the corpse. This is the ceremony of the innocent eyes, which is again repeated with the dog at the Towers, and they say the fiercest cur becomes subdued and quiet, and looks with troubled plaintive uneasiness on the face of the dead.

The usual time for funerals is early morning or a little before sunset; and they generally take place a few hours after death. At the appointed time the Nassesalars again arrive provided with an iron bier, to which the corpse is removed. This being done, two priests, their mouths covered with folds of linen, repeat a sort of funeral sermon taken from the Ijashne, composed of precepts and exhortations not unlike those of the Christian religion, and ending with the



APPROACH TO THE TOWERS

words "May God have mercy on the dead!" Amid tears and lamentations the body is removed from the house of mourning to be carried to the Dokhma, only male relatives and friends following, and they walk some distance behind the Nassesalars, dressed in white trousers and the full white garment with long sleeves, wrinkled on the arm, that is worn on all occasions of ceremony. No man is allowed to walk alone; bearers and mourners are alike joined two by two by a slender white cord or handkerchief that passes from one to the other. The Parsees appear to be unable to give a reason for this custom, which has prevailed from time immemorial, but it seems possible that it may typify the consolation that sorrow finds in sympathy and companionship. On they go, all making way for them, till they reach the entrance to the flagged pathway* constructed up the side of the hill on which stands the old Hindoo temple. Here trees shelter the passage, and thick vines have overgrown the wall on one side. The neighborhood of the vultures does not drive away the little birds, and sometimes, as the bearers mount the three or four steps that occur every few yards, the shadows of the waving trees fall on the thinly-covered face of the dead, or the song of a wild bird cheers the hearts of the mourners. Sometimes too, during the monsoon, a tropical rainstorm drenches mourners, bearers, and their burden, but the Parsees, firmly adhering to old customs, refuse to sanction the use of a hearse.

(To be continued, with Illustrations.)

A FEW FRENCH IDEAS ABOUT LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

"LOVE is a homœopathic physician, and his motto is 'like cures like.'"

"LOVE may be feigned but cannot be hidden."

"MARRIED people are like children eating bread and jam. They devour the jam first, and afterwards are obliged to content themselves with dry bread."

"LOVE is a hunger of the heart augmented by vanity."

"DEFINITION of a happy household: a deaf husband and a blind wife."

"AFTER all, it is pleasant to begin with love and end with friendship."

—Trilby.

ON the Little Colorado is a lady who avers that she is 128 years of age. She says she was thirty years of age at the time of the dark day which created such consternation. The Spaniards buried all their saints, of which they had a goodly number, while the Indians took to feasting on dogs and other animals. The "dark day" was so called on account of the remarkable darkness which extended throughout America. The obscuration commenced about ten o'clock in the morning of May 19, 1780, and continued till the middle of the next night. Birds sang their evening song, disappeared, and remained silent; fowls went to roost, cattle sought the barnyards, and candles were lighted in the house.

* The entrance of this pathway forms the subject of our illustration.

QUOTATIONS AND CRITICISMS.

No. II.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (*continued*).

As perfect in its kind as "Lenore," but breathing more of the dejection and despair that sometimes assailed Poe, is the last verse of "A Dream within a Dream":—

"I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand—
How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep—while I weep!

O God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O God! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is *all* that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?"

Many of those who had courted and flattered the adopted son of the rich Allans turned their backs on penniless Edgar Poe, and there is no doubt that some cruel desertions wounded the sensitive heart of the poet, one such probably drawing from him the passionate scorn expressed in his poem "To ———."

"The bowers whereat in dreams I see
The wantonest singing birds
Are lips—and all thy melody
Of lip-begotten words,

Thine eyes in Heaven of heart enshrined
Then desolately fall,

O God! on my funeral mind
Like starlight on a pall—

Thy heart—*thy* heart!—I wake and sigh,
And sleep to dream till day
Of the truth that gold can never buy,
Of the baubles that it may."

Time passed on, and Poe subsisted on the miserable hire of a publisher's hack, occasionally attracting attention by flashes of sombre beauty in his writings, but too careful in his diction, too laboriously elegant in his style, to become a prolific writer; too erratic in his habits and severe in his judgment of others to make a good editor. Still Providence had not entirely abandoned him; he met with kind friends occasionally, one of the best being Mr. John Kennedy, the author of "Swallow Barn;" and once, when his fortunes were at the lowest ebb, his purse empty and clothes seedy, he gained a prize awarded by the managers of the *Baltimore Visitor* for the best prose tale submitted to them.

In his twenty-ninth year we find Poe back again in Richmond, the city of his youth, where he committed the unpardonable imprudence of marrying his cousin Virginia Clemm, a sweet-faced fragile girl of fourteen. Virginia's mother, devoted to Poe with a truly maternal affection, lived with the young couple, shared their privations, and in times of sickness did all but beg for them. She long survived them both, and cherished to the last the tenderest remembrance of her darling Eddie, frequently saying, in mitigation of his most serious defect, that his organization was so sensitive that a cup of coffee would intoxicate him. Years after Poe's marriage, when his fair young wife

had passed away, he paid a well-deserved tribute to the affection that had never failed him :—

TO MY MOTHER.

<p>"Because I feel that in the Heavens above, The angels, whispering to one another, Can find, among their burning terms of love, None so devotional as that of 'Mother,' Therefore by that dear name I long have called you, You who are more than mother unto me, {you And fill my heart of hearts, where Death installed In setting my Virginia's spirit free.</p>	<p>My mother—my own mother, who died early, Was but the mother of myself ; but you Are mother to the one I love so dearly, And thus are dearer than the mother I knew By that infinity with which my wife Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life."</p>
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Speaking of Mrs. Clemm the poet Willis says of her, "It was a hard fate she was watching over. Mr. Poe wrote with fastidious difficulty, and in a style too much above the popular level to be well paid. He was always in pecuniary difficulties, and, with his sick wife, frequently in want of the merest necessities of life. Winter after winter, for years, the most touching sight in this whole city has been that tireless minister to genius, thinly and insufficiently clad, going from office to office with a poem or an article on some literary subject to sell, sometimes simply pleading in a broken voice that he was ill, and begging for him,—mentioning nothing but that he was ill, whatever might be the reason for his writing nothing,—and never, amidst all her tears and recitals of distress, suffering one syllable to escape her lips that could convey a doubt of him, or a lessening of pride in his genius and good intention."

Soon after his marriage Poe took his wife to New York, but his occasional fits of intemperance and his biting criticisms on his brother-authors stood in the way of his success there. He was connected with one paper after another, and in 1839 we hear of him editing the *Gentleman's Magazine* at a stipend of ten dollars a week ; from that he passed to *Graham's Magazine*, and it was while thus employed that he made the acquaintance of Dr. Rufus Griswold, a man of shallow attainments, who hated him living, and slandered him dead.

The intervals of his literary labors were spent in tending his sick wife, who was fast passing away. Poe seems to have treated her with the tenderest consideration, sharing with her mother the cares and watches of the sick-room. Mrs. Osgood has thus recorded her recollections of his home life :—"It was in his own simple yet poetical home that to me the character of Edgar Poe appeared in its most beautiful light. Playful, affectionate, witty,—alternately docile and wayward as a petted child, for his young, gentle, idolized wife, and for all who came, he had, even in the midst of his most harassing literary duties, a kind word, a pleasant smile, a graceful and courteous attention. At his desk, beneath the romantic picture of his loved and lost Lenore, he would sit hour after hour, patient, assiduous, and uncomplaining, tracing in an exquisitely clear chirography, and with almost superhuman swiftness, the lightning thoughts, the 'rare and radiant' fancies, as they flashed through his wonderful and ever-wakeful brain." His courtesy to the old and weak was proverbial, and Stoddart says of him—"The natural refinement of his nature drew him towards women,

of whom he was a gentle student, and in whose society he delighted. He was lenient to literary women ; more lenient, in some cases, than strict justice warranted ; so lenient, indeed, in general, that his criticisms upon them were worthless."

After the appearance of his grand poem "The Raven" and his best prose tale the "Gold Bug" Poe became a famous man, but he was still a very poor one, inhabiting a tiny wooden house surrounded by cherry orchards in the village of Fordham, near New York. Here he could indulge his taste for birds and flowers and solitary country rambles, and here his wife died in January 1847, after a long and weary illness, and was laid under the snow in the village cemetery one dreary winter's day. Poe seems to have deeply mourned her loss, and their love is alluded to in "Annabel Lee," of which I quote a stanza :—

" But our love it was stronger by far than the love	And neither the angels in Heaven above,
Of those who were older than we—	Nor the demons down under the sea,
Of many far wiser than we—	Can ever dissever my soul from the soul Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

Who knows if he may not have had some premonition of the early death of his frail wife when, eight years before, he penned the beautiful lines "To one in Paradise," of which the three first verses run as follows :—

" Thou wast that all to me, love, For which my soul did pine— A green isle in the sea, love, A fountain and a shrine, All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers, And all the flowers were mine.	' On ! On !'—but o'er the past (Dim gulf !) my spirit hovering lies Mute, motionless, aghast ! For, alas ! alas ! with me The light of life is o'er ! ' No more—no more—no more'— (Such language holds the solemn sea To the sands upon her shore) Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree, Or the stricken eagle soar !"
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Ah, dream too bright to last !
Ah, starry Hope ! that didst arise
But to be overcast !
A voice from out the future cries,

(To be continued.)

BEETHOVEN.

O minstrel whom a maiden spurned, but whom a world has treasured
O sovereign of a grander realm than ever man has measured.
Thou hast not lost the lips of love, but thou hast gained in glory.
The love of all who know the thrall of thy immortal story.
See where he sits, the lordly man, the giant in his singing,
Who sang of love, albeit for him no lover's bells were ringing—
The man who struck such golden chords as made the world in wonder
Acknowledge him, tho' poor and dim, the mouthpiece of the thunder.
He heard the music of the skies what time his heart was breaking,
He sang the songs of Paradise, where love has no forsaking.
And tho' so deaf he could not hear the tempest as a token,
He made the music of his mind the grandest ever spoken.

GEORGE ERIC LANCASTER.

LITHOGRAPHY.

(Continued from No. III.)

CHALK DRAWING.

To prepare the stone for drawing in chalk we proceed as directed in the last number of the *Orient*, but with the addition of one more process. When the stone has been cleaned and polished it must next be grained. This is accomplished by sifting fine sharp sand upon the surface of the stone and then, after adding sufficient water to make it work freely, a small piece of stone (say about six inches square) is worked with both hands all over the surface of the stone, care being taken that the motion in rubbing shall be zigzag, not circular. The roughness or fineness of the grain is determined by using a coarse or a fine sieve, according to the quality of the grain desired. For ordinary work the mesh of the sieve should have about a hundred holes to the square inch. Great care should be taken in sifting the sand upon the stone, as the presence of any large pieces of grit is sure to cause scratches, and when this occurs the stone has to be repolished before the graining process can be again proceeded with. When it is thought that the graining is completed, the sand should be washed off, and the stone well rinsed with clean water, and stood on end to dry. As soon as dry, make a few marks with the lithographic chalk upon the edge of the stone. If the lines appear greasy and readily close up the grain, the graining has not been carried sufficiently far, and the process must be continued with fresh sand and water until the grain is deep enough not to fill up readily when drawn upon with the lithographic chalk. The sieve used for sifting the sand upon the stone should have a brass or copper wire mesh.

The stone being grained, washed thoroughly, and dried, is now ready to receive the drawing. The subject having been carefully traced is transferred to the stone in precisely the same manner as previously described for ink work, the same care being taken to avoid touching the stone in any part to be occupied by the drawing. The transfer of the tracing having been effected we proceed to draw in the outline. It is well before commencing the drawing, however, to point a number of chalks, as in outlining, the point is very quickly worn away, and it will be found tiresome to repoint a chalk every time the point wears off. Many artists use about twenty crayon-holders, each holding two chalks, one at each end. I may as well remark here that in cutting the lithographic chalk to a point the process is exactly the reverse of that used in sharpening a lead pencil. In sharpening a pencil we cut from the body of the pencil towards the point; in sharpening a lithographic chalk we cut from the point backwards towards the body. A little practice soon renders this method of cutting perfectly easy.

In outlining work the crayon-holder should be held lightly yet firmly, and the work proceeded with in much the same way as an ordinary drawing on paper, always bearing in mind that, unlike the latter, there is no such thing as rubbing out. Accomplished lithographic artists can and do rectify small errors, but I would dissuade all beginners from attempting much rectification, as the result will in most cases be

unsatisfactory. In ink work it is possible to erase any small portion with the scraper, as the work is drawn upon a smooth surface, but with chalk work the case is different, as an erasure would obliterate the grain and render redrawing of the erased portion impossible. The utmost that should be attempted in the way of rectification is the reduction of any small portion of the work which may appear too dark. This should be done with the steel point mentioned among the necessary implements, going over the part with a series of little stabs so as to imitate as nearly as possible the natural grain of the stone. This, however, should never be done until the work is finished.

In shading the work all the lines should be delivered with a single stroke, never backwards and forwards. The best lithographic chalks are those made by Lemercier of Paris, and are supplied of three degrees of hardness: No. 1 for outlining and the lighter shading, No. 2 for darker shading, and No. 3, very soft, for the blackest portions of the work. Practically I doubt whether it would be necessary to use any but No. 1 in India, owing to the heat. As stated in the previous number, I propose to give recipes for the various articles, such as chalks, inks, &c., but I would strongly urge the advisability of purchasing them from reliable manufacturers if possible, as, although the recipes appear simple enough, their manufacture is really extremely difficult, and requires the greatest nicety and care.

EDWARD WIMBRIDGE.

(To be continued.)

THE recent death of the terrible revolutionist Blanqui has recalled to memory a somewhat romantic episode of his youth. He became the tutor at Paris of the only daughter of a rich family, and for six years they loved each other truly and silently, without a sign that could betray their secret. At the end of that time an explanation took place and they were married.

Six years later the husband was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and the wife died of sorrow precisely a year after the sentence was pronounced.

"I know well," she wrote to Blanqui the day before her death, "that never in this world will you love any but me."

And Blanqui himself, says, speaking of her death, "Compared with this terrible loss twenty-eight years of captivity were nothing. They treated me sometimes like a wild beast, but I hardly felt it, day and night the shadow of the departed was with me."

Blanqui was very small and fragile, but his features expressed pride and resolution, and might have served as a model for those of Brutus when he condemned his two sons to the block. Mme. Blanqui was exceedingly tall and very dark, with well-marked eyebrows and a severe expression of countenance. She never laughed, and is said to have been superior to feminine vanity. Her husband speaks of her "imperial movements," and regarded her as at once an angel and the model of a Roman matron. He averred that he loved her living and dead, and was never even in thought unfaithful to her. And those who knew him best are inclined to credit his statement.

I'VE ALLUS PAID MY DEBTS.

(By R. BATES.)

"A tale most true, whisper it at the hour
When shadows live, when the long lost come back,
And ghosts of vanished years flit slowly past."

A GATE set in a hawthorn hedge, behind it a little garden, and then a cottage old and commonplace. Certainly not much to look at, and yet there are several persons who cannot pass the spot without a shiver of mingled awe and thankfulness, a secret prayer and tear.

Some ten years ago when the hawthorn was in full bloom, and the spring wind made the double daisies that bordered a heartshaped bed bow and tremble on their stems, when primroses and cowslips opened wide their yellow eyes to look at the blue sky, and a robin perched amid the blossoms on the topmost bough of the apple tree poured out his love in song, an old woman sat alone in the cottage. It was not cold, yet she cowered over a few smouldering wood embers on the open hearth, and puffed moodily at the short clay pipe in her mouth as if she had no part in the joy around her. She was a very old woman, harsh of aspect and rugged of feature. Her eyebrows still dark and thick contrasted with her white locks and with the straggling gray hairs that decked her chin. Her nose was high and straight, and her mouth, toothless as it was, even now showed signs of firmness and determination rare in one so old. Somehow Mrs. Peddlar looked out of keeping with her room and furniture, which were such as might be found in thousands of cottage homes. The floor had been newly sanded, the green baize covered Bible lay on a little round table in a corner, and the bouquet of peacocks' feathers, brass candlestick, and china monstrosities had small value but that bestowed on them by long possession. To-day, however, their owner took no pleasure in her house or trim garden; she had turned her back on the sunshine that streamed in at the window, mechanically raised her cotton gown as if she feared the faint heat of the fire might take from it the little color left by frequent washing, and only varied her smoking by an occasional dejected shake of the head. She never heeded the creaking of the garden gate or the sound of footsteps on the gravel, and did not even change her attitude when a visitor stood beside her. The new comer was a gentleman and a clergyman; young still, courteous and gentle in manner, and not remarkable in appearance, unless a pair of luminous hazel eyes gave him a claim to distinction. He seemed in no way disconcerted by the coldness of his reception, and taking a chair uninvited, leaned forward and laid his hand gently on Mrs. Peddlar's arm.

"I am sorry indeed to hear of this," he said.

"Much it matters to you rich folks!" responded the old woman scornfully.

"Rich, Salome!" he answered, glancing at his frayed wristbands and the whitened seams of his black clothes. "It is because I know something of poverty and its stings that I thought you would not object to see me to-day."

"Umph! Had you any money in the bank that's broke?" she asked.

He acknowledged he had none in that bank,—and might have added, nor in any other,—and hoped that there would at least be a dividend.

"Dividend! There will none be a dividend!" exclaimed his companion, turning on him so suddenly that the stick she had taken up came in contact with the little kettle hanging on its pothook over the hearth, and set it swinging violently. "I tell you, Sir, there is things as had ought to bring down a judgment. If a poor man as is starving takes a sixpence from a rich man as 'ud never miss it, he goes to prison and loses his character as is bread to him; but if a rich man robs the poor and leaves them without a morsel of bread or a rag to cover them, he rides in his carriage and is looked up to. The law's no good or it 'ud hang 'em all, hang Mr. Kenge and Mr. Robinson."

The clergyman had waited patiently until her violence had somewhat exhausted itself, and now, when she shifted her stick from one trembling hand to the other, and drawing a reddish-brown handkerchief from her pocket wiped her damp brow, he tried to remind her that it was yet too early to decide on the degree of culpability of the bank authorities, and that good and evil deeds are apt to bring their just reward or punishment.

"That's none so," she said, "else why should I, as have allus paid my debts, and even give back a handful more to the neighbor as lent me a bilin' of potatoes, be drove to the poor 'us at ninety-two years of age?"

"It will never come to that," exclaimed her comforter.

"An' who's to purvent it?" she asked. "The rich don't like me because my knees is stiff and I can't bow an' scrape to them, an' for the same reason I can't get to church. They grudge me, too, the little bit of comfort I get out of my pipe. Even the poor say I am a witch. The Lord pity 'em for a set of fools!"

It was too true, the poor old creature had little to hope from charity or friendship; Mr. Agnew understood that. "Where is Mary Ann?" he asked.

"Gone when she heard my money was lost. She has had bed an' victuals here for the last two years, an' all I ever asked of her was her company, for loneliness is pison to the old."

"You must have some one else," said the clergyman. "Mary Brander will be cheerful company, and she might bring her plait and sit with you; I will see her as I go home."

"She 'ill none come."

"O yes, she will, she will like to sit at work where she can look out on your pleasant garden?"

"Mary Ann," answered Mrs. Peddlar, "she had seen every one of the flowers an' the green things come up an' blow, but she went away, because she thought maybe I 'id ask her for something. She didn't know me; I worked hard as long as I could, an' now I can starve but I can't beg. God Almighty take me soon! it's all I ask, an' no one will miss me."

The pipe had gone out, the poor old head moved feebly in a forlorn shake, and the withered face looked harsher and more rugged than ever. Over Mr.

Agnew's tender heart there swept a great wave of compassion ; he drew his chair nearer to her and took the old woman's skinny hand in his.

"You have no children," he said, "I have no mother or grandmother. You are lonely, and my life is lonely too ; cannot we be a comfort to one another ? I will not think you bad and unfeeling because your manner is rough sometimes, and I am glad to see you smoke if your pipe is a comfort to you. The aged (God bless them !) have a right to take their comfort where they can find it. I do not ask you to change your ways ; I only want you to hope and trust, to think of me as if I were your own grandson, to believe that I came here because I really care about you. Try, Salome, to think that all hearts are not hard and selfish, that mine at least can feel for you, then perhaps you will learn to understand the love and pity that surround us, and bring hope out of desolation, and peace out of despair."

He had felt and spoken earnestly, but she only answered, "I've allus paid my debts," and showed no other sign of emotion than a solitary tear that glided down a furrow in her cheek. Mr. Agnew said no more, but he moved the table with the Bible on it to the window, and with the sunlight streaming in on him read the old woman's favorite chapter. She made no movement during the reading, and on looking up at its close he perceived that she was asleep. Here, without hurting her pride, was his opportunity to keep the vow he had made to comfort and help her. He drew his last sovereign from his purse, wrapped it in the unused half-sheet of a letter he had with him, and let it drop into the huge jean receptacle gaping beneath Mrs. Peddlar's open pocket-hole. Then he went forth, well aware that the next eye that rested critically on his shabby raiment would bring a flush to his cheek, but in a cheerful frame of mind, notwithstanding, ready to bless the robin for his song, and look tenderly on the tuft of primroses in the ditch, that kissed each other every time the wind stirred their blossoms, and drew fragrance and bloom from the slimy mud around them.

His destination was the village of Plumstead ; he would see Mary Brander and send her as soon as possible to his protégée. She would be wholesomer company than phlegmatic and selfish Mary Ann, who had not perhaps improved the old woman's opinion of human nature. Mr. Agnew walked slowly, stopping to pluck a wild flower, or part the boughs of the hedge and peep into a bird's nest, and it was a quarter of an hour after he left the cottage before he reached a certain gate leading into a green lane. He had turned a corner of the hedge and come upon it suddenly, and he could not resist a thrill of amazement as he saw the gate thrown wide, and Mrs. Peddlar standing against it as if she had first opened it for him to pass through.

Even if such politeness had been usual with her, the fact remained that she had not walked as far for many months, and had not taken the direct road by which he came or he must have seen her sooner. Still there she stood, and Mr. Agnew, expressing his surprise at her presence, took the gate from her hands, drew it after him, and turning round leaned on it to look at her and commend her courage

in walking so far. Surprise upon surprise, the old lady was no longer there ! The half-uttered word died on his lips, he looked along the lane, went quickly round the corner of the hedge, mounted a green knoll, all in vain ; he saw nothing, heard nothing but the birds and the distant tinkle of a sheepbell on the common. What could it mean ? His heart beat fast, rather with the consciousness of some new and extraordinary experience than with fear, until the thought darted through his mind that the old woman might be in some deadly peril, and the figure he had seen designed to call him to her aid.

This was superstition he told himself. An hour ago he would have laughed at the idea, but an hour ago he would also have laughed at the notion of a human being standing before him vivid and lifelike one instant and vanishing mysteriously the next.

He had left Salome asleep in her chair near the hearth ; suppose the hem of her cotton gown should come in contact with the embers hidden under the ashes, instant ignition might be the result, and the feeble creature burn to death. Blaming himself, he ran swiftly back, pausing to look neither at primroses nor robin, dashed open the little gate, and with three strides reached the window. There she sat, her head drooping forward on her breast—the same place, the same attitude. Nothing had changed except that her pipe had slipped from her knee and fallen in the ashes.

Mr. Agnew went in, lifted her bodily, chair and all, and set her in the sunlight, and as he did so she awoke.

"I had left you," he explained, "and then thinking it was not safe for you to sleep so near the fire, I came back and moved you."

Salome protested ungraciously that there was not enough fire to singe a hair of her head, and that she had not been to sleep.

"Well, perhaps, I took alarm without good cause," he said pleasantly. "How long is it since you walked down to the gate in the great meadow?"

"Not this side of Christmas," was the answer. "It's getting a'most too far for me, but I s'pose I'll take that road on my way to the churchyard ; it's shorter than going round by the lane, and they want to carry me no farther nor they can help, seeing as I'll leave nothing to pay 'em for their trouble."

(To be continued.)

If a man wants to build a house or a wall in Cyprus, according to the *St. James's Gazette*, he begins by making a hole in his garden. Shovelling up and sifting the earth, he adds chopped straw ; his wife helps and throws water on the mixture, which is worked up until it is thick enough to form into flat slabs. These are moulded with the hands, with or without the help of a rough wooden frame. The thick walls built of the mud slabs, and the flat mud roofs, form an admirable sun-fence ; but no sooner are they erected than sun, wind, and rain, all violent of their kind, commence a rapid course of destruction, and as repairs are rapidly attempted the houses literally become heaps of dirt, dust, and mud of one uniform dead hue.

NEW BOOKS.

THE following review, which has just appeared in the *New York Sun*, is so full of interest for Parsees and Orientalists generally that we hope to be pardoned for giving it entire :—

ZOROASTER.

Among the remarkable translations in the series entitled "Sacred Books of the East," edited by Max Müller, and now publishing in England, none will excite more attention than the new version of the Zoroastrian Scriptures by JAMES DARMESTETER. So far, only the first volume of this translation, containing the Vendidad, or book of laws, has been printed, but in an introductory essay the translator sets forth the novel and somewhat paradoxical conclusions to which his researches have led him as regards the formation of the Avesta or canonical writings of the Parsis, and the origin of the Avestan—or, as he prefers to call it, from one of the names given to the Supreme Deity—the Mazdean religion. With reference to the principles followed in this translation, we may say that they represent a compromise between the traditional method borrowed by Anquetil from the modern Parsis, and of which Spiegel is the chief recent exponent, and the comparative method which would interpret Avestan by Vedic literature, and which is defended by such eminent philologists as Roth and Haug. It would be more exact to say that this version rests on the Parsi tradition, confirmed or corrected by the teachings of comparative philology.

Before glancing at the distinguishing features of the religious code formulated in the Vendidad, we would indicate the points as to which Mr. Darmesteter's opinions are distinctly at variance with those of most Avestan scholars. In order, however, to bring out clearly the new and controverted side of his theory concerning the history of the Zoroastrian religion, it may be well to outline briefly the generally accepted notions on the subject. Even these are often misapprehended, as is notably the case in a lately published volume entitled "Sanskrit and its Kindred Literatures," by Laura Elizabeth Poor. Here we are told that the Gathas, or oldest Mazdean writings, may go back to the year 2234 B.C., which is wild hypothesis, and that the Avestan books are written in the "Zend" language, which is a long-exploded and fundamental blunder. The prevailing opinions of competent philologists—before the announcement of the theory which is now set forth at length by Mr. Darmesteter—may be found exhaustively and accurately summed up by Prof. W. D. Whitney in his "Oriental and Linguistic Studies," and by Prof. Monier Williams in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

According to Prof. Monier Williams, Zoroaster was a real person, who lived, not, as the modern Parsis imagine, in what is now known as Persia, about the time of Darius Hystaspes (550-500 B.C.), but in Bactria, and probably at Balkh, in the tenth or twelfth century B.C. He was not the creator of a religion in the sense that Gautama Buddha was, but a conservator and reformer like Confucius. He sought to relieve the essential monotheism of the old Iranian faith from its overgrowth of idolatry, and it is inferred that subsequent reformations took place, and one particularly under the earlier Achaemenid kings, whose inscriptions, while they recognize the supreme God, Ahura Mazda, do not allude to Ahriman, the evil principle. It is admitted, and here is the weak point of the current hypothesis, that the Avestan language, in which the Vendidad and other sacred texts are written, is not a direct ancestor of the language employed in the Achaemenid rock inscriptions.

These cuneiform inscriptions, on the other hand, stand in direct paternal relation to the Pahlavi tongue spoken under the Sassanian Kings of Persia, and then employed

for the "Zend," or translations and expositions of the Avestan texts. The Pahlavi, again, is the parent of modern Persian, so that we have, between the tongue of Firdusi and Hafiz and the rock inscriptions at Persepolis, the same lineal continuity observed between the oldest Vedic hymns and the Prakrit language, the intermediate term being in the latter case the Sanskrit. But the Avestan language, we repeat, although cognate, has no place in the series of tongues which can be proved to have been spoken within the territory of Persia proper. It does not seem, therefore, reasonable to assert that the Avestan was spoken in Bactria before the Irano-Aryans had moved westward to the Persian highlands, because the relation, as we have said, of the Avestan to the Persepolis inscriptions is not that of an ancestral, but rather of a fraternal dialect. Now, whatever may be the ultimate verdict pronounced on Mr. Darmesteter's ingenious hypothesis, it must be admitted that he solves this philological difficulty. We need not say that according to the hitherto received opinions set forth, as we have said, by Prof. Whitney and Prof. Williams, it is taken for granted, if not explicitly affirmed, that the religion propounded in the Zoroastrian Scriptures was professed by Cyrus the Great and the Achemenid sovereigns. Here, again, it will be found that Mr. Darmesteter joins issue with most of his predecessors.

The strong unity and symmetry of the Mazdean system have led most modern scholars to approve the Parsi and Greek traditions which designate Mazdeism as Zoroaster's religion, in the same sense as Islam is called Mohammed's religion. Moreover, as the moral and abstract spirit which prevades Mazdeism is different from the Vedic spirit, and as the word *deva*, which means a god in Sanscrit, means a demon in the Avesta, it was thought that Zoroaster's work had been one of reaction against Indian polytheism—in fact, a religious schism. Now, what is Mr. Darmesteter's conclusion on these heads, and first upon the question whether any historical reality underlies the legend of Zarathustra or Zoroaster? No one, he thinks, who reads with a mind free from the yoke of classical recollections—he will not say the so-called Book of Zoroaster, which should probably be regarded as a romance of quite recent invention, but the Avesta itself—will have any doubt that Zoroaster is no less an essential part of the Mazdean mythology than the son expected to be born to him at the end of time to destroy Ahriman. In his opinion all the features in the portrait of Zoroaster point to a god, while as to the possible hypothesis—that the god may have grown up from a man—that preëxistent mythic elements may have gathered around the name of a real person—this can only be upheld, he thinks, on condition that the real work of Zoroaster can be clearly differentiated. As to the conjecture that a reformer named Zoroaster organized a schism from the Vedic religion, and cast down into hell the gods of older days, this is rejected by Mr. Darmesteter, for the reason that the gods, the ideas, and the worship of Mazdeism can be shown to emanate directly from the old faith professed by the primitive dwellers on the Pamir plateau, and have nothing more of a reaction against it than the Avestan has against the Sanscrit language. He can find no evidence in favor of this theory of a religious schism, except that of a few words which might be challenged *a priori*, inasmuch as the life of words is not coextensive with the life of the things expressed, and inasmuch as the history of the world is not a chapter of grammar. He submits, moreover, that the very evidence appealed to, when closely scrutinized, proves to speak against the very hypothesis it is supposed to support. It is true that the word Ahura, which in the Avesta designates the Supreme God, means a demon in the Brahmanical literature, but in the older religion of the Vedas it is quite as august a term as in the Avesta, being applied to the highest deities. This shows, in our author's judgment, that when the Iranians and Indians

sallied forth from their common native land, the Ahura continued for a long time to be the Lord in India as well as in Persia, and the change observed in Brahmanical writings took place not in Iran but in India. So far, therefore, as the Vedic religion and the Avesta religion are concerned, he can recognize no schism between them. They are quite different, and must be so, since each of them lived its own life, and living is changing; but nowhere is the link broken that binds both to their common source. Nowhere in the Avesta is the effort of any man felt who, setting his face against the belief of his people, enforces upon them a new creed by the ascendancy of his genius, and turns the stream of their thoughts from the bed where it had flowed for centuries. There was no religious revolution; there was only a long and slow movement, which led by insensible degrees the vague and unconscious dualism of the Indo-Iranian religion onward to the sharply defined dualism of the Magi. It does not follow that there was nothing left to individual genius in the formation of Mazdeism. The contrary would be inferred from Mr. Darmesteter's fundamental contention that the Mazdean religion expresses the ideas of a sacerdotal caste, that it sprang from the long elaboration of successive generations of priests.

From our author's dissertations on the formation of the Avesta and the origin of the religion it propounds we collect the following theory. Media was occupied by a distinct, if not a preceding, wave of the Aryan migration which rolled from the Pamir plateau westward through Bactria to the Persian highlands. The Medo-Aryans and the Perso-Aryans alike brought with them the old Iranian religion, professed by their forefathers before the first exodus in any direction took place from the cradle of the race. This primitive faith underwent different modes and rates of transformation in Media and in Persia, corresponding to differences of environment, not the least potential of which may have been the existence of a civilized pre-Aryan population in the Median plains. What type the primitive faith had acquired in Persia about 500 B.C. may be deduced from the cuneiform inscriptions at Persepolis. What form, on the other hand, it had acquired in Media, where it seems to have fallen into the hands of an hereditary priesthood, we may see in the Avesta, which, according to Mr. Darmesteter, was never the religion of the State under the Achemenid monarchy. During that period, however, thanks to the powerful leverage exercised by a sacerdotal caste, it continually gained ground, and alone of the two forms survived the disruption of the Persian empire by Alexander. Kept alive by the same tenacious and well-organized agency through the long period of discouragement or persecution coincident with Seleucid and Parthian domination in the East, the elaborate religion of the Magians became, under the Sassanians, in the third century of our era, the established religion of the State. But, as always happens with a religion upheld by an hereditary priesthood, it was less fitted to enjoy prosperity than to bear adversity. How burdensome was the yoke of its oppressive ceremonialism was attested by frequent revolts during the Sassanian epoch, and the impatience of the priest-ridden people had not a little to do with the swift and sweeping triumph of Islam in Persia.

How does Mr. Darmesteter reach his conclusion that the form of Mazdeism set forth in the Avesta was a religion formulated and organized by the Magians of Media, and distinct from that type of the Mazdean faith professed by Cyrus and the Achemenid sovereigns? That all the Avesta ideas were already fully developed at least as early as the end of the Achemenid dynasty appears from the perfect agreement between the account of Mazdeism in Theopompus (quoted by Plutarch) with the data now presented in the Avesta books. There is nothing, therefore, forbidding us to believe with the Parsis that the fragments of which their sacred writings are

composed were in existence before the invasion and conquests of Alexander. It does not follow that the Avesta, though it existed in their day, was the sacred book of the Achemenians and of the Persians proper, for it must not be forgotten that the description cited by Plutarch is not of the religion of Persia, but of the belief of the Magi and the lore of Zoroaster. If we consider that the two characteristic features of Avestan Magism are, so far as dogma goes, the admission of two principles, and, so far as practice is concerned, the prohibition of burying the dead, we find that there is no decisive evidence that Achemenid Persia admitted the former, and there is positive evidence that she did not admit the latter. It is certain, on the other hand, that both the belief in dualism and the practice of exposing bodies existed at the time in Media, though apparently peculiar to one class, *viz.*, the hereditary priesthood known as the Magi. The question whether the Achemenid kings believed in dualism, and knew of Ahriman, must be deemed still unsettled, although Prof. Oppert thinks he has detected a mention of Ahriman in an obscure passage of one of Darius's inscriptions on the rocks at Persepolis. There is no doubt, however, that the most important practice of the Mazdean law was either disregarded by the Achemenid kings or unknown to them. According to the Avesta, burying corpses in the earth is one of the most heinous sins that can be committed, and, under the Sassanians, when the Magian faith became at last the State religion, a Prime Minister paid with his life for an infraction of that law. Dead bodies were to be laid down on the summits of mountains, there to be devoured by birds and dogs, and conformity to this rule was the sign of conversion.

Now under the Achemenid dynasty not only the burial of the dead was not forbidden, but it was the general practice. Persians, says Herodotus, bury their dead in the earth after having coated them with wax. But Herodotus, immediately after stating that the Persians inter their dead, adds that the Magi do not follow the general practice, but lay the corpses down on the ground to be devoured by birds. At this epoch, therefore, there were practically two religions in Medo-Persia, the one for laymen and the other for priests. The Avesta was originally the sacred book only of the Magi, and the outcome of the long religious evolution was to extend to laymen what had been a custom of the priests.

We are now able to understand how it was that the sacred writings of Sassanian Persian had been handed down in a non-Persian dialect, which did not even hold a parental relation to the Pahlavi tongue, spoken at this period. The Avesta had been written in the language of its composers, the Magi, who were not Persians; between the people of Persia and the priests there was not only a difference of calling, but also a difference of race, as the sacerdotal caste came from a non-Persian province. What that province was we know both from Greek historians and from Parsi traditions. A passage of Marcellinus (fourth century A.D.) shows that there was then in Media a tribe called Magi, which had the hereditary privilege of providing all Iran with priests. Strabo, writing three centuries earlier, considered the Magi as a sacerdotal tribe, exercising its functions over the whole Iranian land. Going back still further, we see in Herodotus that the usurpation of the Magian Smerdis was interpreted by Cambyses as an attempt of the Medes to recover the hegemony they had lost. And elsewhere we learn from Herodotus that the Medes were divided into six tribes, one of whom he names the Magi. That the priesthood was hereditary is confirmed by the Parsi tradition that all the Mobeds (priests) are descendants from a legendary king, and even to this day the sacerdotal office can only be performed by one of the priestly families. The Greek testimony to the Median origin of the priests is also supported by the Parsi traditions about the native place of Zoroaster. They have two legends on

this subject, according to one of which he was born in Ragha—that is, in Media, properly so called—while according to the other his birthplace was Shiz, in Media Atropatene. Which of the two places had the older claim is a question hardly to be settled in the present state of our knowledge. But whether Magism came from Ragha to Shiz or from Shiz to Ragha, the Parsis concur with the Greeks in referring its origin to Media.

That Persia should have submitted in religious matters to a foreign tribe will, in Mr. Darmesteter's judgment, surprise no one who recalls the influence of the Etruscan augurs in Rome. The Magi might be hated as Medes, but they would be respected and feared as priests. When political revolutions gave vent to national hate, the Persian warrior might willingly indulge it; yet whenever he had to invoke the favour of the gods, he was obliged to acknowledge that he could not do without the detested tribe, and that they alone knew how to make themselves heard by Heaven. When and how the religious hegemony of Media arose our author does not attempt to say, but he thinks it natural enough that Media, having risen sooner to a high degree of civilization, should have given to religion and worship a more systematic and elaborate form, and he reminds us that in religion, as in politics, the best-organized power must sooner or later get the upper hand. The Media origin of the Magi, on which Mr. Darmesteter insists, accounts for a fact which is at first sight perplexing; namely, the absence of the name of the Magi from the book written by themselves. This is just what might have been expected if the word Magi was not the name of the priest in his sacerdotal capacity, but considered as a member of a particular tribe. The proper word for a priest in the Avesta is *Athravan*, literally fire-man; and that this was his technical designation in ancient Persia appears from a statement in Strabo that the Magi were also called *Purathoi*. It is reasonable to suppose that the Persians in ordinary parlance would rather designate their priests after their origin than after their functions; but the Magi themselves had no reason to follow in their sacred writings the Persian custom, which was not free from an implication of spite or scorn.

To what extent the Magian dogmatical conceptions were admitted in Achaemenid times by the mass of the Iranian population, or by what process they spread among it, cannot be ascertained, for want of documentary evidence. As regards the observances inculcated in the Avesta we are better instructed, and can form an idea of how far and in what particulars they differed from those followed by the other Iranians. The principle they introduced, or rather developed into new consequences, was that of the inviolable purity of the elements. Fire, earth, and water had always been considered sacred things among the Iranians, and had received worship. The Magi drew the conclusion that burning or burying the dead was to defile a god, and as early as the time of Herodotus they had succeeded in preserving fire from that pollution, and cremation had been made a capital crime. But the earth still continued to be defiled, notwithstanding the example they set, and it was only under the Sassanians, when Mazdeism became the religion of the State, that they won this point also. The slow triumph of the elaborate Magian ceremonial, which was at first intolerable to the mass of the people, can indeed be dimly traced through the Achaemenid period. Introduced by Cyrus, it reigned supreme for a time with the usurping pseudo-Smerdis. Checked by Darius, it seems to have resumed its progress under Xerxes; at least it was reported that it was to carry out Magian principles that the latter destroyed the Greek temples and idols. A further advance marked the reign of Artaxerxes Longimanus; then came a prolonged period of prostration and persecution, the attempted destruction

of all the Avestan documents by fire being ascribed by Parsi traditions to Alexander—the precise rôle, it will be remembered, attributed to the emperor Ching-Wang in the Chinese annals. After six centuries, however, of discountenance and humiliation, there came a time when national interests required a national religion. Then, as happens in every revolution, the ultra party, that had shown most firmness under pressure, and had pushed to the extreme principles common to all, took the lead; the Magi ascended the throne with Ardeshir, one of their pupils, and the Magian observances became the law of all Iran. But their victory, as we have said, was not to be a long one. Their principles and injunctions required an effort too continuous and severe to be ever made by any but priests, who might concentrate all their faculties in watching whether they had not dropped a hair upon the ground. A working people could not be imprisoned in such a religion, however majestic might be its theological dogma, and however pure and high its ethical precepts. For the consciences of many the triumph of Islam was a deliverance, and Magism, by enforcing its minute and elaborate observances on a whole nation, brought about the ruin of its dogmas, which were swept away at the same time. A remnant of the old communicants, who held fast the ancient faith, were driven, about the ninth century, to take refuge in the mountains of Kohistan. After dwelling here some hundred years, the fugitives were again hunted to the island of Ormus, and some thirty-five years later they settled on the Indian mainland in the neighbourhood of Surat, where their wanderings came to an end. Here they established the Parsi community, which has continued to uphold the Mazdean religion to our own day.

How much of the Magian writings current in Achemenid times has come down to us across the gulf of twenty-two centuries? According to the Parsi tradition, the first Sassanian monarch, Ardeshir, gathered from all parts of the land a great assembly of Mobeds (as the priests had then come to be called), to the number, according to some legends, of 40,000, and from their memory and recitation of the Scriptures so much of the latter as was not forgotten was then collected and committed to writing. Here, again, we have a precise analogy to the restorative rôle ascribed to the emperor Wen-ti, of the Han dynasty, by the Chinese historians. It is averred, however, that the fragments recovered formed but a very small part of the original Zoroastrian documents, as out of the twenty-one *nosks* or books only one was said to have been preserved in its entirety, to wit, the Vendidad. Under Shapur II. the canon of the Parsi sacred writings seems to have been definitely fixed in its present form by a holy man named Adarbad, at a date nearly identical with that of the Nicene Council which formulated the Athanasian Creed. The whole body of canonical scriptures known as the Avesta includes, besides the moral and ceremonial code (Vendidad), of which Mr. Darmasteter gives a translation in this volume, the Vispered and the Yaçna, which may collectively be described as liturgical collections. The so-called Gathas, however, which are comprehended in the Yaçna, are religious lyrics, and constitute the oldest and most interesting part of the whole Iranian Scripture, their relation to the rest being compared by Prof. Whitney with that of the Vedic hymns to the later Brahmanic literature. The remaining portions of the sacred writings, such as the Yeasts and other short pieces employed in invocation and praise, are of relatively small consequence, and are collectively designated by the term Khorda Avesta, or Lesser Avesta.

Now what was the religion of the Magi, which, reflected in the Avesta, has come down to our own time, and is still cherished by the Parsis of Bombay? The dogma of Magism as propounded in the sacred text is thus summed up by Mr. Darmasteter. The world, such as it is now, is twofold, being the work of two hostile beings—Ahura

Mazda (Ormazd), the good principle, and Angua Mainyu (Ahriman), the evil principle. All that is good in the world comes from the former, all that is bad in it comes from the latter. The history of the world is the history of their conflict, how Ahriman invaded the world of Ormazd and marred it, and how he shall be expelled from it at last. Man is active in the conflict, his duty in it being laid before him in the law revealed by Ormazd to Zoroaster. When the appointed time is come, a son of Zoroaster, yet unborn, named Saoshyant, will appear, Ahriman and hell will be destroyed, men will rise from the dead, and everlasting happiness will reign over the world. Meanwhile, however, everything in the heavens or on the earth is engaged in the conflict. Whatever works or is fancied to work for the good of man, or for his harm—for the wider spread of life, or against it—comes from, and strives for, Ormazd or Ahriman. On the one side are arrayed legions of angels, on the other armies of fiends. Animals also are enlisted under the standards of either the one spirit or the other. In the eyes of the modern Parsis they belonged either to Ormazd or Ahriman according as they are useful or hurtful to man; but so far as the Avesta throws light upon this subject they seem to have been classified originally according as they had served as incarnations of the God or of the fiend, as they chanced, that is, to have lent their form to either in the storm myths. To kill an Ahrimanian animal was to wound Ahriman himself, and sin could be atoned for in this way. On the other hand, to kill an Ormazdian animal was an abomination. We have said that the elements of earth, fire, and water were conceived as emanations of Ormazd, and their defilement was consequently pronounced a sacrilege.

Man, according to his deeds, belongs to Ormazd or to Ahriman. He is a holy one, "a man of Asha," if he offers sacrifice to Ormazd and the archangels, if he helps them by good thoughts, words, and deeds, if he enlarges the world of Ormazd by spreading life over the earth, and if he makes the realm of Ahriman narrower by destroying his creatures. If he does the contrary he is a "foe of Asha," a "demon," a confounder of Asha. The man of Asha who has lived for Ormazd will have a seat near him in heaven, whence he will go out at the end of time and live a new and all-happy life on the earth, freed from evil and death. On the other hand, the souls of the unbelieving and evil-doing were not deemed worthy of that blessedness, though it seems to be uncertain whether they were conceived as destroyed with the body. According to Prof. Williams, the whole moral code of the Avesta may be condensed into six words, *viz.*, good thoughts, good words, good deeds, and these again may be compressed into the one word "Asha," righteousness.

Other doctrines noted by Prof. Williams are the following: A man was to be rewarded hereafter not according to his belief in any particular religious dogma, but according to the perfection of his thoughts and works. He was gifted with free will; he was not the slave of fate or destiny; his sin was on his own head, and no vicarious sacrifice or substitute was to be accepted. Neither was salvation or religious merit procurable through self-mortification. The Hindu idea of torture self-inflicted with the object of securing future beatitude had no place in the Zoroastrian system. On the other hand, it must be said that the devout student of the Avesta who should try to obey all the minute injunctions and prohibitions set forth in the Vendidad would pass an intolerable existence. It would seem that his whole life must be spent in shielding himself against the machinations of Ahriman and the powers of evil. He knows, of course, that their capacity of working mischief is greatly enhanced by any impurity of thought, word, or deed—this is the wholesome and bracing side of Zoroastrian ethics; he is further taught, however, that in order to be demon-proof a man

must be perpetually on his guard against the slightest fortuitous defilement of his body. He must be diligent in the recitation of certain texts and formularies. He must be careful to wear a sacred shirt made of linen or some fine white material. He must gird himself with a sacred white girdle, coiling it round his body in three coils, tying it round him in a particular manner and with a particular knot, taking it off and restoring it five times a day, with the due repetition of particular prayers in the sacred Avestan language. Neither did such elaborate personal purifications and observances constitute the sole or the heaviest tax on a Zoroastrian's thought and time; fire, earth, and water, being symbolical of various attributes of the godhead, must be carefully protected from defilement. A Magian in the reign of Nero refused to go to Rome by sea lest he should defile the liquid element. The Magi are said to have overthrown a king for having built bath houses, inasmuch as they cared more for the cleanness of water than for their own. Fire was esteemed the purest offspring of the good spirit, and in every place where Parsis are settled an everlasting fire is kept, whose only function is to repel the fiends with its bright blazing. If the necessities of life oblige a Zoroastrian to employ fire for profane uses, it must be only deemed a temporary exile on his hearth, and must be transferred thence to the altar of the Bahram or ever-living flame. No gratuitous and wanton degradation must be inflicted upon it. Even blowing it with the breath of the mouth, as in smoking tobacco, is a crime. Cremation, as we have said, is placed in the Avesta among those sins for which there is no atonement, and therefore it was that Cambyses aroused the indignation of his Persian, or perhaps we should say of his Median subjects by burning the corpse of Amasis. Not less holy than fire was the earth, according to the Vendidad, although, as we have seen, this teaching of the Magians was long rejected by the Persians.

It was because a goddess was thought to live in the earth that it was held no corpse should defile her sacred breast, wherefore interment of the dead is also ranked by the Avesta among inexpiable offences. Another source of infinite trouble and anxiety to the Zoroastrian must be mentioned, to wit, the necessity of treating with the most scrupulous veneration all animals which fall under the good creation, especially bulls, cows, cocks, and dogs. It was safer to kill a man than to serve bad food to a shepherd's dog, for the man-slayer got off with ninety stripes, whereas on the former offence the Vendidad imposes a penalty of two hundred stripes. The same punishment was awarded if a man threw on the ground a bone of a dog's carcass as big as two ribs, and six hundred stripes were inflicted if a man threw down a dog's skull. The killing of a shepherd's dog was punished with eight hundred stripes, and that of a water dog with ten thousand. We cannot, of course, suppose that such punishments were actually inflicted, unless we believe human endurance to have been different in ancient Persia to what it is elsewhere. Mr. Darmesteter infers from an allusion in the Pahlavi translation of the Avesta that these bodily chastisements had been converted into fines by the time the Vendidad received its last revision. In later Parsiism every sin has its value in money fixed, and Herodotus noticed the same principle of pecuniary compensation in the Persian law of his time. That the imposition of fines did not wholly suppress, however, the infliction of bodily penalties is proved by the customs of the modern Parsis, who apply both, and by the Pahlavi commentary on the Avesta, which distinguishes three sorts of atonement, *viz.*, by fire, by stripes, and by cleansing.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter of Mr. Darmesteter's book is that in which he traces the successive transformations which the dogma of Mazdeism has undergone from its remote cradle on the Pamir highlands to our own day. In the common groundwork of the Avesta and the old Vedic hymns, in their joint fund of dogma, we recognize the

primitive religion professed by the early Aryans prior to the Indian and Iranian migrations. We find in this a latent monotheism and an unconscious dualism, both of which in the further development of Indian thought slowly disappeared, to be replaced by an extravagant polytheism. Mazdeism, on the other hand, lost neither of these two notions, nor did it add a new one, and its original impulse was to cling strongly and equally to both ideas, and push them to an extreme. When the Magi had accounted for the existence of evil by the postulation of two principles, there arose the question how there could be two coequal principles, and a longing for unity was felt, which found its satisfaction in the assumption that both are derived from one and the same principle. This was, according to divers sects, either space or fate or infinite light or boundless time. Of most of these systems no direct trace is found in the Avesta, but they appear to have existed in the time of Aristotle, and after the Moslem conquest the reversion to pure monotheism seems to have been gradual but decided. It is certain that the present Parsis are strict monotheists, and, notwithstanding the recognition of dualism in the Avesta itself, their one supreme deity is Ormazd or, Ahura Mazda. According to Haug, their views of Ahriman in no wise differ from what is supposed to be the orthodox Christian view of the devil. We are even told that some years ago, when an English missionary was engaged in controversy with the Parsis, some of his opponents repelled the charge of dualism by denying to Ahriman any real existence, and making him a symbolical personification of bad instincts in man.

M. W. H.

UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN is a remarkably interesting work by Miss Isabella L. Bird, a dauntless traveller and keen observer. We quote a brief extract from a notice on her work which has just appeared in the *New York Tribune*:—

"We should be glad, if space permitted, to describe in detail the extraordinary journey of this extraordinary woman. Climbing mountain ranges in fierce rain-storms and dangerous freshets, crossing pestilential and swampy plains under a hot, debilitating sun, scrambling with the aid of her hands down stony bridle paths, fording torrents, pushing through jungles in which she could not see her horse's head, marching when she could not ride, wet to the skin, splashed with mud from the feet to the eyes, scratched and torn, bleeding from the stings of tormenting insects, and suffering all the while from a spinal disorder which forced her every now and then to stay a few days in some dismal *yadoya* where rest was out of the question, she braved all difficulties and discouragements, finding the route as she went along, getting to places which everybody told her she could not reach, seeing everything on the way, crossing to the northern island of Yezo, and there crowning her enterprise by a sojourn among the savage Ainos, remnant of the aboriginal inhabitants of Japan. Lodged in the hut of a village chief, she studied the character and manners of this rude, irreclaimable, drunken, but not quite unlovely race with the same care and enthusiasm which she had expended upon the civilization of the southern part of the empire. To appreciate the hardships of her tour it is necessary to know something about the horrors of a Japanese kitchen. The native dishes can be swallowed and digested by very few foreigners, and only after long practice. Over ninety kinds of fish are eaten, boiled broiled, or raw. Bonito, whale, highly salted salmon, strips of live carp and of other fish, are consumed raw. Fowls and farmyard ducks (only allowed where the Buddhist teachings, of the sacredness of life have ceased to be observed) and various wild birds are cooked by boiling after being cut into small pieces. Quail, woodcock, and pheasant are broiled on spits.

Vegetables are of almost endless variety, but tasteless. The consumption of cucumbers is enormous; beans of fourteen kinds are grown for food; rice and millet, with a vegetable called *daikon*, are the staple diet of the poor. The *daikon*, according to Miss Bird, is one of the most appalling things in Japan. It is a root, somewhat like a magnified white radish, as thick as a man's arm and from one to two feet long. 'It is slightly dried and then pickled in brine with rice bran. It is very porous, and absorbs a good deal of the pickle in the three months in which it lies in it, and then has a smell so awful that it is difficult to remain in a house in which it is being eaten. It is the worst smell I know of except that of a skunk!' Pickles of many kinds are extensively eaten, but the *daikon* is found everywhere. Bamboo shoots, the bulbs of lilies, the roots and seeds of the lotus, and dried sea-weed, are among the other curiosities of the table. A vegetable oil used in cooking fish is hardly less offensive than the *daikon*. Milk and butter are not employed, and the cooks apparently are not over-particular about the quality of eggs. Miss Bird was told that it was most ridiculous and disgusting that anyone but a calf should milk a cow. The cows wear straw shoes, and a white cloth stamped with blue dragons is suspended under their bodies to protect them from mud and insects. There is a vast consumption of insipid sweetmeats largely compounded of rice-flour, coarse sugar, and beans. The best fruit is the persimmon. Grapes, oranges, peaches, apricots, plums, pears, apples, melons, etc., have but a poor flavor. The only native drinks in common use are tea, hot water, *sake*, or rice beer, and *stronchiu*, a form of alcohol taken cold at odd hours. Foreign liquors, however, and their counterfeits are extensively sold in the towns, and drunkenness is not rare. Tea is prepared by pouring hot (not boiling) water over the leaves and immediately draining it off, without allowing it to stand. Our custom of adding milk and sugar is considered horrible."

As the cows are not put to what most people consider their legitimate use, it seems a waste of time and trouble to supply them with shoes and aprons. But Japan would appear to be a country of contradictions, for Miss Bird summarizes her experience thus—"An Imperial throne founded on an exploded religious fiction, a State religion receiving an outward homage from those who ridicule it, scepticism rampant among the educated classes, and an ignorant priesthood lording it over the lower classes; an Empire with a splendid despotism for its apex and naked coolies for its base, a bald materialism its highest creed and material good its goal, reforming, destroying, constructing, appropriating the fruits of Christian civilization, but rejecting the tree from which they spring—such are among the contrasts and incongruities everywhere!"

A PRETTY little blonde who is decidedly hard up is having her hair dressed.

"That is lovely hair you have," says the coiffeur; "if you ever wanted to sell it, I'd give you 200 francs for it."

"Two hundred francs for my hair?" cries the young woman; "why didn't you ever tell me so before? Take it!"

The artist does not need to be told twice, but with two dexterous slashes of his shears removes the golden fleece.

"Ciel, how hideous I look without any hair!" exclaims the young woman justly indignant at her aspect; "I must have a wig made. How much'll you charge me for one—a nice one, but not too expensive?"

"Three hundred francs, madame!"—*Charivari*.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE Emperor Alexander of Russia sleeps at last! far better, poor man, than he has slept for many a year! Imagine the horror of getting up and lying down, of travelling, eating, and working, with the fear of the Nihilists ever before your eyes! The death that ends such a life can hardly fail to be welcome, even though it deprives one of the Empire of all the Russias.

May the dead Emperor's son and successor adopt a safer and wiser policy, live out the full measure of his days, and end peacefully at last!

If the Czar's death had occurred a little earlier, it would doubtless have caused a postponement of the bridal festivities at Berlin, for which great preparations had been made. Queen Victoria's new granddaughter is a simple little maiden, unused to court life, and she must have found the ceremonies which introduced her to her new life rather trying, but the future Empress of Germany must habituate herself to court and state.

THE disastrous fire at the Opera House at Nice, whereby one hundred persons lost their lives, recalls a similar calamity that occurred some five or six years ago at the Brooklyn theatre, in the United States. The edifice became ignited during the performance of the "Two Orphans," and two hundred and fifty people were burnt or trampled to death.

M^{LLE}. AUCLERC is laboring energetically for woman's rights in France. She has many real grievances to complain of, and it is certainly absurd that the country reputed gallant beyond all others should place a wife and her possessions absolutely in the power of her husband, and deny to woman the right to own or manage a paper. Is it because Frenchmen consider St. Pélagie an unsuitable lodging for a woman, or do they fear that a lady editor might express her opinions with undesirable frankness and yet deny to her adversaries the satisfaction of calling her out?

M. MENIER, the prince of chocolate manufacturers, is dead. In France chocolate—especially the prepared tablet—plays a far more important part than it does with us. It is both a portable and sustaining article of diet, and M. Menier has done well not to carry away with him the secret of his process for its preparation.

It appears to be not only not unlikely, but extremely probable, that before long, in this land of the sun, solar heat will be utilized to such an extent, as a motive power, as to render the employment of coal very much more restricted than at present. This is the substance of what has been recently stated regarding a machine for utilizing the sun's rays devised by M. Pifre, and which has apparently superseded a very ingenious contrivance of a similar kind invented by M. Mouchot. M. Pifre's machine is, it is affirmed, capable of utilizing 80 per cent. of the heat of the sun's rays in Paris, and he has actually constructed an engine with which he pumped water to a height of ten feet at the rate of twenty gallons per minute. As in M. Mouchot's engine, a reflector receives the light and

concentrates it upon a boiler, which in this case contains ninety gallons of water, which on the occurrence of a clear Paris sky begins to boil in about forty minutes, and in a few minutes more has sufficient pressure to drive the engine working the pump. If so much can be accomplished in Western countries what may not be expected in Eastern ?

H. C. V.

The Office of the "ORIENT" is removed from No. 107 to No. 2, Girgaum Back Road, opposite the bungalow of the late Hon. Morarjee Gokuldas.

"THE ORIENT."

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A FIERY ORDEAL.

A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

(Written expressly for the ORIENT.)

[CONTINUED FROM NO. IV.]

CHAPTER XIV.

THAT same evening, but an hour or more before the arrival of the priest and his companion at the prison, a young woman weary and dusty had stopped an official off duty who was sauntering across the Place de la Roquette.

"Is that the place where they keep the men who are to be guillotined?" she asked.

"*Oui, ma petite,*" answered the man, struck as much by the girl's air of simplicity as by her trembling lip and evident anxiety. She was not a pretty girl. Her eyes were too prominent; the tints of her hair and complexion were too dull for beauty; her figure was uncouth and unbecomingly clad, and her feet would have been pronounced unusually large had there not existed a providential doubt as to whether they really filled her clumsy shoes. Beauty or no beauty, however, she was a woman and young, and the man she had accosted would have considered it inconsistent with his reputation for gallantry if he had refused to enter into conversation with her.

"Is M. Lamirault there?" she said, pointing to the prison, while two tears rolled down her sunburnt face.

"Not that I am aware of. I know no one of that name."

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, "you came out of the prison. You have authority there. Let me see M. Gandin!"

"My good little girl, do you take me for His Majesty the Emperor, or for the *préfet de police*? Pierre Gandin is condemned to death, and these good people here seem to think he will be executed to-morrow. It is not so

easy as you think to penetrate to the condemned-cell. You must take your chance with the rest, and if it is for to-morrow you may catch sight of him on the scaffold ; if it is not, you will still have had the satisfaction of standing on your feet all night viewing the outside of his prison, and the spot at which he will without doubt suffer at some future time."

"You are laughing at me, monsieur," said the young woman sadly, "but if you were as unhappy as I am I would not laugh at you."

"*Dame !* It is my way," retorted the *gardien* ; "I have no wish to offend you, but it was really too amusing, your request that I should at once procure you an interview with the condemned. Come, wipe those pretty eyes, and tell me what it is that has vexed you, and driven you to seek consolation by a view of Pierre Gandin. Has your lover been unfaithful, or refused to conduct you to the ball on Sunday ?"

"Monsieur," exclaimed the girl, who was no other than Louise Nodier, "for the love of God tell me what Pierre Gandin is like !" and she raised her swimming eyes to the man's face.

"Height five feet seven ; figure muscular ; hair light ; eyes small, color blue ; forehead low ; nose flat ; mouth ordinary," he said, repeating word for word the description that had been taken when Pierre entered La Roquette.

"Have you ever seen him when he was angry ?" asked Louise breathlessly.

"No, have you ?"

"Often when he has beaten me ; or at least," she continued, correcting herself, "some one like him."

"*Comment ?*" he ejaculated, completely puzzled. "First you state that you have seen him often when he was angry, and then you say you have seen some one like him. Decidedly I shall begin to think your little head is not very solid."

Louise appeared able to give but very limited attention to anything that did not directly bear on the subject of her anxiety, and she went on as if her companion had not spoken.

"Then you never saw his mouth and chin work so ?" and she made a clumsy attempt to imitate the twitching of Pierre's face.

"Pardon, many times," he said.

"It is my Charles, then, my Charles," she sobbed, "whose head they are going to cut off to-morrow."

"*Voyons*," said the keeper, who bore among his comrades the nickname of "Gros Jean." "Compose yourself, and explain it all to me. We are attracting attention ; let us walk down that quiet street, out of the way of these people," and he indicated the *Rue des Folies*.

Louise was crying bitterly, and it was some time before she was able to satisfy her companion's curiosity. "Indeed, sir, he did not do it," she said at length, "he was incapable of doing such a dreadful thing, but I am afraid that must be my poor dear Charles in there. You see, many weeks ago, just as our lilac bush was in flower, Charles went on a journey, and he never came back yet. I worked hard, I wanted to have money laid by, and everything in order for his return, and I was lonely and couldn't leave the house to go out, but I thought every morning he would come before night, and be glad to find the place so clean, and the business going on well. This morning early I was washing, and a neighbor, the *épicière* at the corner, came in with a bit of old newspaper in her hand, and said she wanted to read it to me.

"'Leave it,' I said, 'till I have done washing, or tell me about it,' for it is none of her business if I do not know how to read, but she made me listen to it, because she wanted to hear if I knew any one who was like the man who murdered the woman, and who was going to be executed. She made me feel queer and frightened by her ways before she began, and when she had done my knees knocked together, and I had not strength enough left to lift the clothes in the wash-tub, but I would not say I thought it was Charles, and I locked up the house and came to Paris by the next train. And now, monsieur, won't you put me somewhere, and let me see him for a minute? If you only would, it might not be Charles at all, and then I should be so happy!"

"Indeed, *ma pauvre enfant*, if it depended on me, you should see him," answered soft-hearted Gros Jean, "but it is impossible without an order from the prefecture, and it is too late to procure one. Take my advice; sleep at some quiet little hotel, and go to the prefecture to-morrow, tell them your tale, and you will get an order to visit the prisoner."

"But they say he is to be executed at dawn. Are you sure it is not for to-morrow?"

"I cannot be sure, but that is my impression," he said, turning his head aside, and looking with considerable interest at a low deserted-looking and dilapidated building with a large double door, which apparently had been closed for many months, as flourishing tufts of grass grew just where the heavy gate opening outward would have scraped the earth and destroyed them.

In that building was kept the guillotine.

"And you would have me sleep," exclaimed Louise, "when my poor *ami*, who has been so good to me, may be going to die to-morrow!"

"You acknowledge, my child, that he has beaten you, a good little woman like you; and if your friend is Pierre Gandin, there is no doubt

that he is an assassin, whom you would do well to forget as soon as possible."

"He never did it," cried Louison, "or if he did he was mad, and I would not be the one to reproach him, when he must feel so sorry, so sorry!"

Gros Jean began to think his *protégée* altogether unmanageable, but, being at heart a good-natured fellow, he took her into a restaurant and gave her a *bouillon*, which she swallowed in a dazed way, and with it some tears that fell into the bowl.

"That's right, that's right," said the keeper, patting her encouragingly on the back. "You look a hundred times better than you did. Now I hope you will be wise and take a little room in the next house, which is a respectable place, and go right to bed. After all, this may be a mistake, for there was nothing said about Montargis in the trial, that I remember."

"Perhaps he did not want me to know that they thought he was a murderer," exclaimed Louise, showing in this instance a perspicacity which was not usual with her, hers being one of those dim intellects that are only capable of borrowing occasional lucidity from the heart.

"Perhaps he is not Pierre Gandin at all. Then, you see, if this lover of yours should go home and find you not there, and hear you had taken him for an assassin, he would not be best pleased."

"It would only be a beating; but he will never beat me again," and she indulged in a fresh burst of tears.

"*Drôle de fille, va!*" exclaimed Gros Jean. "I believe you like him all the better for beating you."

"No, but all men have their faults, and he had so few."

"Poor little thing, he must have a pretty hard heart who would make you feel the stick. Why, you are just the sort to work like a horse, and you would be a good-looking little girl too if you were dressed like other people and had a quiet mind. But I must not stay here any longer; it is time I was back at the prison. Don't you pass your night among all those *vauriens* on the place, *avec ça*, that they will only be able to catch the merest glimpse of the criminal, even if he is executed;" and having paid for the *bouillon*, which was all his companion could be persuaded to take, he bade adieu to her, trusting she might follow his counsel and seek a room and repose.

No such intention, however, had poor little Louison. Her simple affection for the unworthy Charles fought against her growing conviction that he must indeed be no other than Pierre Gandin, and the horrors of a night passed among the crowd at the Place de la Roquette seemed to her nothing in comparison to the suspense which now lay an uneasy load on her heart.

So she retraced her way to the prison, and took up her station as near as she could penetrate to the four great stones that had been pointed out to her as concealing the sockets which were to receive the uprights of the dreadful machine. She found the first few hours agreeable when compared to her position as the stars came out. The crowd increased hourly, surging and pushing, to wrest from those in front the better places that they had obtained by their earlier arrival; for the police could do little more than keep a passage open up the Rue de la Roquette and to the wicket of the prison.

An hour before midnight the stars disappeared, and the gathering clouds warned the people that a severe wetting might add to their discomfort. Just about this time, however, a whisper ran through the multitude which appeared to produce a cheering effect. Some one brought the news that a light was to be seen shining through the cracks of the building that contained the guillotine, sure sign that work was going on within.

"*Dieu merci !*" said a stout female of dissolute aspect who was leaning on the arms of two youths immediately behind Louise. "I shall not have had my trouble for nothing, and worn out my poor legs standing here two nights, without seeing the execution at last. Roll me a cigarette, Jacques. I'll take a smoke on the strength of it, and hope the odor won't incommode you, little one," she added, tapping Louise familiarly on the shoulder.

"Not at all, madame," Louise meekly responded,

"Why, the child is crying," she exclaimed, "just now, too, when we have acquired the certainty that the spectacle will come off! That's not reasonable. I was thinking you must have a strong desire to witness it, seeing you have come from your village and stationed yourself here without even bringing a cavalier, though there are plenty to be picked up if you want one. I, you see, have brought my two *bâtons de vieillesse* with me, but I can't spare you one."

"The little *campagnarde* can lean on me if she wishes it," said a stout blouse-clad workman on Louise's right as he slipped his arm round her.

"Please, sir, I had rather not," she sobbed. "If you knew why I came here, you would not think I wanted to pick any one up."

"Come, don't cry, and tell me all about it. It will help to pass the time till morning. I suppose now those little feet and limbs of yours are tired with standing so long. That's it, isn't it?" he rejoined, delicately alluding to Louise's substantial members.

"We are all of us fools," said an elderly man near, "to leave our good warm beds and stand out in the rain all night for a sight that will not last half a minute, and which we shan't see much of, if the morning happens to be dark or misty."

By twelve o'clock the rain was coming down heavily, and Louise's white cap was soon soaked, and clung, limp and soft, to her head. Her neighbor, having, with commendable foresight, brought with him a waterproof cape, managed to shelter her shoulders a little, but he qualified this attention with so many advances that the simple girl, unable to escape from him, told her story as her best protection, and made a timid and awkward appeal to his pity.

"*Faites excuse*," he said. "A man is not apt to respect a woman he sees at a place like this, but you had a better motive in coming than we others, and you have nothing more to fear from me, or from any one else as long as you are near me."

Unfortunately, the creature behind had caught some words of the conversation, and hastened to inform those near her that the young countrywoman knew the criminal, and at the same time intimated that she was dissatisfied with her surroundings, or, in other words, thought herself contaminated by the presence of Louise.

"Will you hold your tongue, *la grosse mère*," said the workman, turning on her suddenly. "It is easy to see what you are, bringing those grandsons of yours here. You had better keep quiet if you don't want to be trampled to death. *Histoire de blague*," he added in louder tones to those around him, "invention of mine to pass the time. The little one is a *payse* of mine, and I take her under my protection." He was as good as his word, and during the long hours of that miserable night was unobtrusively kind to the poor girl, sheltering her as he could from the rain and the crush of the crowd, and offering to share with her the slight refreshment he had brought in his pocket, and of which he himself partook with much gusto, though, as he said facetiously, it was difficult to know how to dispose of the sausage skin, or of apple cores and other small refuse, unless he deposited them in a neighbor's chignon, or dropped them down the back of a youth who wore his father's coat, and beguiled his leisure by cat-calls, invitations to Gandin to appear, and cries similar to those by which the gallery in a third-rate theatre endeavors to hasten the rising of the curtain.

"*Viens, Gandin*," he shouted, "and welcome thy friends who are come to see thee."

"*De la part de Mamselle Moreau*," answered another voice, and there immediately arose a chorus of clappings and laughter that must have been audible to the doomed wretch within the prison.

"Hast thou a pain in thy throat, Pierre, my friend? Come then that we may offer thee a gargle," screamed another small wit anxious to distinguish himself.

"At least there is at hand a remedy that will penetrate to the seat of evil," retorted a woman, who at the next lull in the tumult, bitten apparently by a patriotic sentiment, began to sing the Marseillaise, which song, much affected since the war began, was taken up by innumerable voices, and rang out shrill on the night air, until the patriotic vein was exhausted, and it gave place to other popular melodies or to coarse wit.

And, amid the tumult, Louise, as if in a dream, thought of Montargis, of her household duties, and of the rare little acts of kindness she had received from Charles, much as if he were a superior being who condescended to stoop down to her level. Occasionally he had bought her a trinket. Once only he had gone out with her, and coming late through the street, when there was no one to see them, had given his arm to his little servant. That day was the brightest spot in their life together, and stood out in agreeable contrast to the other days, when he never supposed she could need rest or amusement, never any relaxation but serving the customers and waiting on him, no change but that of his boots thrown at her instead of the stick that had saluted her back yesterday. Poor little Louison had known much of want and misery, and taken as a matter of course the ill-treatment of the man she loved; and now, as she stood pressed and squeezed by the crowd that had come to see him die, her tears mingled with the rain, as she thought she might never more prepare his soup or coffee, minister to his wants, and bear with his harshness.

Despairingly she clung to a shadow of hope that the criminal might be some other than her Charles; or even if he were Charles, that the execution being delayed another day, she might find time to see him once more and assure him of her faith in his innocence. This last hope, however, faded completely away when the military arrived, and, pressing back the people, formed a hedge around the spot about to be occupied by the guillotine. Louise's trembling limbs would have proved inadequate to support her if the pressure of the crowd and the arm of the good-natured countryman had not borne her up. As for the well-supported lady in the rear, she dared sneer no more, so greatly did she fear some further remarks from his malicious tongue, that might bear unpleasantly on her age or personal appearance, especially as she was conscious that in the dim light of the early morning she was not looking her best; for the rain had damaged and disseminated the color on her cheeks and eyebrows, and her flimsy bonnet rivalled in limpness the cap worn by poor Louise, having suffered as severely by the falling torrent as its less pretentious neighbor.

At last a murmur of awe and expectation passed like a breeze over

the multitude. Jokes and jeers were hushed for a moment, and amid sudden and fearful silence the blood-red instrument of punishment was drawn to its place, and the workmen began their task of securing it there.

CHAPTER XV.

Meanwhile within the prison most of the keepers maintained a more than ordinary quietness of demeanor, and repressed any unseemly jests that might rise to their lips. It is true that the prisoner inspired them with little sympathy, and those who had been near him since his condemnation were inclined fully to endorse the judgment of the tribunals. Still a human life was about to go out in terror and darkness, and prison etiquette, as well as some deeper feeling, induced them to regret the tumult without, and to show what indulgence they could to the man who was to leave at once the prison and the world at dawn,

Once after a second long interview with the prisoner the priest and the doctor spoke alone together, and M. Magloire reproached his young friend as keenly as it was in his nature to do. "I never dreamed," he said, "that during your visit to the poor wretch you intended to do more than ascertain his physical state and the peculiarities of his constitution, and lo, on my return, I find him frantic with terror because you have told him the head may live and suffer after its separation from the body."

"There he is wrong," answered Grégoire, "I expressly stated to him there could be no suffering—in mercy to his fears going against my own convictions. Make yourself easy, father; anything he may endure now will be largely compensated to him then by the power I possess of abridging his torture. Besides, the gain to science may be incalculable, and to-day's experience abolish the brutal punishment of the guillotine."

"Surely," the priest exclaimed, "decapitation is the most merciful of capital punishments, which, I fear, we shall not yet see abolished. You would not have us imitate the atrocious custom of our neighbors the English, and hang the criminal, that his quivering form may present a lengthened and horrible spectacle for such a crowd as we hear without?"

"Yes and No. Hanging is a merciful death for the victim. Decapitation is merciful only to the spectators, but I would have no spectators except the few required by the law. I would allow no one to degrade himself by witnessing an execution as an amusement, a simple gratification of a taste for the horrible and the cruel. I once knew a man who passed some years in the United States of America, where, as you are perhaps aware, the people are wild and lawless, brutalized probably by

their continual combats with the aborigines, and accustomed to carry always revolvers and knives which they call 'bow vis.' (M. Grégoire's ideas of America and the Americans were, like those of many of his countrymen, novel and striking rather than correct.) "Well, my friend slept one night in the hut of a trapper who was accused of having killed a fellow-hunter, and was awakened out of his first sleep by the arrival of men with blackened faces, who hung him to a tree outside the door. It was not, however, written that his life should end in this manner, and, while he was still indulging in those contortions of which you spoke just now, the real culprit was captured, and the executioners cut poor Méricourt down, urged thereto perhaps by a love of justice, perhaps by the fact that they had not a second rope and were anxious to make short work with the other. Some charitable person applied restoratives, and, his neck not being broken and asphyxia incomplete, he recovered, and told me, as he will willingly tell you, that in spite of his contortions he was only sensible of sinking into a sweet sleep, a sensation produced, no doubt, by the pressure of the blood on the brain, to which, in spite of the cord around his neck, it found free passage, while its return thence was impeded, if not completely stopped."

"I do not see why it should not flow as readily one way as the other."

"Doubtless not; permit me to say, with all respect, that you are not an anatomist, or you would be aware that the blood flows from the heart by way of the arteries, which are protected from the rope by the bones of the neck, whereas the veins by which it returns find themselves greatly compressed. This, then, is the explanation of the pressure on the brain, which, in hanging as well as drowning, produces agreeable rather than painful sensations, something comparable to a voluptuous sinking to repose."

"Are you sure," asked Father Magloire dubiously, "that your friend is a reliable man?"

"Quite sure, but I spoke of him only because I happened to be acquainted with him." Numerous other witnesses have recorded their experience of hanging. They all aver it to be a painless death, and science sees every reason to believe them."

"Ah, but on the other hand," objected the priest, "you cannot prove that to die by the guillotine is painful, since none have returned from decapitation to offer us their experience."

"There you have hit on the knot of the difficulty, *mon père*. It is in vain scientific men who have studied the question declare that the brain is the seat of sentiment, and as long as it is nourished by warm blood it can think and feel. Their testimony does not convince the masses, who would be ready at once to believe in the sufferings of the severed head if they

could be brought to acknowledge its consciousness. Then the clamor of the people would soon procure the abolition of the horrible guillotine. Father, you cannot think I willingly inflicted one extra pang on the unfortunate who is about to die, and you must see that his increased fears of death will be compensated a thousand times by the boon I may obtain for humanity."

"I see but one thing, my son. You have endeavored to do evil that good may come of it. In his last moments that poor creature will turn to you for help, rather than to his Creator. He will lean on your weak arm of flesh, rather than the almighty arms which he should have prayed might be stretched out to aid him. Do you know that now his one thought and desire is that you should render him insensible before the fatal knife falls, and he has implored me with all the energy of despair to prevail on you to do this."

Grégoire shook his head, and the priest continued, "If—I shudder to think of it—he should be conscious after the execution, are you able to keep your engagement, or in the interest of expediency did you make a false and cruel promise to draw from him some sign on the very confines of the grave?"

"I can keep my promise."

"How, by chloroform?"

"That is my secret, but I do not mind telling you that chloroform enters the blood by way of the lungs, and being more than doubtful of its effects on a head severed from the body I shall take surer means of accomplishing my end. Promise me, M. Magloire, that, in the name of humanity, you will observe what happens after the execution. I shall speak to the prison surgeon, who is to be present, before the fatal moment, and I can also count on the testimony of some of the officials as to what takes place."

"I will look, if I have the strength to do so; and, whether the sign appears or not, the memory of this unfortunate will haunt my dreams for months. I must go to him now, and I know not if it will be well to tell him you absolutely refuse his prayer."

"Say to him what you think best, and try to forgive me for having preferred the welfare of hundreds to the tranquillity of one individual."

M. Magloire shook his head and looked doubtful. He found it hard to believe that life could for an instant retain its hold after the disorganizing stroke of the guillotine, and he regarded Grégoire's zeal in the light of youthful and misdirected enthusiasm.

And so the night wore on; the hours and minutes yet remaining to the doomed man falling from him as unceasingly as the drip, drip of the rain outside, and dwindling away still when, towards morning, the sky cleared and the rain was over.

Was it to show the reserved strength that lies hid in the meanest natures that as the fatal moment approached Pierre grew firmer and stronger, and bid fair to falsify the expectation of the keepers that he would have to be carried to the scaffold?

"It really looks," said Gros Jean, "as if he would do himself credit and walk out decently after all."

"He will do better than that," answered Grégoire, "He will yet prove himself a benefactor to his kind, and his last moments may do much to wipe out the darkest pages of his record. I am convinced we shall be able to say of him that 'nothing in his life became him like the leaving it.'"

M. Magloire, surprised by the change in his penitent, comforted and ministered to him to the end, but Grégoire saw him no more until the executioner and his *aides* invested him with the *camisole de force*, and bared his neck by cutting away his collar and hair. Then from the pale lips of the criminal came a request for the doctor, and Grégoire approached him.

"You will keep close!" he said, showing no more signs of agitation than the deadly pallor and twitching of his face.

"I will. God bless you and help you!" answered the young doctor earnestly, remembering only that the man before him was about to die.

Another instant and they all felt the fresh morning air, and stood in the presence of the now rapt and silent crowd, from which, however, one woman's wild shriek went up as she caught sight of the prisoner's face. Useless to describe the horrible and blood-red machine, with its oblique knife and its two baskets half filled with sawdust, one to receive the body, and the other, placed beyond the fatal blade, for the head.

A glimpse was all the crowd saw of the criminal, as he appeared for an instant upright against the *bascule*. The next second, reversed, it bore his head into the collar, and the contact of the upper half as it descended drew from him the last sound ever uttered by the victim of the guillotine. There is no cry when the great knife like a flash descends and does its deadly work; while from hundreds of hearts among the least debased of the spectators rises the silent prayer, "Lord have mercy upon his soul!"

For M. Magloire, delicate as his health already was, the agitation of the night proved too much, and a long fainting fit followed the execution.

"I have drawn up an attestation," said Grégoire as soon as the priest had recovered. "These persons have already signed it, and I come to you to know if what you observed will enable you to do as much. It states simply that a sign, agreed on before death, was given by the

severed head immediately after the guillotine had done its work. Will you affirm from your own observation that this is true?"

"I will not only affirm its truth," answered M. Magloire, "but I will acknowledge that the awful intelligence I read in the eyes will haunt me to my dying day. Ah, if you can abolish the horrible guillotine, a great and noble work lies before you!"

"Unfortunately, father, I must wait. To plead my cause now, when all hearts and all thoughts are busy with something else, would be to lose it. But this war once over, and calm and prosperity restored to France, I promise you that you shall not accuse me of want of energy. I will leave no stone unturned in the interest of the unhappy creatures doomed to capital punishment, and at present to tortures horrible to contemplate."

CHAPTER XVI.

And now to retrace our steps and return to Mme. D'Allaire and her projects. Mme. D'Allaire could not but feel that her indiscreet zeal had carried her so far in her negotiations with Mme. Delpeau that it would be a most unpleasant task to draw back; and yet having promised to repeat her visit, she thought herself bound to do so, even if she had not owed some explanation to her friend.

The evening that followed her conversation with her son was passed in perplexity and anger, and as she perversely enumerated to herself all the advantages of the rejected alliance she felt her regret ever on the increase. Should she go to Mme. Delpeau and acknowledge that she had made her proposition entirely without her son's consent, or should she allow it to be supposed that Maxime capriciously declined what he had so recently desired to possess? Both alternatives were equally disagreeable to her, and she finally decided to consult a mutual friend, and abide by her advice in the matter.

"Are M. Maxime's objections based on any dislike to poor little Adèle?" asked Mme. Gilson when she was acquainted with most of the facts of the situation.

"Not at all, he has not even seen her since she was four or five years old. My dear friend, I am sorry to be obliged to confess to you that Maxime has taken up some foolish romantic notions, and he looks upon marriage unless prompted by love as no better than a legal prostitution, those are his own words."

"Then I cannot think the case is desperate. You have only to bring the young people together, and as hearts at their age are like tinder,

requiring but a spark to set them alight, I have no doubt they will fall in love at first sight."

"But," said Mme. D'Allaire, who was conscious she had done her friend the wrong of asking her advice without revealing to her all the facts of the case, "he absolutely refuses to take any step liable to be construed into an advance."

"Naturally. That only proves that we must take it for him. Listen ; the Delpeaus dine with us next Tuesday, my husband's fête. If you and your son will do us the honor to come also, that will afford the desired opportunity for the meeting."

"But," objected Mme. D'Allaire, "if after the meeting Maxime should still remain obdurate, my position towards Mme. Delpeau would be still more delicate than it is now. She might think I had trifled with Adèle."

"Hardly, for Mme. Delpeau, at this early stage of affairs, cannot have been indiscreet enough to take Adèle into her confidence, and if she has done so, she cannot expect you to be responsible for it. Even should the worst come to the worst, and the meeting not have the good results we hope from it, we can surely find some pretext that would account for your withdrawing, such, for instance, as a medical opinion that the health of M. Maxime is really too precarious to admit of his marrying," said Mme. Gilson, who, having no more matches to make in her own family, delighted in scheming for others.

As for Mme. D'Allaire, a combat was going on in her mind between her great desire to see the matter in as hopeful a light as possible, and her dread lest Maxime should not be vanquished by the charms of Mlle. Adèle, which she was not inclined to estimate very highly.

"Dear friend," she said at last, "I must confess the whole truth to you."

"I thought you had already done so."

"Not quite ; Maxime has an idea, which may be perfectly erroneous, that Mlle. Adèle is not blessed with very good health. What is your opinion on the subject?"

"Ah ! That, then, is the secret of his objection to the match. Reassure yourself, Adèle may be delicate, but she certainly is not unhealthy. I grant that she is frail in appearance, but how often have we seen young girls whom a breath apparently would blow away develop into stout and comely matrons. Adèle is the living image of what her mother was at her age. However, *chère madame*, if you have the least hesitation, we had better push the matter no further, and I will willingly undertake to help you out of your little embarrassment, and to disengage you completely with Mme. Delpeau."

"Indeed," exclaimed Mme. D'Allaire eagerly, "I never had any

doubt or any hesitation. Pray do me the justice to believe that. It is my earnest wish to see the affair arranged, and to gain the dear child for my *bru*."

"Then, depend upon it, your best plan is to accept my proposition. There is no need to decide at once. You can think it over, and let me hear from you between this and Tuesday, and you may count on my discretion to give as little appearance of design to the affair as possible," said Mme. Gilson, who prided herself on her tact and skill as a hostess.

It is not difficult to guess the result of Mme. D'Allaire's reflections. She contrived, without much trouble, to persuade herself that the game was not altogether desperate, and that it was worth while to run the chance of another discussion with her son, who, if youthful hearts were not quite the tinder Mme. Gilson represented them to be, could not fail to be indignant at the trick played on him, especially as he had explicitly stated his resolution. It was then with a little uneasy fluttering at her heart that Mme. D'Allaire looked up from the devout pages of the "Imitation" on the following Sunday afternoon, and took the first step in the path she had decided to follow. "My son," she said, as she endeavored to remove an infinitesimal stain on the window curtain, "you must hold yourself at liberty for Tuesday night. I had almost forgotten to tell you that I had accepted an invitation to dine with M. and Mme. Gilson.—Really the bird must be banished to the kitchen if it splashes the curtains in this way. Troublesome little creature!—You will not forget half-past six on Tuesday?"

"Who is to be there besides ourselves?" asked Maxime, whom the invitation surprised a little, for they were not in the habit of dining with the Gilsens.

Mme. D'Allaire listlessly turned the leaves of her book as she replied, "Oh, Mme. Lebrun, and probably a friend of hers. I have not the least doubt but that the dinner will be choice, for she is an excellent house-keeper, and M. Gilson likes a good bottle of wine. At any rate it will make a little change."

"It would be very well if we were only able to return these civilities. As it is I would rather not have gone; however, you will perhaps like the change," said Maxime; and Mme. D'Allaire, glad to have gained her point so easily, allowed the subject to drop, though it is sure that speculations as to what Tuesday might bring forth seriously impaired her rest and appetite during the next two days, and made her feel that the path of the schemer is not strewn with roses.

Of course her anxiety greatly increased when the decisive moment

had arrived, and she preceded her son up the flights of well-polished stairs which led to the second-story *appartement* of her friend.

"Is my collar straight, and has much dust settled on my bonnet?" she inquired as they reached the last landing.

"You are charming, as usual," said her son gallantly, with his hand on the bell rope.

"One instant before you ring, my dear Maxime. My son, you will remember that Mme. Gilson is a very old friend of mine, and respect any of her little prejudices even if they run counter to your own," said Mme. D'Allaire, who dared not bespeak her son's indulgence in more explicit terms.

"*Chère mère*, you seem to be under the impression that I have accepted Mme. Gilson's invitation simply to fight her notions, or to stuff mine down her throat. Set your mind at rest, I am not fond of polemical discussions, and certainly shall not engage in them to-night," and Maxime laughed as he pulled the hart's foot that hung at the end of the bell rope.

MAGNETISM.

[CONTINUED FROM NO. IV.]

WHEN it becomes quite clear to an individual that he possesses what we have already spoken of as magnetic aptitude, he should endeavor to look at the position as calmly as possible, allowing no spasm of exultation, no sense of vain-glory to carry him away. Serenely, reverently, and as secretly as possible, he should take up the privileges and duties of his lot, not casting to the winds prior engagements and ties, but changing his way of life slowly, if he changes it at all, and holding on to what is pure, true, and just.

Purity should be especially cultivated—not only purity of deed and thought, but freedom from physical stain or soil. His bath should be commodious; his raiment spotless; and his sleeping-place airy, clean, and free from ill odors, and as elevated as possible—a place where the air of heaven enters freely, and brings to the sleeper rest and magnetic strength. All that has previously proved detrimental to health must be eschewed. In the use of spirituous drink the strictest temperance must be observed, and the diet must be wholesome and ample. If he could escape the law that condemns life to sustain itself by the sacrifice of other life, the gain would be enormous. Unfortunately from that law there is in this world no escape. Every breath he draws destroys life, every mouthful of fruit or vegetable that he swallows teems with living organizations, and even his

own blood floats myriads of living atoms on its current. Still, although he cannot escape the law, there is merit and mercy in abstaining from animal food as far as it is possible to do so, as well as from all sports that entail suffering on living creatures.

Innocent amusements and good society are salutary, and healthful exercise, taken in pure air, and bringing the organization into full play, is absolutely necessary, and generally instinctively sought. Riding or walking to meet the early breeze, solitude under the forest trees, where no voice is heard but Nature's, no sound but those made by bird or insect; movement beneath a starry sky, or when the dying light marks the end of day, all bring calm serenity and magnetic strength, and at the same time joy so pure and satisfying that he who has once drunk deep of the draught will drink again and again, and always with the same pleasure; for nothing contributes as much to bring the physical, mental, and moral powers into that perfect harmony and serenity which should become their normal state, and which is essential to magnetic power.

The harass and worry of business must be avoided, and the magnetizer will cultivate his powers to little purpose unless he is tolerably free from pecuniary cares. Business will open the way to a thousand temptations to use his growing gift for sordid ends and personal profit. Woe to him if he yields to the temptation, if he loses sight of the shining mark that is set on high, and diverts the waters of life to petty and unclean uses! for in that case a poisoned cup will meet his lips instead of the nectar he might have quaffed. The flower will wither in its bloom, and the evil will be great in proportion to the good that might have been.

"For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

Sensitive and susceptible to outside influences, the novice must guard against irritability, an infirmity to which he is liable in the beginning of his career. Let him avoid causes of irritation when it is possible to do so, and if they cannot be avoided, let him call all his powers of self-control to his aid, conquer himself, and stand firm in the midst of the storms that may break around him, regarding all things at their just value, and turning not from his path for gain or glory, praise or blame. The struggle may be a sharp one but it need not last long, and he can soon rise beyond the moral atmosphere in which these things have power to vex him. For he who gazes upon the sun will hardly give much heed to tapers lighted around him. He has but to look up and the greater light will swallow the lesser, and illuminate crosses and sorrow so clearly as to show their trivial and transient value.

You will ask me perhaps for technical rules, what are the books to be read, and the practices to be followed.

As far as books are concerned I am compelled to answer that there are none from which reliable information can be gained.

Magnetizers who have advanced some distance on their road have never written their experience, not so much because the science seals their lips, as because they are aware that only those who follow them very closely on the same road could understand them, and that these persons stand in no need of their teaching.

Most professors find a difficulty in teaching their art to persons completely novices ; the unskilled ear and eye must be trained, the hand and mind guided, little by little, to skill and comprehension. The pupil must begin at the alphabet of the science, and toil laboriously upwards ; but fancy how greatly the difficulty would be increased if there were no alphabet, and if between knowing nothing and knowing something there existed a gulf which it required the creation of what we may call a new sense to bridge.

In a world completely blind, without even the perception gained by association with others who see, who could undertake to teach the rules of color and perspective ? The most learned and the most minute explanations would be alike of no avail, and one could hardly blame an inhabitant of that imaginary blind world if he asserted boldly that color and perspective did not exist, since they were so entirely out of the range of his experience, and of that of his fellows.

The writers on magnetism have got a step beyond the blind man. They believe that there is something, and pretend to know what it is. They grope and guess, and babble, divining something of the duality of magnetism, something of the more common phenomena of healing and clairvoyance, but they are powerless to direct these things with any certainty, and they know not that they are but the froth that floats on the great ocean of truth lying unsuspected beneath. Some writers on magnetism are honest, and they may one day know more, but when they do they will cease to teach. Others are both ignorant and dishonest, and all build up systems on insufficient foundations, and grasping a straw that floats upon the flood think they hold the pivot of the universe.

Books on magnetism can be of little use to the neophyte. They may serve to keep his mind fixed on the subject, but that is about all they can do. For their writers have not themselves magnetic insight, their presumptions are often baseless, and their facts are such as are accessible to any philosophic investigator and experimenter.

If, then, books are well-nigh useless, and teachers not to be had, we turn

to practice as our last resource, and in this direction alone lies the road to success. The path is neither a wide nor an easy one, but it is possible to those possessing magnetic aptitude, and to no others. Even those most richly endowed must eschew selfishness and conquer themselves before they can hope to secure more than the elementary gift, which is often beyond their comprehension and control. Such as it is, however, let them strive to use it, trying to heal suffering and failing ignominiously to-day, trying again to-morrow and succeeding, sometimes obtaining a partial result only, sometimes none, but still pressing on, never elated nor discouraged beyond measure, and still experimenting, seeking, and striving; using passes, the touch, the eye, as an aid to concentration, and gradually becoming aware that they are nothing more, and that it is not they that work the cure, but some power hidden behind them which makes them its outlets, and can after a while dispense with their aid, if it is so willed.

When the aspirant has followed this road for a time he will find another one branching from it. Carlyle has said, "Man is what we call a miraculous creature, with miraculous power over men; and on the whole, with such a life in him, and such a world round him, as victorious Analysis, with her Physiologies, Nervous-systems, Physic and Metaphysic will never completely *name*, to say nothing of explaining." And Carlyle is right, man's influence over man is great, and infinitely increased by the practice of magnetism; but let the young magnetizer, still struggling amid the shoals and quicksands that beset the commencement of his career, beware how he uses this power, since its use is full of danger, and may lead him into he knows not what folly or weakness. I would say to him, Wait to influence the mind and will of other men until you are yourself better, purer, and stronger. Keep to the safe path of magnetic healing. Spend your time and strength for others without thinking of recompense or reward, unless it be the reward of greater power for good. Cultivate serenity and cheerfulness. Follow the rules already laid down. Improve your health, for in magnetism the bodily powers must concur with the mental. Work patiently in singleness of heart, and some day you may wake up and say "I see!" When that day comes the riches that allure other men you will count as dross. Their treasures, their honors, their renown, will weigh no more with you than thistle-down. You will know which things are real and which are shadows, and stretching out your arms towards everlasting truth you shall cry aloud and it shall come down to you, and with it a peace deep as the ocean, calm as moonlight, and for the first time and for ever your soul shall be satisfied.

THAUMA.

THE PEACEMAKER.

A FABLE.

THE sunlight peeping through the trees
 Danced gaily on the brook,
 And 'neath the bank a happy fish
 Had found a sheltered nook.
 Under the broad green lily leaves
 In calm content he lay,
 Or like a gleam of silver flashed
 Amid the eddying spray.
 Peaceful and joyful were his days,
 At night secure his rest ;
 But ne'er was life of man or fish
 Ever completely blest.
 A lovely bird of brilliant hue
 Perched on a neighboring tree,
 Oft pitied him, and chirruped low
 How sad his lot must be !
 Not his the empire of the air,
 Not his on eager wing
 To sail upon the quickening breeze,
 Or soaring upward spring.
 In lieu of nest on swaying branch
 His was the prisoning wave,
 The chill cold flood alone was his,
 His cradle, home, and grave.
 Vainly he told of finny joys,
 Of sport for fishes meet,
 Of sparkling flood and glancing sun,
 And prey so small and sweet ;
 For still the bird proudly extolled
 The empire of the air,
 And scoffed at him when he declared
 The stream a realm as fair.
 The morning hours passed one by one,
 The noontide heat was o'er,
 But the dispute of bird and fish
 Grew hotter than before.
 An umpire should solve the point
 Which neither foe would cede ;

And a kind chance soon sent to them
 An umpire in their need.
 A lawyer's cat, astute and keen
 As lawyer's cat should be,
 Strolling about in search of prey
 Was quick their case to see.
 Wise did she look, and soon proclaimed
 A sure solution found,
 'Twas clear, she said, the combatants
 Must meet on neutral ground.
 The fish should gain yon shallow flat,
 The bird upon his back
 Should strive to raise him in the air,
 Watched by the umpire cat.
 So well Puss watched the combatants,
 And in such crafty wise,
 That struggling bird and fish became
 Her legal, lawful prize.
 Adieu ! adieu to shadowy nook,
 And prey so small and sweet !
 Adieu to nest on swaying branch,
 Or flight on pinions fleet !
 In place of all that had been theirs,
 Of all that might have been,
 Only a torn and mangled fin
 And blood-stained plumes were seen.
 The lawyer, lingering near the spot,
 Looked on in chuckling glee,
 In the cat's trick a prototype
 Of his own trade to see.
 No strife so bitter but the law
 Can cure it branch and root,
 And bring sweet peace, by swallowing up
 The cause of the dispute.
 Then peace must come, and strife will end
 Without a shade of doubt ;
 For who can fight when there remains
 Nothing to fight about ?

(R. B.)

QUAINT old Fuller says : " Let him who expects one class of society to prosper in the highest degree while the other is in distress try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched."

THE WISDOM OF THE ARYANS.

INDIA was once the richest in wisdom of all countries on the face of the globe, as she is in her natural resources. There was a time when we, as represented in the persons of our great ancestors, were truly noble; a time when the sons and daughters of this land, this vast continent, were thriving intellectually, morally, socially, and politically; a time when we had an original civilization, an influence, and a situation in the known world; and, as our history, recorded and unrecorded, amply proves, we had reached a point of elevation, beyond which it seems we could not go, even as the resplendent sun rises in the east, and with all his radiant glory and grandeur marches onward and onward until the noble luminary attains the zenith, and then gradually sinks to the level of the very same horizon from which he first emerged.

Such has been the case with us. Such has really been the history of the rise and fall not only of this land of the illustrious Bharat, but of every other historical country on the face of our planet.

It is equally certain that the current of civilization and progress travelled from the east to the west. Men like Sir William Jones, Colebrooke, Muir, Professor Max Müller, and other great workers in the field of antiquarian research and Oriental learning, who devoted their whole lives to the discovery of the past treasures of India, have established the truth of this proposition beyond dispute. The current of light marched over Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, Gaul, and the British Isles; and as it advanced further in the West it appears to have swollen into a torrent, gathering many little rills in its way.

And while it is a delightful task to ponder over the history of civilization in general, the Indian mind becomes overwhelmed with sad feelings when it discovers how that which was once a magnificent structure, a splendid edifice, was brought down, slowly but surely, to a dilapidated condition, and reduced to ruin by the cruel hand of Time—Time the great Reformer and the great Destroyer!

Our ancestors had successfully cultivated many departments of knowledge. We learn this truth from our acquaintance with the Sanscrit language, for Sanscrit is the language in which they have embodied their thought. The study of it, therefore, is a necessity to every one who would wish to verify and realize the true greatness of the ancient Aryans. Their grammar is unrivalled. The sciences of etymology and philology they knew well. Logic, the science of law, music, medicine, mathematics, astronomy, were familiar subjects with them. In poetry and speculative philosophy they are, it may be said without much exaggeration, still unrivalled. And yet pity it is that the majority of our countrymen have had no real idea of what master-minds they were who lived some thousands of years ago, except perhaps some vague superstitious notion of their divinity imparted by tradition. Professor Max Müller has said that no nations have cultivated grammar independently and originally except India and Greece. The fact is too well known to be told that the perfection of Sanscrit grammar is without a parallel. It shows the keenness of the Aryan intellect.

How concise are the rules of Pánini, the illustrious father of Sanscrit grammar ! how elaborate the commentaries thereon of Patanjali ! So also with regard to inductive logic. We have many original works on it. The same learned authority and able Oriental scholar attributes the invention of the syllogism to the Aryans and to the Grecians ; he even goes so far as to surmise that the latter borrowed it from the former. In the department of speculative philosophy the Aryans may be said to be unrivalled as yet by any other nation. We had so many schools and such able and voluminous writers that the thinkers of the 19th century humbly bow down their heads in reverence before them. A learned *savant* of the West has justly said :—"India is a nation of philosophers!" European scholars give their overwhelming testimony in proof of this assertion. The venerable Shankar Acharya, well known as a staunch supporter and almost the founder of the Vedantic school, is still universally admired for the subtlety of his arguments, and often for the force of his logic, while the mind of the commonest reader of his works is charmed by the native beauty of his style.

The science of mathematics was cultivated to perfection, as the system of our astronomy amply proves. We all know how accurately our native astronomers make their mathematical calculations when they predict the times of the eclipses. Considering that their observations were unaided by such scientific instruments or apparatus as the modern improved telescope, we cannot but wonder at their intellectual power. Our Bhaskar Acharya, who is said to have visited Arabia, and even Egypt and Greece, with a view to make astronomical observations, and to obtain more knowledge of "the science of the stars," can well be compared to the immortal Newton of Europe. "No one science," says an author, "so perfectly illustrates the gradual growth and development of the powers of human genius as astronomy. There never has been a time when astronomy did not present problems not only equal to all that man could do, but passing beyond the limits of his greatest intellectual vigor. Hence, in all ages and countries, the absolute strength of human genius may be justly measured by its ability to unfold the mysteries of the stars." *

It will appear, therefore, clear that no thoughtful person can deny to the Indians of former times the possession of much intellectual activity. The variety of subjects upon which they wrote prove that almost every science was cultivated among them, while the contents of their philosophical and law books indicate the depth of wisdom possessed by their authors compared with the writings of any nation flourishing at that time. In these respects the deterioration has been great and general throughout the country.

The decay of Hindoo learning may be dated from the Mahomedan conquest, and elevated as was the height, so deep has been the fall of national science in this country.

In all the sciences which contribute towards extending our knowledge of nature in mathematics, mechanics, and astronomy, *arithmetic** is of elementary use. In whatever country, then, we find that such attention has been paid to the improve-

* Vide "India and the Hindoos," by F. De W. Ward.

ment of arithmetic as to render its operations easy and correct, we presume that the sciences depending upon it have attained a proportional degree of perfection. Such improvement we find in India. While among the Greeks and Romans the only method for the notation of numbers was by the letters of the alphabet, which necessarily rendered arithmetical calculation extremely tedious and onerous, the Hindoos had, from time immemorial, employed for the same purpose the ten ciphers or figures, and by means of them performed every operation in arithmetic with the greatest facility and expedition. The Arabians, not long after their settlement in Spain, introduced this mode of notation into Europe, and were candid enough to acknowledge that they had derived it from the Hindoos. "The Hindoos," observes Mr. Ward, "are, as a nation, very correct accountants."

About the year 1150 of the Christian era a learned sage of India wrote a work which, in honor of his daughter, he called "*LILAVATI*." This volume contains treatises on *arithmetic* and *geometry*. The geometrical part of the work contains the celebrated proposition that the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the squares on the sides containing the right angle. And among other propositions the one which discovers the area of a triangle when the three sides are known. The same author wrote a learned system on *algebra* which had great repute, and was translated into various Eastern languages, and finally in the year 1813 into English. Another Hindoo work on algebra had for its author Arya Bhatta, who lived in or before the fifth century of the Christian era, and was almost as ancient as the Greek algebraist Diophantus, and the ripe scholar and learned Orientalist Colebrooke has instituted a comparison between the Hindoo and the Grecian algebraist, and finds reason to conclude that in several most important respects *the latter is very far behind the former*.

Trigonometry was also studied at a very early period, as appears from the *Surya Siddhanta*, which contains a very rational view of this system.

There is also evidence to show that our ancestors had some knowledge of chemistry, mineralogy, and botany, though they do not appear to have been pursued as separate sciences. From the discovery of various treatises in Sanscrit on the different branches of medicine we learn that the science of medicine too was cultivated with great attention, patience, and perseverance. Nor was the science of metallurgy wanting to make up the series in connection with medicine.

Such was the wisdom of our ancestors, and such their scientific pursuits. Wonderful heads they had, and equally wonderful was their perseverance, their energy, their self-abnegation, and their love of knowledge. Our later generations compared with these literary giants seem but pigmies and dwarfs indeed! Look at the voluminous *Mahâbhârata* of Vyâs, the continuous commentaries of the great Sayanâchârya and his still greater brother Mâdhava-chârya on Vedic literature. The scribe labored at getting them copied for years and years together, night and day. We are frightened at the very sight of these mountain-like volumes—these tremendous works—these creations of the pure spirits of our ancestors.

G. W. KANITKAR.

THE SATI.

AMONG the many touching records of the courage and devotion of Hindoo women, I think none more worthy of quotation than the following passage from Val. C. Prinsep's "Imperial India." After speaking of the heroism of the Rahtors who defended the infancy of the great Ajit, of the hopes which should be entertained of a country which, like India, has produced such men as Ajit and Doorjadas; of the murder of Ajit by his son and successor; and of the visit to the Marwar fort, where the gateway bore many rough impressions of little hands silvered over, and recording the *satis* performed by the ladies of the ruling family, who had probably not been out of the zenana for years until they made their last sad journey to the Chatries of Mundore, and their horrible death, he says—"Listen to the description my friend Karna, the bard, gives of the *sati* performed after the death of Ajit.

"On Asar the 13th, the dark half-moon of 1780 (A.D. 1728), 1,700 warriors of the eight ranks of Maroo for the last time marched before their lord. They placed his body in a boat (a vehicle shaped like a boat) and carried him to the pyre made of sandalwood and perfumes, with heaps of cotton, oil, and camphor. But this is a subject of grief, how can a bard enlarge on such a theme? The *Nazir* (chief of the zenana) went to the *rawala* (zenana), and as he pronounced the words "*Rao Siddoe*," the Chohani queen, with sixteen damsels in her suite, came forth. "This day," said she, "is one of joy. My race shall be illustrious. Our lives have been passed together; how, then, can I leave him?"

"Of a noble race was the Bhattiani queen, a scion of Jessul, a daughter of Berjung. She put up a prayer to the Lord who wields the discus. "With joy I accompany my lord; that my fealty (*sati*) may be accepted rests with thee, O Krishna!" In like manner did the gazelle of Derawal and the Tuar queen of pure blood, the Chaori Ranees, and she of Shekhawati, invoke the name of Heri, as they too, determined to join their lord. For these six queens death had no terrors; but they were the affianced wives of their lord.

"The curtain wives of affection, to the number of fifty-eight, also determined to offer themselves as a sacrifice to Agni. "Such another opportunity," they cried, "can never occur if we survive our lord. Disease will seize and make us a prey in our apartment. Then why quit the society of our lord when, hap what may, we must fall into the hands of Yama, for whom the human race is but a mouthful? Let us leave the iron age behind us." "Without our lord even life is death," said the Bhattiani, as she bound the beads of *toolsi* round her neck, and made the *tilac* with earth from the Ganges. While thus each spoke, Rahoo, the *Nazir*, thus addressed them:—"This is no amusement. The sandalwood you now anoint with is cool; but will your resolution abide when you receive it with the flames of Agni? When this scorches your tender frames your hearts may fail, and the desire to recede will disgrace your lord's memory. Reflect, and remain where you are. You have lived like Indrani, nursed in softness amid flowers and perfume; the winds of heaven never offended you, far

less the flames of fire." But to all he said they replied, "The world we will abandon, but never our lord." They performed their ablutions, decked themselves in their gayest attire, and for the last time made obeisance to their lord in his car. The ministers, the bards, the family priests, in turn expostulated with them. The chief queen, the Chohani, they told to indulge in affection for her sons Abhye and Bakhta, to feed the poor, the needy, the holy, and lead a life of religious devotion. The queen replied:—"Kooni, the wife of Pandu, did not follow her lord; she lived to see the greatness of the five brothers, her sons; but was she to be envied? This life is a vain shadow, this dwelling one of sorrow; let us accompany our lord to that of fire and there close it." The drums sounded, the funeral train moved on. All invoked the name of Heri. Charity was dispensed like falling rain, whilst the faces of the queens were radiant as the sun. From heaven Umia looked; in recompense for such devotion she promised they should enjoy the society of Ajit in each successive transmigration. As the smoke emitted from the house of flame rose to the skies, the assembled multitude shouted "Khaman! Khaman!" ("well done, well done!") The pile flamed like a volcano. The faithful queens laved their bodies in the flames, as do the celestials in the lake of Mansurwar. They sacrificed their bodies to their lord, and rendered illustrious the races whence they sprang. The gods above exclaimed "*Dhun! Dhun! Ajit!* who maintained the faith and overwhelmed the Asures!" Savitri, Gouri, Sarasvati, Gunga and Goomti united in doing honor to these faithful queens. Forty-five years, three months, and twenty-two days was the space of Ajit's existence when he went to Amrapoora, an immortal abode."

UNDER A SHEET.

WHAT a terrible night! Does the night, I wonder—	I know not why, it is strange and fearful,
The night, with her black vail down to her feet	But I am afraid of her, lying there,
Like an ordained nun—know what lies under	She who was always so gay and cheerful,
That awfully motionless snow-white sheet?	Lying so still, with that stony stare.
Do the winds that I hear with that horrible howling	She was so like some grand sultana,
Over the pine-trees shrieking so?	Fond of color and glow and heat—
Do the clouds that seem like a fiend-face scowling,	To lie there clothed in that awful manner
Do they dream or know?	In a cold white sheet!
Why, here in this room, not a week, or over—	She who was made out of summer blisses,
Though it must be a week, not more than one—	Royally gracious and tropical fair,
I cannot reckon of late, or discover	To lie there and stare at my fondest kisses—
When one day is ended or one begun—	God! no wonder it whitens my hair.
But here in this room we were laughing lightly,	Shriek, O wind, for the world is lonely;
And glad was the measure our two hearts beat,	Frail clouds vail to the sunlight's feet,
And the royal face that was smiling so sweetly	For all that I prized in life is only
Is under that sheet!	A shape and a sheet.

OVERREACHING.—Nobody is more certain to be overreached than your sharp fellow. If nobody else overreaches him, he is very sure to overreach himself.

I'VE ALLUS PAID MY DEBTS.

(By R. BATES.)

CHAPTER II.

"Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one :
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone."

TEN minutes later Mr. Agnew reached the gate again, but nothing suspicious was to be seen now. In vain he cast a scrutinizing glance round, peered into ditches and looked behind trees. He tried the gate carefully, and ascertained that at the angle at which it had been when he passed through, it would not remain open of its own accord, but manifested a strong tendency to swing to, and it could not have been opened wider, for a large stone lay behind it and barred its further passage. The plain inference then was that some external agency had retained it in the position in which he had found it, and this inference was entirely borne out by the evidence of his own senses. He had seen the old woman as distinctly as he ever beheld anything, and yet it was clearly impossible that she, old and infirm, could have reached the cottage and reseated herself during the short space of time he had occupied in running thither. The whole thing was inexplicable except on the ground of a delusion on his part, and as such he tried to think of it and dismiss it. No effort of will, however, could prevent an uneasy sensation of walking in his sleep, and this sensation was increased when descending a hill between two hedges a voice he had not heard for years fell on his ear. He rightly conjectured that the sound came from the occupant of a vehicle mounting the ascent in the opposite direction, and an instant later a pony carriage turned a bend in the road and stopped before him; the driver was Mrs. Winter, wife of the rector of the neighboring parish of Stonebridge, and her companion and visitor was Miss Eleanor Lewis, the daughter of the Lord Bishop of S—.

In very many hearts there is an unsuspected locked-up chamber, a holy of holies, in which only one image dwells, one name is inscribed. Such a sanctuary Walter Agnew possessed, and visited sometimes to dream of the joys that had seemed almost within his grasp, and of the life that might have been his with Eleanor for his wife. She was not mercenary, he knew that, and almost fancied he could have won her to share his poverty years ago, when he was a curate in the city where she lived; but her parents could not be expected to approve such an imprudent choice, and he would expose her to no combat between love and duty, trust to no doubtful hope of preferment, but leave her at once, lest some of the weight of his sacrifice should fall upon her. The effort was a great one, but the event seemed to prove him right, for he was a curate still, poorer than ever, his salary small, and made still smaller by the wants and miseries of those around him.

And now she was visiting in the neighborhood and they met again, and a tumultuous swelling of that rebellious heart of his warned him that future meetings were dangerous and best shunned. The resolution he took to avoid her was firm no doubt, and would have been carried out, but that Miss Lewis secretly formed one at least as firm, and diametrically opposed to his, and she possessed the immense advantage of feeling her determination and desires go hand in hand.

Of course she triumphed. They accidentally crossed each other on the country roads, and passed an hour together at the Plumstead Sunday school ~~where~~ from which the curate could hardly absent himself, and where he did not expect to meet Miss Lewis and Mrs. Winter, and Sir Samuel Milner in close attendance on the Bishop's daughter. Mr. Agnew had renounced all hope for himself, and should have been glad to see so unexceptionable a candidate in the field; but he was only human after all, and finding himself an alternate prey to bitter jealousy and to the fascinations of Miss Lewis his good resolutions failed him, and he accepted an invitation to dine with the Winters the following week.

The appointed day came, and he entered Mr. Winter's dining room with Eleanor, a vision of snowy loveliness, on his arm. How—when there were so many more distinguished gentlemen present—she came to be assigned to him he could not understand, unless indeed the young lady had intimated to her hostess her desire to be placed next to her old friend. The mere suspicion of such a proof of preference for his society filled Mr. Agnew with immoderate delight, and for the moment almost made him forget that the choice was fraught with danger to his self-control. Well, this would be their last meeting before her departure, and he must be forgiven if he gave himself up for once to an enchanting dream, in which the hum of conversation, the well-chosen viands, the lights and faultless service formed an agreeable background to other and subtler delights. Unfortunately all was shadowed occasionally by the thought that the hard and dreary waking was so near.

"Miss Lewis appears to be well acquainted with Mr. Agnew," said Mrs. Purcell, the wife of the Plumstead vicar, when some of the gentlemen had already rejoined the ladies in the drawing room.

"Very well, indeed, I think," rejoined Mrs. Winter, who was perhaps in the confidence of her guest, or at any rate had fathomed the situation. "How well they look together! I don't know if he is exactly handsome, but his face is singularly attractive, and she is the dearest girl in the world."

The hostess's duties carried her away, but Mrs. Purcell had been quick to seize the idea conveyed in Mrs. Winter's words, and her husband's curate rose immeasurably in her estimation, now that there was ever so remote a chance of his becoming the bishop's son-in-law. No longer, in the bosom of her family, would she mildly ridicule his shabby attire, or his eccentricity in befriending the least interesting poor of the parish; already a nimbus of wealth and preferment decked his unconscious brow, and jokes at his expense would savor of profanity.

Meanwhile poor Agnew was living in the present without the slightest hope

that the future held for him anything but separation and sacrifice. He was lingering near Miss Lewis as she sang, and vibrating to every note of her contralto voice. It was poison perhaps, but still poison of which he expected to get so very little more that he may be pardoned for drinking in the present supply somewhat greedily. All too soon the evening drew to a close, and hardly had the first few guests departed when the rain, which had been falling for several hours, increased to a deluge. This was of comparatively little consequence to those who were provided with close carriages, but Mr. Agnew had come on foot, and saw himself under the necessity of remaining where he was or returning in the same manner, since the Purcells, the only people going in his direction, had not a vacant seat in their vehicle. Mrs. Winter pressed him to remain the night, and he accepted her hospitality, since it would have been madness to walk three miles, thinly clad, through dark and miry lanes, with a torrent descending on him.

It was a fatality, he said to himself, as, after throwing off his coat and cravat, he leant back in a chair in the room allotted to him. He had been guilty only of accepting the invitation; fate had done the rest, and forced him to pass the night under that roof. He quieted his conscience by resolving to leave Stonebridge immediately after breakfast on the morrow, and then began to review the events of the evening.

Had Miss Lewis been merely rejoiced to talk again with an old friend, or did her cordiality mean more than that? He repassed the evidence over and over again, coming, with a lover's proverbial inconsistency, first to one conclusion and then to another, and feeling convinced only of one thing—she did not favour Sir Samuel's pretensions. That conviction he held fast to, and exulted over it extremely. Some hours passed swiftly away, and still he sat there, oblivious of the bed near him. The candle had burnt out, but the storm was over, and the moonbeams streamed into the room and lit up the lawn outside. A dark mass of shrubbery was within his range of vision, but he was too absorbed to notice a figure creeping along its edge, did not even see the figure swiftly cross a narrow light space, every step bringing it nearer to the house, till a harsh low sound, suspiciously like the action of a file on an iron bar, did convey to his mind an impression that there were rats at the rectory, but the sound ceasing his thoughts at once went back to more interesting subjects. Even the creaking of a stair beneath a stealthy foot he explained by the supposition that some of the household were about, and it was not until the faintest of whispers was heard in the corridor that the grating sound became invested with a new meaning, and he was aroused to interest and attention.

There were burglars in the house and she was in danger, that was the probable solution of the mystery, and his first impulse was to ring his bell violently and then dart out upon the enemy; but an instant's reflection told him that he might have some trouble in finding the bell rope or the matches, and that it would be

ridiculous to alarm the household without more definite certainty of danger, so he slipped off his shoes and groped around him for arms. None were to be found, for even the fire-irons had been removed, and as no time was to be lost he resolved to sally forth defenceless.

It is no easy task to open an unfamiliar door noiselessly, but Mr. Agnew was fortunate enough to accomplish the feat, and seeing a light glimmer round an angle of the corridor moved carefully in that direction. Either the floors at the rectory were solidly constructed, or the emergency lent him address, for, no, crazy board or unfortunate stumble betrayed his passage, and in an instant he was looking in at the half-open door of a lumber room from which the ray of light that caught his eye had proceeded. Trunks and disused furniture were there, but the burglars (two in number), apparently disdaining such plunder, were attempting to force a locked inner door, one holding a dark lantern while the other plied his tools. Not an instant had the clergyman to decide on the best plan of action before the man with the lantern, warned perhaps by some movement, flashed the light on him, uttered the one word "Run!" and both endeavoured to dash past him. One succeeded and flew along the corridor and down the stairs, the other Mr. Agnew seized, and struggling with him shouted "Thieves! burglars! help!" Backward and forward they swayed, up and down the passage, on the whole getting nearer to the head of the stairs, for although they were about equal in strength, the robber was rendered desperate by seeing his chance of escape thus cut off. Finally an effort he made to trip up his captor resulted in their falling to the floor, just where the bright moonlight from the window that lighted the staircase streamed full upon them. Mr. Agnew was undermost, but in spite of this disadvantage he did not relax his hold. A stir in the house had answered his calls; help was coming, this was no time to give way, it was but a little more pommelling and struggling—Eh, but it might be more, the mad-dened captive had drawn his knife. Mr. Agnew saw it uplifted, gleaming in the moonlight, knew that his life was in deadly peril, and then another actor appeared upon the scene. The form he had seen by the meadow gate bent over them, her hand guided rather than restrained the burglar's arm, the knife descended swiftly, firmly, but it barely grazed his side, struck through the carpet to the boards beneath him, and raised again was hurled against the balustrade, and fell ringing on the stone pavement of the hall below.

All this had occupied but a second and they two were alone again, but the curate had seen her as clearly as he saw the lighted window above them, or the form of his antagonist.

CHAPTER III.

"And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long."

Discouraged perhaps by the loss of his knife, the housebreaker made little further resistance, and Mr. Agnew had him well under control by the time Mr.

Winter and the servants arrived upon the scene. They were soon followed by Mrs. Winter and Miss Lewis, hastily arrayed and much frightened, the lady of the house only restraining her desire to faint that she might learn the fate of her jewel case and the plate basket. As for Miss Lewis, she screamed aloud on perceiving a large crimson stain on the side of the curate's white shirt, and it was long before she could be persuaded that the wound was a mere scratch, requiring only the application of a few strips of sticking plaster. At length order was restored, a message sent to the local police, the prisoner bound, and the house searched and secured, but Mr. Agnew refused to return to his room until he had assured himself by the only ocular demonstration in his power that his senses had not deceived him during the moment that he lay at the burglar's mercy. He went down to look for the knife. There it was on a dark square of the tessellated pavement, a sharp and dangerous weapon, slightly stained with his blood—"a reg'lar slasher" the butler said. At any rate Walter Agnew would probably have been still and lifeless by this time if nothing had interfered with his assailant's aim, and the blade had struck a little more to the left.

As his head at last lay on his long-neglected pillow the events and personages of the night flitted before him. He saw again the masked and disguised men, saw one of them stripped of his disguise, bound and helpless; then there was the housekeeper in short petticoat, cap and curl papers, as she had hurried from her bed; Mr. Winter, Mrs. Winter, Miss Lewis with her dark hair flowing over her white dressing gown, and her face pale with fear for him. All were there; but constantly recurring, crowding the others out, was that one weird figure that had appeared at the moment of his greatest need and passed away again.

The morning succeeding the storm was fair and clear; the air was pure, and such flowers as had not been beaten to the earth by last night's rain were the fresher for their abundant bath. The curate was inspecting Mr. Winter's roses when he was joined by the lady who occupied his thoughts. Miss Lewis, having carried into effect resolve number one made after the meeting in the lane, had formed a second resolution, and nerved herself to seek an explanation with Mr. Agnew. "A trifling cut," he said in answer to her inquiries after his wound.

"You are sure you ought not to keep your arm in a sling?"

"Quite sure."

"It might have been very serious," she said.

"Many things might have been that are not," was his answer, and Miss Lewis saw her opportunity here, but, wanting the courage to take it, only observed, "You must be very courageous. You perhaps saved all our lives, and risked your own to do it."

"Say rather that I saved the plate basket.—Quite a large and varied collection of roses here, is there not?"

"Yes.—I knew you would make light of it, but you cannot expect other people to do the same. Where is the dreadful man?"

He explained that the dreadful man was in safe retirement at the lockup, and

expressed a fear lest the moisture from the soaked ground should penetrate her shoes.

"No, no," she answered, resolved to use at once her fast-fleeting courage. "Mr. Agnew, I am going to ask you a question, will you answer me frankly?"

"Surely," he responded as he led her from the grass to the drier gravel.

Miss Lewis had, she thought, steelled herself for the task before her, but now that the moment had arrived her color came and went, and the hand that held a rose trembled so much that the dew from its cup sprinkled the front of her dress. "I wanted," she began tremulously, "to ask you why you left S— with only a line of farewell to me. Had I offended you?"

The question was simple enough, but something in it or her manner affected him strongly. Her eyes were exclusively occupied with the flower she held, but his, luminous with secret exultation, were fixed on her as he answered, "You did not and could not offend me! I left abruptly, I was unceremonious in my leave-taking, because I wished to consider my duty rather than my wishes or happiness. You know the heart is weak, and I found it necessary to put distance between temptation and the traitor within me."

"I do not understand," said Miss Lewis softly.

"Suppose," he continued, "I loved some one, and knew that if my affection could be returned there would result for her family dissensions, poverty, and many evils, was I not right to do as I did, was I not even justified in trying to forget her?"

"And you have succeeded?"

"I have not, and never shall."

She raised her head for the first time during the conversation, their eyes met in a long look, and some subtle magic in that look seeming to give her courage she continued, "I do not think you did wisely."

"What would you have had me do?" Mr. Agnew said eagerly.

"You should have gone to her and told her all."

"The very strength of my love forbade that."

"But she, perhaps she might have promised to wait patiently and happily, strong in the knowledge of your — of what you had told her, and firm in her resolve that if it could not be the most unselfish man she ever knew, it should at least be no other."

So far the lady had been the principal speaker, but it was the lover's turn now, and his listener had no occasion to complain of a want of ardor or frankness. All his love and all his struggles he laid bare before her, and it is no wonder they had come to an excellent understanding before the breakfast bell summoned them to the house. In the present state of parental feeling and of his affairs, there was to be no communication between them by letter, and no further mention of love. But Miss Lewis, strong on resolutions, secretly formed a third. Sure of her ground at last, she would strain her filial influence to the uttermost to obtain preferment for her lover, and her parents' consent to their marriage.

They should know with what delicacy and disinterestedness he had acted; she would not even hide from them her boldness in drawing from him an avowal; and then, unless they were far more obdurate than usual in resisting her wishes, she had little fear of the ultimate result.

Under the circumstances that breakfast could hardly fail to be a pleasant one. Mrs. Winter divided her admiration between the blooming cheeks of one guest and the beautiful eyes of the other, and came very near a correct understanding of the case. Both she and her husband were profuse in their acknowledgments of the service which Mr. Agnew's boldness and promptitude had rendered them during the previous night, and if he thought their praises stronger than the occasion warranted, he could not find them unpleasant while they fell like music on Eleanor's ears. The appreciation of his exploit was not confined to the family alone. The housekeeper waylaid him to inquire after his wound, and the gardener triumphantly eulogized him to all comers as "The parson that fit the burglar, ay, an' beat him too." In short Mr. Agnew found it not an easy matter to tear himself from Stonebridge, and it was late in the afternoon before he saw his domicile, which looked singularly mean and dreary contrasted with the comforts and the society he had just left. His landlady informed him that it was past tea-time, but, begging her not to send up the meal for an hour to come, he sped across the fields to old Salome's cottage.

To no one had he mentioned her share in his adventure, but he was very impatient to see her again and ascertain if it were possible to draw from her any admission that might help him to a better understanding of the mystery. The old woman received him, as usual, not very graciously; indeed he would hardly have been sure that his constant visits were welcome, if she had not invariably told him when he had absented himself for a day that "Old folks must expect the young to neglect 'em, and the sooner they (the old folks) was laid away in the graveyard the better."

Now to-day, although he had not missed paying his visit, Mrs. Peddlar had begun to expect he might be going to do so, and was consequently taciturn and little inclined to talk. To his question of how she had slept last night she replied, "Much it matters how a poor old creetur like me sleeps," and it was some time before he could obtain from her the admission that she had "slept uncommon well but didn't feel that rested as she had ought to."

Tired at last of beating uselessly about the bush, he told his story and watched its effect on her. She listened with the same measure of interest that she would have given to any other piece of news, said, "Dear, dear!" and "Lord save us!" in her usual manner, but even when he ventured to hint at the mysterious part of the occurrence, and to relate that on retiring to bed he had dreamed that her hand turned the knife from his heart, she only remarked that "Dreams is foolish things, unless you dream of a lucky number, which I have never done in all my born days, more's the pity."

Had she ever been to Stonebridge rectory, Mr. Agnew asked.

"Yes, a many times when poor Lyddy Stone, as lived housemaid there, lay ill with the fever. Lyddy had done me a good turn, and seein' as the others was afraid of catchin' it I went over to look after her a bit."

"That was like you," the curate said. "How long ago was it?"

"A goodish while ago; Lyddy has been under ground more 'n twenty year, an' she married an' had two children between the fever an' her dyin' day."

"And you have never once been to Stonebridge rectory since then."

"Never once; what should I go there for?"

"What for, indeed," he answered. "Then, as it is so long since you were there, of course you can't recollect the house—the staircase and corridor for instance."

"Ay, but I can; mine is a powerful good memory, and talkin' of the place has brought it to my mind as clear as if I had seen it yesterday. There's the image of a man dressed as if he'd got a lobster's shell on him."

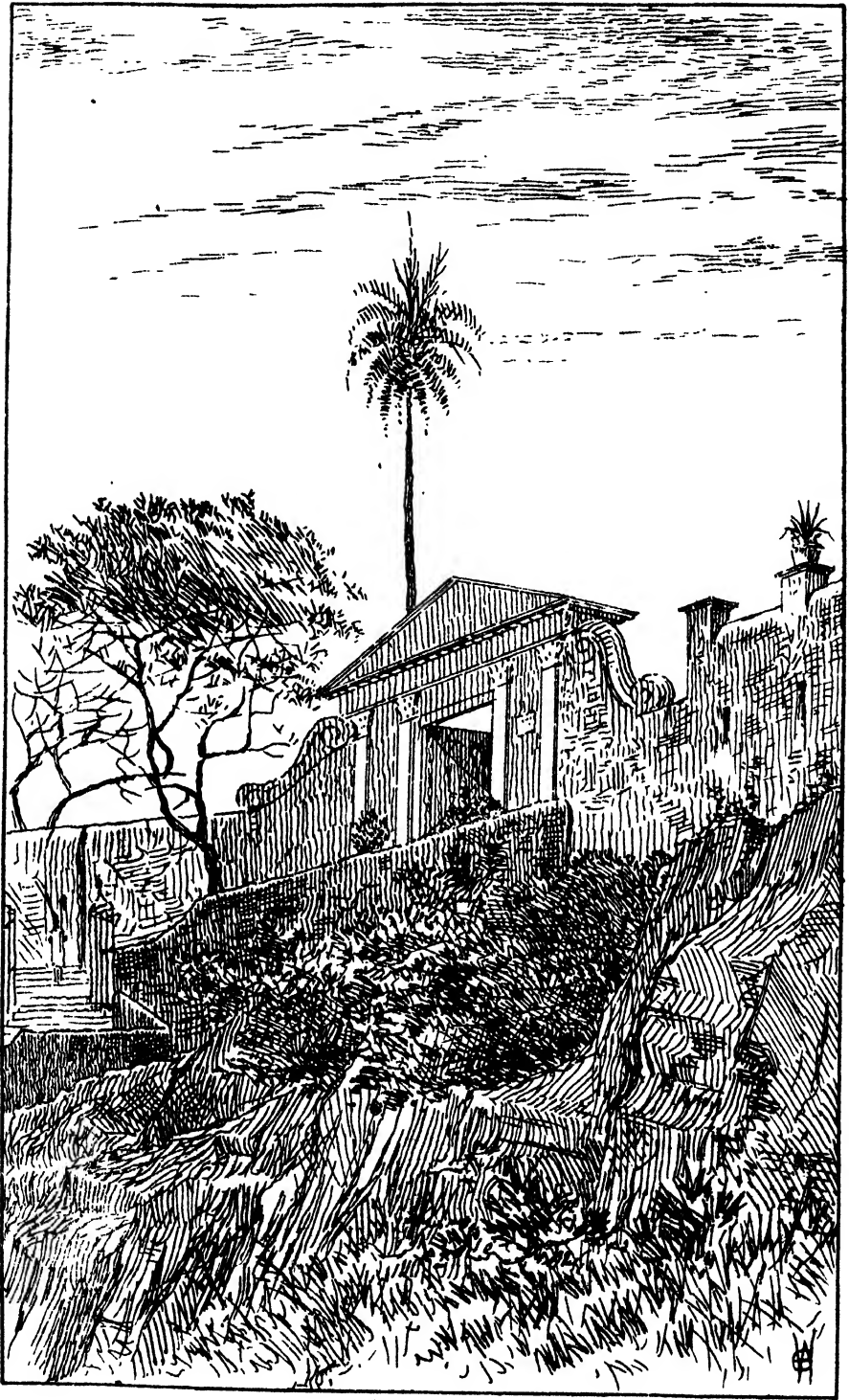
"A man in armor," suggested the curate.

"Be he?" said Salome, more interested and animated than he had yet seen her. "Well, he stood anigh the beast skin as was there for a mat, an' the stairs they was smooth an' slippy, with a strip of carpet in the middle, an' there was a little landin' squarelike with two picturs on the wall. Lord, I can see them picturs. One was a outlandish woman a lettin' a serpent bite her, an' another woman an' a boy with peacocks' feathers, much like mine there, a standin' by. An' the other pictur was women with the orkardest shoes I ever see, a carryin' fish, in short petticoats."

Mary Brander arrived at this moment, and the old woman relapsed abruptly into her usual manner, and called for her pipe. It seemed impossible to lead her back again into any interest in bygone days, and Mr. Agnew soon wished her good-night and went home more bewildered than ever, for while there seemed no reason to doubt her veracity as to the time of her last visit to Stonebridge rectory, she had described the staircase not as it had been a quarter of a century ago, before the house had been rebuilt, but as it was now, newly furnished by its present tenant. The pictures notably (a Cleopatra, and Breton fishwomen) Mr. Winter had spoken of as recent acquisitions purchased by him during a last year's visit to France.

BEWARE of the widows! The sages have said:	She will dance like a bubble in amber and beads!
They toy with the heart and they fool with the head!	In gushing she's ready—at popping she leads!
But of all the gay widows a youngster may know	With mirth and gay laughing she'll ever o'erflow;
Let him shun most of all sparkling Widow Cliquot.	Then beware! oh, beware of the Widow Cliquot!
	When she's mirrored in crystal 'tis brighter for her!
That head-dress of silver—neck slender and fine!	And her kisses are sweet as the coy virgin's were!
The throat whence outgushes the spirit divine!	While she toys with your heart to your head she
How she tosses her head! It is queenly! But O!	will go!
You had better beware of the Widow Cliquot!	Then beware of the widow—the Widow Cliquot!

—Rochester Democrat.



ENTRANCE TO TOWER

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

(CONTINUED FROM No. IV.)

At last the funeral train reaches the strong gate set in the thick walls, which one of their number passes for the last time.* The dog, to whom the procession has brought bread, performs his functions, the funeral resumes its march and reaches the foot of the tower causeway. Here the bier is set down, and sons, brothers, and friends look their last on the face of the corpse, bow before the majesty of death, and retire to a distance. The Nassesalars, who have carried the bier so far, have done their work; others, men set apart for this peculiar duty, raise the body, bear it up the causeway, and disappear within the tower, closing the door after them. They tear open the robes of the dead with an iron hook kept there for the purpose, speedily emerge again, and give place to the vultures.

Surely even those most steelled by usage must endure a moment of bitter anguish as they imagine the form they have loved, the eyes that have looked kindly on them, a prey to the beaks and claws of the horrible birds.

During the pilgrimage to the tower the women at home have been weeping and praying. Friends and neighbors have endeavored to console them, and return every morning and evening during three days for that purpose. On the fourth day a solemn feast takes place, and friends visit the temple to pray for the departed. The period of mourning frequently extends from ten to thirty days, and sometimes during its entire duration the mortuary slab remains in the house, as if to keep alive the waning grief of its inmates, and prevent the wound from healing too quickly.

And now for a few words about that numerous but rather despised class the Nassesalars. They are forbidden when in their official dress to approach or touch other Parsees, and meeting a countryman in a narrow passage must retreat before him. In former times, it is said, they were employed to arrest women found wandering in the streets and to convey them to the Nassa Khana (or house in which the bier and other funeral appurtenances are kept), to the great grief and shame of these unfortunate creatures thus contaminated for life. At present the sole function of the Nassesalars is the service of the Towers of Silence, and after each funeral they retire to a building provided for the purpose, deposit their white muslin clothing, bathe and purify themselves before mingling with the outer world. The office usually descends from father to son, but the ranks are occasionally recruited from among the poorest class of Parsees. Liberal pay appears to be the only advantage the Nassesalars enjoy, and it is doubtful if that can compensate for the isolation to which they are condemned, and the repulsive duties they are called on to perform.

(To be continued, with Illustrations.)

See Illustration

LITHOGRAPHY.

PRINTING.

To prepare the lithographic drawing for printing it must first be etched. This is done by pouring over it a weak solution of nitric acid,—about one part of acid to one hundred of water,—leaving it on the stone for a few seconds, and then pouring clear water over it until the acid is thoroughly rinsed off. The whole of the surface of the stone is next sponged over with a tolerably strong solution of gum arabic, which is allowed to dry. The drawing is now ready to be rolled up. For this purpose it is laid upon the bed of the press, which should have some soft material upon it (thick india-rubber packing is best), so that the bed may accommodate itself to any slight inequalities of the stone. Then laying a sheet of clean paper over the drawing and adjusting the tympan, the whole is pushed under the scraper just far enough to allow the scraper to come down on the far end of the stone. The screws which fasten the scraper should now be loosened, and the adjusting screw at the top screwed down till the scraper is tightly jammed upon the tympan and stone beneath. The scraper box screws which were previously loosened must be again screwed tight, and the scraper is then properly adjusted. It is necessary to have a number of scrapers for various sizes of stones, as the scraper must never in any case project beyond the edges of the stone, but should be at least half an inch within on either side: that is to say, if we are printing from a stone twelve inches wide the length of the scraper should not exceed eleven inches. The scraper having been properly adjusted, the next step is to see if the stone is perfectly level. To do this we screw up the adjusting screw before mentioned until on pulling down the lever we find it takes some little force to bring it down; then pulling the lever up, we push the carriage with stone a little farther under and pull the lever down again, repeating the process three or four times until we reach the other end of the stone.

If the lever pulls down with equal ease at each of the stages the stone is level, but if it varies the stone is uneven, and requires adjusting by placing layers of paper under that portion of the stone which the pressure tells us is the thinnest. All these preliminaries being attended to, we may proceed with the printing. The gum is first removed from the surface of the stone with a sponge and water, the superfluous water is removed until the stone is wet only but not watery, the roller previously charged with ink is passed carefully over the drawing two or three times, care being taken not to continue the rolling long enough to allow the surface to dry in any part, as in that case the ink would adhere to the stone as well as to the drawing. After rolling in and damping the stone, and rolling in again, and so on until the drawing appears to be charged with printing ink in every part, any dirt that may appear upon the edges or elsewhere should be removed by rubbing with a small piece of water of Ayr stone and water, taking care all the time that the whole surface of the stone is well wetted; any specks or dirt that may appear in the work itself should be removed with the point of the scraper; then with a camel-hair brush and the dilute acid touch the places that

have been rubbed or scraped, sponge off the acid, and gum the stone all over. When the gum is dry, wash off as before described, and, leaving a fair quantity of water on the stone, we take a piece of clean rag and shaking a few drops of turpentine over the stone we proceed to wash the drawing out. This is done by rubbing the drawing with the rag and the turpentine and water, the water preventing the ink which is dissolved by the turpentine from adhering to the other portions of the stone. When the drawing is properly washed out, it will, instead of being black as before, appear even lighter than the rest of the stone. This washing out will be difficult for beginners, as if too much turpentine is used it is apt to impair the drawing, if too little the washing out will be imperfect. The process is rendered necessary by the fact that it is essential to good printing to first get rid of all the superfluous ink or chalk which was used in making the drawing, as if allowed to remain it will spread under the pressure, and render clear, sharp printing impossible. The washing out being successfully accomplished, the stone is sponged clean and damped as before described, rolled in, the paper laid on, a piece of cardboard the size of the stone laid over the paper, the tympan brought down, the carriage brought under the scraper, the lever pulled down and the carriage pulled through; the lever is then pushed up, the carriage drawn back, the tympan turned back, the cardboard—or backing sheet as it is called—lifted, and the paper with the impression removed and laid aside. The stone is then damped and rolled in as before, and the same process repeated, and so on with each impression. If when the impression is examined it looks gray, either the drawing has not been sufficiently rolled in or the pressure was too slight. If, on the contrary, the lines look black and blurred at the edges, there has been too much ink on the roller. If the lines are gray but still blurred at the edges, the ink is too thin—that is, it has too much varnish in it. To ensure good printing, care must be taken not to have too much ink on the slab, so that the roller may not be overcharged; better to spend more time in rolling in with a sparsely charged roller than to endeavor to save time by rolling in fewer times with a heavily charged one.

One of the principal reasons why such poor work is done in India is because they endeavor to do more work in a day than is possible. In a day's work of ten hours it is impossible to pull more than four hundred and fifty or five hundred impressions from an ink drawing of medium size, and from a chalk drawing not more than three hundred. In damping the stone it will be found that a light cloth (gunny bag is very good) is preferable for ink work, while for chalk a fine sponge is necessary. The best plan is to have, besides the damping cloth or sponge, another wet sponge with which to wet the stone, and then wipe off the superfluous moisture with the cloth or other sponge. As soon as the day's work is finished, it is a good plan to wash out the work as was done before commencing, then roll up carefully, and as soon as properly rolled up sponge over with gum; the work may then be safely left for any length of time, but if left long enough for the ink to become hard it must be again washed out before being printed from.

The runners and all parts of the press where any friction takes place should be frequently cleaned, and at all times kept well oiled. The tympan, which is the piece of leather which comes down over the work before passing through, should be kept well greased with tallow or mutton fat ; some printers rub it with plumbago also.

EDWARD WIMBRIDGE.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR SWEET GIRL GRADUATES.

From the London World.

HYPATIA HIGGINS was wondrous fair ;
With her violet eyes and golden hair,
And her cheek like a peach on a sunny wall,
She was queen of the girls at our county ball.

Before her beauty I bowed my head :
"This measure with me wilt please to tread ?"
Softly her rosy lips she stirred,
"Cui bono, air ?" were the words I heard.

I rallied my wits to the charge again :
"A glass, fair maid, of the good champagne
Will be *bonum* for both" I smiling cried.
"Ariston *men hutor*," the nymph replied.

"The night breeze sleeps, and the moon shines
fair—

Wilt tempt with me, maiden, the balmy air ?"
And, oh, the light of her lustrous eye !
As "*Nux trillistos*" I heard her sigh !

"Oh, little my Latin and less my Greek :
I prithee, sweet lady, deign to speak
In the vulgar tongue to a plain young man ;"
"*Quousque tandem*—" the fair began.

The fair began, but I heeded not
As I turned and fled that accursed spot ;

Six tumblers I drank of the good champagne,
And straight proposed to my cousin Jane.

Of wisdom or beauty Jane makes no boast,
But she's pretty as many, and wise as most :
She lights my cigar, and she laughs at my jest,
And she gives me the dinners I love the best.

And—the heavens be praised !—she has never heard
Of Greek or Latin a single word ;
And she knows no more than her baby's nuss
Of the differential calculus.

Many a varied year has flown
Since I left that lovely Muse alone ;
And many a Jack has found his Jill,
But Hypatia Higgins is Higgins still.

The light of her violet eyes is dim,
And the waist that was is not now so slim ;
And her cheek has deepened its dainty pink,
Till Jane and I are disposed to think
That *hutor* is not her only drink.

And still must she flirt with the men of old,
For the men of to-day are deaf and cold ;
There's none to whisper *sas agapo*,
And the only lover she e'er will know
Is the wooden spoon of her long ago.

"YOUR little birdie has been very, very sick," she wrote to the young man. "It was some sort of nervous trouble, and the doctors said I should have perfect rest and quiet, and that I must think of nothing—absolutely nothing. And all the time, dear George, I thought constantly of you." The young man read it over, and then read it through again very slowly and put it in his pocket, and went out under the silent stars and kept thinking and thinking and thinking. But he didn't say anything. He only kept thinking.—*Rockland Courier.*

It is asserted by an eminent English physician that by the timely administration of the hypophosphite of lime or soda, consumption can be stamped out as thoroughly as small-pox by vaccination.

QUOTATIONS AND CRITICISMS.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (*continued*).

THE poem written immediately after the burial of Mrs. Poe was "Ulalume," where sense is certainly sacrificed to sound, and which is one of the most misty and unsatisfactory of Poe's poems. Another poem which to my thinking has been somewhat overpraised, even when its matchless music and clever versification are taken into account, is "The Bells," which, though finally much enlarged, originally stood thus:—

"The bells!—hear the bells!
The merry wedding bells!
The little silver bells!
How fairy-like a melody there swells
From the silver tinkling bells
Of the bells, bells, bells!
Of the bells!

The bells! Ah, the bells!
The heavy iron bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells!
Hear the knells!
How horrible a monody there floats
From their throats—
From their deep-toned throats!
How I shudder at the notes
From the melancholy throats
Of the bells, bells, bells—
Of the bells.

I cannot close this part of my work, which treats particularly of Poe as a poet, without quoting two of the eighteen verses that compose "The Raven," the poem that contributes so largely to his reputation. It is a sombre wail, strong and despairing against some incubus, real or imaginary, that weighed on the poet's spirit and his life. Is it another lament for his lost Lenore, or has it some deeper meaning? Does it allude to the occasional fits of despondency and intemperance that seem to have held him in fetters of adamant from his youth till his death, or does it point deeper still, to some of the dark doubts and uncertainties that trouble all humanity during the nightmare called Life?

"'Be that word our sign in parting,
Bird or fiend,' I shrieked, upstarting—
'Get thee back into the tempest
And the Night's Plutonian shore.
Leave no black plume as a token
Of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—
Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and
Take thy form from off my door!'"
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'

"And the Raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door:
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming
Throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow
That lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

(*To be continued.*)

BOYHOOD.

No pallid winding sheet,
No coffin, and no dim
And narrow earthy grave
Were made by man for him.

And yet he is as dead
As any corpse that lies
Secreted from the light
Of the encircling skies.

Dead, many years ago!
His spirit passed away
So swiftly, silently,
I cannot tell the day.

I loved him passing well,
This boy, light-souled and fair,
Because he loved me so,
And bore the name I bear.

MARY ELL'N.

"Dead ! Old Jake Eldredge dead !"

"I should rather reckon he was ; dead ten year come next winter. Why, he on'y lived through one winter after that summer as you were up tu here fishin'."

"You see, it were about the end of January, and the frost fit to freeze the marrow in your bones. Jake, for all his lookin' so round and ruddy, was well on to eighty, but he must potter round out o' door, as he had done a'most ever since he could stan' alone, and that cold spell kinder used him up. 'Wife,' he said, one evening about dusk, a-going into the house, to old Miss Eldredge, as being shivery, poor critter, wure settin' well on tu the fire, 'I guess my time's cum, but we shan't be long parted.' An' sure enough that day week wure the buryin'. But la, sakes, Mr. Sleaman, du come in," continued the good woman, pushing back the cardboard and calico sun-bonnet that was tilted down over her face, and beginning to tug at the sleeves rolled high above her elbows. "Du come in ; I'm real glad to see you, an' I'll tell you all about the people as you knowed."

Little doubt of that. Mrs. Bowls was an old acquaintance, and the hardest-working, hardest-talking New England countrywoman I had ever met. Not an ounce of superfluous flesh interposed its softening bulk between fallow skin and prominent bone, but her eyes sparkled brightly as ever, and the years had changed her no more than they would change a dried and knotted twig. The house looked as it had always done, almost too clean for comfort. It was sacrilege to tread on that immaculate floor, or lay one's dusty hat on the snowy table. I should have preferred to remain in the garden, but she was hospitality itself and would not permit it, and a few minutes saw me seated in the cushioned rocking chair with Mrs. Bowls opposite me, her fingers busy with her knitting, and her tongue with the Eldredges. "You see," she resumed, "Miss Eldredge had been a sickly critter for years, slim an' weakly, an' she'd lived so long with the old man that she couldn't live without him, an' from the day he died she kinder drooped an' withered. Many a time I sot with her and tried to cheer her a bit, but it warn't no sort o' use. She wure hankerin' arter him from mornin' till night, and when the spring was well on and the cherry trees a-bloomin' we was a'most glad to lay her by the side of him. You see, she had kind o' got fitted in to him and his ways, an' she could fit in with nobody an' nothin' else."

"And what became of the grandson ? a big clumsy good-natured fellow, I forget his name."

"Mortemur you mean, Mort we call him. Waal, when the old man and woman died, the farm was his, and all the savin's they had scraped together, he was master of it all, but he were that lonesome with havin' no one to order him round, and nobody as noticed and admired all he did, that his life was a burden to him. Why, the old folks thought the very cows yielded more when he milked them, and his readin' aloud and fine round handwritin' was allays a marvel to

them. They winked at each other sly-like when he joked, and admired the fine figure he cut in his Sunday clothes. Waal, Mort has told me since that it all cum on him like a flash, one day as he wure out in the garden a-thinkin' as it wure a pity the old man couldn't see the crop of onions he'd raised, and how well the green corn was comin' on. It all cum tu him along o' seein' the hired woman a settin' sewin' in the porch when he got up from stoopin' over them onions. Not as he fell in love with the hired woman, though she wure a decent critter enough, but kinder homely, but he did think as a woman's face there looked comfortable, and he remembered that Holy Scriptur tells us when Isaac's mother died he clave to his wife and was comforted. But Mort was rayther shy o' the women folks on account o' that affair with Almiry Adams. Did ye ever see Almiry?"

"Never."

"Waal, she was a pretty enough bit o' flesh an' blood, not the kind as wears well, but Mort was young and soft, and so tuk by her that he would go out in the pourin' rain on'y to walk by old Silas Adams' and look at her winder. And Almiry she kinder led him on, and then she up an' married a preacher as cum from nobody knowed where. Some said as she got religion through him, but to my notion there aint much religion in goin' agen all your folks, and the religion she got didn't cast out vanity, for on her weddin' day her har wure raised and frizzled up atop of her head for all the world like a bird's nest sot there, and the cabbages on her shoes was a'most as big as her feet. Mort was only eighteen, but he never rightly got over it till she came to stay at her father's, about the time his grandmother died. She hadn't no fine clothes to put on her back then; if she'd had 'em, the children—there wure one for every year she'd been away—would have dragged them off her. They did say as the Reverend Howler Gusham had beat her. I don't know if that's so, but she'd had fever an' agur real bad, which had made her kinder yaller; she was slim as a shingle, an' had lost a front tooth or two. Mort sort o' got a shock when he see her agen, an' altogether, as I said before, he was shy o' women, an' cum straight to me, as might be his mother, when he first thought o' marryin'.

"Miss Bowls,' ses he, 'who shall it-be?'

"'There's Car'line Stokes,' ses I. 'She'll have a pretty pile when her uncle dies.'

"'Car'line Stokes!' he ses, kinder slow. An' I see by his face as Car'line didn't please him.

"'There is Seliny Adams, much what Almiry was once; not as I advise it.'

"'No! no!' he ses quick-like. 'She is too young.'

"'If you want an old one there is Deacon Jonah Atkins' widow; the deacon left her waal purvided for.'

"But I see none on 'em suited till I mentioned Mat Bowers' darters, good-tempered gals, but not that spry an' clean as they would ha' been if their poor mother had lived to raise 'em, an' without a red cent to their fortins. Then Mort's eyes kinder lightened, an' he owned up as Mary Ell'n, the youngest o' the lot, younger than Seliny Adams, wure the one he

leaned to. I warn't a-goin' to quar'l with him for makin' up his mind afore he cum to me, an I sorter liked Mary Ell'n. She was quiet an' gentle like, an' had a trick o' looking up at you with those big eyes o' hern that wure real cunnin'. I thought Mort might do wus, an' told him so, an' he then an' there riz up an' a'most shook my hand off.

" 'But,' he ses after a while, 'du you think she will have me, Miss Bowls? I am thirty years old an' she isn't twenty yet?'

" 'Have you? la, sakes! I should think she would. Bowers hasn't a red cent, an' those three gals have nobody but him tu look tu; an' you, you've house an' lands an' money.'

" 'If she takes me for them reasons I don't much care for her to take me at all,' Mort ses, kinder stiff.

" 'Waal, she is young an' foolish, she'll maybe think more o' your bein' tall an' straight, with an ellergant figure an' color, than she will o' your house an' fixin's.'

" Mort kinder perked up at that, an' he ses, 'There's no knowin'; she's a deal cliverer nor I be. They da say as she writ a copy o' verses.'

" 'She is none the better for that,' I ses sharp-like. For, you see, Mr. Sleaman, though there is some as thinks much o' book writers and them sort o' folks, I can't say as I ever did since that summer as Mr. Vincent Young boarded here. Lord, the way as he mussed up my places, an' he could never see nothing as wus right afore his eyes! What with his obstinacy a-moonin' out o' nights till he got the agur fit to shake his teeth out, an' his goin' meanderin' about the caves till he sot hisself down right over a wapses'-nest, I had a sight o' trouble with him, an' I wus glad to see his back as he druv off in the waggin to the steamboat as wus to take him to York. But they du say as folks thought much o' his books, an' there cum a waggin load o' idiots over from Welbury on'y to stare at him, an' the critter wure more riled than I ever see him, for he couldn't abear to be looked at, especially with the agur on him."

" Well, did our friend Mortimer marry little Miss Bowers? " I asked.

" He did, but that gal waited for weeks, much like a ripe cherry on a bough, ready for eatin', afore he could screw up his courage to open his mouth. At last she went out drivin' with her sister's beau, an' Mort he thought as the feller wure arter her, and it kinder riled him, an' he up an' said something, an' I reckon Mary Ell'n helped him out, for they cum by the house presently arm-in-arm and that sweet on one another as it did you good to look at 'em, an' made you feel as if old times had cum back agen out of the dead an' gone past. Waal, they wure married, and then my story begins."

" Most stories end there," I said.

* " Mine is not like most stories then. But I hear Rebeccy puttin' the dinner on. You'll eat a bit with us, such as it is, an' when I've told you about Mort an' Mary Ell'n you can go round an' see 'em. It 'ud be real mean to go back to York without takin' a sight o' them."

(To be continued.)

THE FASHIONS IN 1815.

Sixty years ago this great city of New York was a moderate-sized town. Where now dwells the fashionable world was then an unbroken country, with here and there the homesteads of old Dutch farmers, and what is now the heart of the metropolis was then above the confines even of a fashionable promenade.

In those days the Battery was the favourite rendezvous, and Broadway as far as the hospital the great thoroughfare. No one ever thought of walking north of Canal street, where the boys skated on a good-sized pond, and Pearl street was the fashionable quarter for residences.

Now, what did the ladies wear who in that dead and vanished time picked their way daintily over the rough pavement of Broadway, or danced at night in the Assembly Rooms?

From Mrs. D., a venerable dame who was herself a great belle in those early days of the century, I have gathered a full description of the costumes and the fashions of those bygone times.

The earliest ball to which this lady ever went was one given by the Dutch Minister to this country in 1815. It took place at Castle Garden, and was held in honor of the entrance of the allies into Paris, and the freedom of the Netherlands from the power of the mighty conqueror Napoleon. It was called the Orange ball, and in honor of the occasion every lady displayed orange color in some part of her dress. Mrs. D., who was very young at the time, wore a simple white muslin dress, extremely scant in the skirt, and so short-waisted that the belt was just below the armpits. On this she wore orange-colored satin shoulder braces, a form of trimming then much in style. Broad ribbon was crossed on the back and passed around the armholes, exactly like the braces used to straighten stooping shoulders; it was then twisted about the waist and tied in a sash at the back.

When this lady first made her *début* into society, the waists were at the shortest, and the "classic style," as it was called, the prevalent mode. A dress in those days measured two yards and a half at the bottom of the skirt, and was gored upward until the little fullness that remained was gathered in by a drawing string at the neck.

There was one advantage about the style—corsets were unknown and no lady laced herself, as only the outlines of the figure appeared below the waist, and the more natural they were the more fashionable. Indeed, every pains was taken to show the lovely proportions of the women of those days, and the revelations of the modern "pull-back" are nothing to the lavish display of that period.

No well-dressed woman wore anything but white muslin; winter and summer those flimsy dresses were always cut with low or at most only half-high necks. Beneath them was worn only one scant white petticoat; even in winter flannel skirts were avoided by the fashionables. No starch was put into either dress or petticoat; and some ladies, in order to make the material cling the better,

actually had their dresses dampened, as the last finishing touch, before starting for a ball. Truly their appearance must have justified a rhyme which was popular at that time :

Ladies fair this gay garb dressed in
Look Eve-like, angel-like, and interesting.

One wonders that these belles did not positively freeze to death in the long severe winters. The houses were heated only by open wood fires, stoves being almost unknown. And in rooms only half warmed these thinly-attired ladies lived. Worse yet, the "modiste" length of skirt was just to the ankle bone, and silk stockings and slippers were the only covering for the feet, even to walk on Broadway in the snow and slush of midwinter. Pattens or clogs might be put on to go out of an evening, but they looked so "old-maidish" that the gay girls did not like to use them much.

There was one mitigation of the hardships of this dress—the outer garments in winter were worn long, and Mrs. D. describes her street costume in one of those years when she was a society queen. Over the white muslin frock she wore a long scarlet broadcloth pelisse, which was fitted to the figure and ornamented with a small cape. Her hat was very wide-brimmed, made of white satin and crowned with ostrich feathers.

One would think that this style of wearing white must have been rather troublesome, and I asked if it was absolutely worn all the time. "Yes," Mrs. D. said, "for dress always, winter and summer." When she was a girl her mother allowed her to have three muslin frocks a week in the wash: for morning or housework French calicoes were worn, but as they cost a dollar a yard they were quite expensive. Every lady had also one dark silk to wear to funerals, or if by chance the muslins were not in order.

It was at this time, when scantness of drapery was at its extreme, that Miss Patterson married Jerome Bonaparte. A cousin of Mrs. D. was at the wedding, and when asked afterward to describe the bride's toilet replied, "All the clothes she had on I could have put into my waistcoat pocket."

Her dress was of such a muslin, only richly embroidered, and of extremely fine texture, and it was said that beneath it she wore but a single garment.

Of course, when white was so universally adopted, any device was resorted to in order to give variety to the dress. Various materials were used, mull, Nainsook, bishop's lawn, and India muslin, which was extremely soft and delicate; none of these fabrics at all resembled our modern organdie or Swiss, as they were neither stiff nor wiry, softness being a requisite of style.

There were devices for covering the neck, which fashion bared. Three-cornered handkerchiefs of muslin or lace, and small silk capes or squares, were thrown carelessly over the shoulders. A very favorite wrap was the *pélerine*, a cape with long tab ends; this was made for opera wear, in pink or blue silk trimmed with swan's-down, and for the street of black silk with ruffles.

Gloves were worn long, very much as they are to-day, except that instead of buttoning all the way up, they were made with a split only at the wrist and fitted

loosely on the arm. At the great ball given at Castle Garden in honor of the Marquis de Lafayette the gloves made for the occasion had a portrait of the Marquis on the back.

Another ball which Mrs. D. remembered with pleasure was one given in honor of Gen. Scott after the war of 1812 was over. It took place about 1816 at the Assembly Rooms, which were decorated with flowers and flags. The company was a very fashionable one, and the dresses some of the most elegant that had ever been seen here.

Mrs. D.'s own costume was an embroidered muslin over a pink silk slip, as it was called, and underdress cut scant and made of rather flimsy material. The thin overdress was looped with roses, and she had a wreath of roses on her head. She was chaperoned on that occasion by Mrs. Cadwallader Colden, one of the society queens of that day. Mrs. Colden wore a white satin frock with a long court train of green velvet fastened at the shoulders and sweeping to the floor.

LILLIE DEVEREAUX BLAKE.

BROTHER BARTHOLOMEW.

From the Boston Courier.

BROTHER Bartholomew, working-time,
Would fall into musing and drop his tools;
Brother Bartholomew cared for rhyme
More than for theses of the schools;
For gain or losing, for weal or woe,
God made him a poet, long ago.

At matins he sat, the book on his knees,
And his thoughts were wandering far, I wis;
The brotherhood chanted the litanies,
While he had no praying to do but this—
Watching through arched windows high
The birds that sailed o'er the morning sky.

At complin hour, in the chapel dim,
He went to his stall and knelt with the rest;
And oft, on the wings of the evening hymn,
Would his soul float out to the night's fair breast.
And ever to him the starry host
Flamed bright as the tongue at Pentecost,

"A foolish rhymester and nothing more;
The idlest fellow a cell can hold;"
So judged the worthy Isidor,
Prior of ancient Nithiswold;
Yet somehow, with dispraise content,
Signed not the culprit's banishment.

Meanwhile Bartholomew went his way,
And patiently wrote in his sunny cell;
His pen fast travelled from day to day,
His books were covered, the walls as well,
"He were better a pious monk instead
Of a listless dawdler," the prior said.

Bartholomew died, as mortals must;
His spirit went free from the cowed throng;
And after, they took from the dark and dust
Of shelves and corners many a song
That cried from Britain to far Cathay
How a bard had risen—and passed away.

Wonderful verses! fair and fine,
Full of the old Greek loveliness;
The seer-like vision, half divine;
Pathos and merriment in excess:
And every careful stanza told
Of love and of labour manifold.

The King came out and stood beside
Bartholomew's taper-lighted bier,
And turning to his lords he sighed,
"How worn and wearied doth he appear—
Our noble poet—now he is dead!"
"O tireless worker!" the prior said.

As an evidence of what capable management can do we point to the great change and improvement in our contemporary the *Indian Spectator*. In its present garb the paper deserves well of all sections of the community, for not only is its literary style good, but wherever it perceives real abuses it attacks them without fear or favor.

PRACTICAL JOKING.

In this age practical joking, if not actually defunct, is certainly in a moribund state. We are all boasting of being very practical, and are endeavoring to be as much so as possible; but we eschew joking which takes a practical form. When tried, it usually provokes bad temper, and spiteful retaliation on the part of the victim. It is voted vulgar, stupid, "bad form," and ill-natured. But, after all said against it, practical joking is a most mirth-provoking thing, and might even induce a hyena to exhibit the only quality which he possesses in common with man, and which is denied to other brutes, *viz.*, laughter. School-boys are now, and will be to the end of time, famous practical jokers. Who does not call to mind the apple-pie bed, and the partly open door on the top of which has been carefully balanced boots, shoes, slippers, blacking and clothes brushes, and other light articles, ready to descend in a shower upon the head of the next person who shall enter the apartment?

Another trick in vogue at our school was to pour water into a stone ink bottle, and, having corked it tightly, to place it in the fire, between the bars of the grate, in a boy's room, on a cold winter evening, the mouth of the bottle being made to point directly at the chair where the boy would sit; returning after a temporary absence, the lad sits down, and in the mean time steam has been generated in the bottle, causing the cork to fly out and hit him. Children are probably just as much given to practical joking as ever, and in fact it would seem to be the only kind of joking which they properly comprehend; and children without this means of enjoyment would be unhappy indeed, for a human being without fun is in a morbid and unhealthy condition. Everybody has heard of Theodore Hook's elaborately conceived jokes, but they were not all original. The trick of ordering various articles of tradesmen, including furniture,—pianos, coffins, &c., &c.,—and having them all sent to the address of one person at the same time, is of French origin. The ancient Greeks and Romans were very fond of practical joking. The Greeks often indulged in what may be called the hanging game. A noose was suspended from a tree, and beneath on the ground was placed a stone which could easily be rolled away. They cast lots, and the man to whom the lot fell provided himself with a sickle, and placing his head in the noose the stone was removed from under his feet, leaving him hanging. If he was quick enough to cut the rope with the sickle, well and good, but if not he was hanged in earnest, the spectators testifying their enjoyment of the scene by "roars of laughter." The emperor Nero was fond of indulging in ferocious fun. Walking one day with a courtier he said, referring to a man walking in front of him, "What a ridiculously fat man that senator is! I wonder if I could cut him in half." "Doubtless," replied the smirking sycophant, "for nothing which you attempt is too great for you." "Nevertheless," said the emperor, "it would be good fun to try." The bright steel gleamed in the air, and the obese senator took no further interest in mundane affairs. But we are all too polite and refined now for practical joking, and when we arrive at that stage of enlightenment when no one will like to inflict pain and annoyance upon another, practical joking will disappear, except among schoolboys, who will probably never abandon it.

H. C. V.

PASSING EVENTS.

A BRILLIANT and extraordinary man, one who has made his mark both on the politics and literature of the nineteenth century, has passed away. Lord Beaconsfield is dead! The high esteem in which the deceased statesman was held in England is proved by the long list of the noblest in the land who besieged his house in Curzon Street during his last illness, and thousands who never held any personal intercourse with him will sincerely regret his death. Beaconsfield was a meteor that came to dazzle and surprise. His conceptions were great and daring rather than judicious, and his indomitable will generally carried them through. But have his zeal and talent rendered England the permanent service that might have been expected of them, and will his books live long after he is gone? Will they be read fifty years hence? I hardly think so. But however that may be, taking into consideration his marked individuality, his vivid imagination and ready wit, his perseverance, eccentricity, and versatile talent, it will be long before we look upon his like again.

At last flogging in the army is definitely done away with. The use of the lash was a disgrace to the service, and tended to keep desirable men out of the ranks. We rejoice over its total abolition.

THE arbitrary Governments that created the Nihilists think themselves aggrieved because Nihilists found a refuge in England, where their presence is certainly not desired. The action of the British Government in prosecuting the editor of the *Freiheit* for slandering the dead Czar is severely criticized, as it is believed the prosecution will only serve to give notoriety to the Socialist organ, and advertise a paper that would otherwise speedily die a natural death.

THOSE who have visited the little stone building on the Seine that replaces the weather-beaten and ghastly old Morgue in use some years ago will not be sorry to learn that one of the most dismal features of the institution is about to be abolished. Instead of exposing the bodies of the dead in an almost nude state, as heretofore, it is now determined to exhibit them in their clothing, even to caps and bonnets, the idea being to give, as far as possible, the exact appearance which the deceased presented when living. In the case of corpses found without clothing, the inspection will no longer be public; though facilities for identification will of course be accorded to persons in quest of missing relatives or friends.

THE people of Natal are selfishly inclined to murmur at the termination of the war. The presence of a large British force in the colony would no doubt mean profit for the grog-sellers and storekeepers, and they appear to be unable to take a higher and more honorable view of the case.

AMERICAN reviewers have severely mauled Lady Florence Dixie's "Across Patagonia," not because of Lady Florence's rank, for republican America is, as a rule, somewhat partial to aristocracy, but they complain that "Across Pata-

gonia" is a misnomer, since the lady only penetrated a certain distance into the interior and returned; and they are, not unjustly, revolted by her recital of the manner in which she crept through the brushwood to fetch her fowling-piece that she might plant a bullet in an unoffending and confiding deer that had ventured to approach her. Certainly the incident does not accord well with the popular notion of feminine gentleness and compassion.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

From the Calcutta Magazine.

A CERTAIN softness of manner should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that is even more irresistible than beauty.

Honest industry is always rewarded. No young man need complain of being kept poor if he rolls up his sleeves and goes cheerfully to work.

Beauty is very much a matter of taste, for many ladies designated as plain have been found more amiable, more agreeable, and more fascinating than those considered as handsome. Regular features are all very well, but they only appear dollish when they beam not with the light of amiability and intelligence.

Engaging manners.—There are a thousand engaging ways which every person may put on without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile; the quiet, cordial bow; the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger who may be recommended to us; the graceful attention which is so captivating when these are united with self-possession, these will insure us the good regard of all.

The future is always fairy-land to the young. Life is like a beautiful and winding lane, on either side bright flowers, and beautiful butterflies, and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still. But by degrees as we advance the trees grow bleak; the flowers and butterflies fail; the fruits disappear, and we find we have arrived to reach a desert waste in the centre a stagnant and Lethæan lake, over which wheel and shriek the dark-winged birds, the embodied memories of the past.

Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of your life. They appear so when they are passing; they seem to have been so when we look back to them; and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that succeed them.

SCENE AT A BALL.

LEANING against the mantelpiece First Dancer smothers a frightful yawn.

"Bored?" says kindly Second Dancer.

"Devilishly. And you?"

"Awfully!"

"Let's go home then!"

"Cawn! I live here!"

BROTHER MURRAY'S FLOCK.

THE Rev. Jeremiah Boulah Murray, of the African M. E. Church in Fleet Street, Brooklyn, was, with a small company of his church members, brought before Justice Riley, to attend the trial of Samuel Thompson, one of the unruly opponents of the pastor, who, in trying a few weeks ago to get control of the church, so as to keep the congregation out and close the doors, as the trustees had voted, jammed and choked Sister Charlotte Lee. Mrs. Lee told the story of how she and Sister Hannah Rice were a tryin' to keep the do' open for the church members to come in, when Brother Thompson punched her twice in the chest, caught her by the throat, and bumped her two or three times against the wall, so that "now, Judge," she added, "I'se no 'count 't all."

George Wilson, a coachman, testified that he saw Thompson strike and choke the sister, and he went up to him, savage like, and said, "Mr. Thom'son, what in the name of God you doin' wid de ladies?" "I took hol' of him," he added, "and we wrestled a little, and I butted him. Then he dropped me mighty quick."

Samuel Thompson, in his own defence, testified that he blacked 'boots in New Street, New York, and that he didn't see Mrs. Lee until after the scrimmage was over; when the congregation were singing he saw Sister Lee. He never struck her, never choked her, never bumped her. "Why, Judge," he said with pathos, "do you think that I would touch dat good old soul? [pointing to the complainant]. I'm getting too ole a man now, Judge, to commence to lick de women; I don't do it, Judge. I respect de ladies too much for that."

Judge Riley then sentenced Thompson to pay \$10 fine and to give \$250 bonds to keep the peace for six months, especially toward Charlotte Lee.

ODDS AND ENDS.

M. FLORIAN PHARAON, writing for the *Paris Figaro*, is responsible for the following:—After the war of 1870 the late Czar of Russia being on a hunting expedition fell in with a band of gipsies, and stopped to listen to their songs, which pleased him greatly.

A young and handsome gipsy girl approached the Czar and offered to tell his fortune. He consented, and the girl told him of all the sorrows that would trouble his last years, and of the dangers he would run.

"When shall I die?" asked Alexander.

The gipsy was silent. "Speak, I wish to know," said the Czar.

"Father," answered the gipsy, "the year of your death is inscribed in that of your birth."

The year of his birth was 1818, of his assassination 1881.

A BRITISHER calls New York "a sort of Manchester garnished with spittoons." London is a dilapidated brickyard swimming in a pea-soup atmosphere.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

The Office of the "ORIENT" is removed from No. 104 to No. 2, Girgaum Back Road, opposite the bungalow of the late Hon. Morarjee Gokuldas.

"THE ORIENT."

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A FIERY ORDEAL.

A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

(Written expressly for the ORIENT.)

[CONTINUED FROM No. V.]

CHAPTER XVII.

MME. GILSEN met her visitors in the entry with an exaggerated cordiality which masked a little secret uneasiness, and begging Maxime to enter the salon conducted her friend to her own room.

"Are they there?" asked one schemer of the other.

"Yes, indeed."

"Adèle also?"

"Adèle also, and as if it were on purpose to vex us she really does look very pale and ill to-night. Come, summon your courage, and let us go to them. You know God helps those who help themselves, so we need not despair. Besides we have an auxiliary in the person of my mother, who is quite convinced the young people cannot fail to be struck with each other, and you know at her age she has had some experience of this sort of things"

"God grant she may be right, but I must confess I am almost afraid to meet Maxime," said Mme. D'Allaire.

"Oh, he will understand he has only been deceived in his own interest, and he will see the necessity of overcoming any little momentary irritation he may feel. Come, I thought you had more courage."

That Maxime had seen the advisability of masking his annoyance and indignation was evident; except a bright flush on each cheek his face betrayed nothing of the anger he felt at the trap into which he had fallen. For an instant on realizing the situation he had debated with himself if it were not possible to find some pretext for withdrawing from the house, but none presented itself, and making a resolve to see friendly M. Delpeau on the morrow, and frankly expose to him some of his reasons for declining matrimony, Maxime bowed over the hand which Mlle. Delpeau timidly

yielded to him, and listened to the remarks that were made on the changes that had taken place in them both since they last met.

"Acknowledge," said Mme. Delpeau, who considered herself bound to come to the aid of her shy and speechless daughter, "that you would not have recognised Adèle if she had not been accompanied by her father and myself."

"I certainly should not; I think I am entitled to forgiveness for my want of memory," answered Maxime, as he hurried away and inquired minutely into the state of old Mme. Le Brun's health. "Really a charming young man," thought that lady, who was long unused to attentions from the gentlemen.

"I can see, M. Maxime, that my mother has made a conquest of you," said Mme. Gilson playfully when the dinner was announced, "and you are not the first, I can assure you."

"I can well believe it," answered Maxime, bending deferentially before the old lady, and hastily offering her his arm lest he should be called upon to escort Mlle. Adèle. The shadow of a frown crossed Mme. Gilson's brow, and she herself conducted the only young lady of the party to the dining room, and placed her on the right-hand side of M. D'Allaire, sure that his sense of politeness would ensure Adèle some little attention, and thus give her an opportunity to make a favorable impression on him. Unfortunately, however, for her plot, Adèle, who at the best of times possessed few opinions or ideas of her own, appeared to singular disadvantage this evening, kept her eyes fixed on her plate, seemed incapable of entering into any conversation which required from her more than "Yes" or "No," and was, as Mme. Gilson despairingly acknowledged to herself, as 'nulle' as it was well possible to be. There is no doubt but that her elders were in some sort to blame for the poor child's excessive timidity. She had accidentally overheard her mother repeat to her father part of the conversation with Mme. D'Allaire, and had by him been jokingly questioned as to her childish impressions of Maxime, and this was more than sufficient to throw her into the state of nervous self-consciousness which might be expected of a sensitive girl of sixteen who found herself in the presence of the stranger whom she was aware her parents destined for her future husband. It is quite possible that some young girls, unaware of the dangers, delusions, or delights hidden in the word matrimony, and feeling no particular sympathy or affection for the unknown to whom they are about to be consigned, may regard the occasion as principally interesting because it will afford them an opportunity for donning the white robes of the bride, and open the road to more liberty and dignity than they have yet enjoyed; but Adèle, under an uninteresting exterior, hid a strong vein of romance.

She had dreamed of Maxime day and night since she had first become aware of the possibilities of a union between them, had called to mind the

few stolen romances she had secretly devoured, had read for the tenth time certain passages in *Paul and Virginia*, and had pictured Maxime as a prodigy of perfection at whose feet she might deposit treasures of love and devotion. She had spent hours before her mirror lamenting that her face was so destitute of bloom, that her nose was long and thin, and her glance rendered oblique by the little fold of skin that traversed the outer corner of her eyes. She had, in a manner which her mother considered capricious and sudden, asked permission to purchase a newly invented and expensive corset, in the hope of giving some appearance of roundness to her small frail figure, and she resolutely eschewed all ribbons but rose-colored ones, that their brightness might lend to her cheeks and lips some of the bloom they lacked. Too timid to question her mother, she jumped to the conclusion that things were much farther advanced than they really were, and imagined that any day might bring her into the presence of the much-dreaded and much-desired M. Maxime, who would be sure to love her a little when she was his wife, and kiss her sometimes, as her father kissed her mother when he returned from a journey or was in a very good humor; and as poor little Adèle thought of these things there was a glowing tremble of mingled hope and fear at her heart, and that would have sufficed to send a rush of beauty to the face of any young person a little more richly endowed by nature.

The small expressionless countenance, however, revealed nothing of the stir within. Neither her beauty nor her health were benefited by her secret agitation, and her mother, noting certain well-known signs and premonitory symptoms, had been rather averse to her dining out, and now watched her uneasily as she played with the viands on her plate, or responded in a confused and absent manner to the observations of those around her. Both M. and Mme. Delpeau looked on this meeting, which they had not foreseen, as clearly indicative of Maxime's wishes, and they set down any coldness or peculiarity in his manner to timidity alone. Adèle was clear-sighted enough to arrive far nearer the truth, and her mortification and regret at seeing her air palaces fading away mingled themselves with a growing sense of bodily discomfort, against which she felt herself powerless to struggle. Here she was, seated by the side of the man she had so longed to meet, yet wishing herself back in her father's house,—anywhere but in the midst of the rattle of jokes and small talk which flow so naturally when a few are met together in sunny France to discuss a good dinner and an excellent bottle of wine. All seemed gay except Adèle and Maxime, who remembered the unpleasant duty before him on the morrow, and felt his heart sink as he noted M. Delpeau's easy way of taking things for granted, and Adèle's subdued and significant manner.

No doubt of the projected marriage coming off had entered the young

lady's mind, but the brightness of anticipation had somehow died out, and matrimony resolved itself into a long vista of tableaux, in which her husband, with a bright flush on his cheeks, and the loveliest of eyes and moustaches, sat by her side, and forgot her in the company of a vivacious old lady. These tableaux, in which she herself formed a part, gradually seemed to swing and sway around her with bewildering rapidity. She became aware that Maxime was speaking to her, but his voice, like that of M. Gilson, who was complimenting her mother, and her father's raised in a discussion of the war, sounded metallic and far off; and with a clutch at the table and a slight twitching of her limbs she sank back helpless and insensible. Uttering expressions of surprise and uneasiness the guests rose hastily from their seats, all eager to proffer aid and advice.

"*La pauvre petite,*" exclaimed M. Gilson, "she has fainted from the heat. Take her on the balcony, *mon ami*. Give her air."

"No, to my room," objected his wife, who rightly divined that the parents would not care to expose the foam-flecked lips and distorted features of their daughter to the general gaze; and M. Delpeau, not for the first time, raised the insensible Adèle in his arms, and, while M. Gilson energetically knocked over chairs and stools to clear a passage for his friend, bore her from the room.

As may be easily supposed, this little event completely damped the pleasure of the evening. The Delpeaus only awaited the partial restoration of Adèle to take their leave, and after a long and confidential conversation between Mmes. D'Allaire and Gilson, in which they bewailed their ill luck, Maxime and his mother also departed. Mme. D'Allaire had looked forward with no small dread to the moment when she should first find herself alone with her son, but Maxime, agitated and annoyed beyond measure, did not dare at once to trust himself to speak, and offered his arm in silence; so, little by little, she persuaded herself that after all he was not perhaps very angry, and had possibly found Adèle more to his taste than she had dared to hope, had perhaps been touched by her modesty and weakness. Maxime's principles and ideas were so different to her own that she never felt in the least degree sure of what he might do next, and was ready to believe of him anything that was quixotic and extravagant.

"Mlle. Delpeau's illness was unfortunate," she hazarded at last.

"Very unfortunate," he answered drily.

"What did you think of her?" she asked after another long silence.

"Think! That her parents are mad to dream of marrying her. Only one degree less mad than you are when you endeavor to force me into a union which I told you was repugnant to me."

"Consider well, my son, that if you draw back now it will be attributed to Adèle's illness, and wound both her and her parents."

"Having taken no step in the affair, I have no need to draw back. I have only to explain, and that I shall do to-morrow to M. Delpeau himself. It is not my fault if my explanation leaves you under an imputation of indiscretion."

"If you will not listen to reason, to expediency, to the voice of my experience and affection, at least leave it to me to withdraw from the project, whose realization would have made me so happy, in the manner I see best."

"Pardon me, mother, but I cannot trust you, and I should be guilty of a great wrong if I allowed any doubt or uncertainty to exist in a case of this kind. I shall see M. Delpeau at his place of business to-morrow."

Mme. D'Allaire was by this time crying, oppressed by direful forebodings as to what her friends might think of her,—they who, rich and honored, had evidently been ready to bestow their daughter and her fortune on her penniless son. The good opinion of her little world was very dear to her, and her heart swelled as she thought of the blame that might be awarded her, when, on the other hand, her son's consent only was wanting to open the road to easy prosperity. True she could not shut her eyes to the nature of the attack that had seized Adèle that evening, but the poor girl's health she persuaded herself might be completely re-established by a new mode of life, or there might be no issue to the marriage, no child born to inherit its mother's infirmity.

Maxime understood some of his mother's bitter disappointment, and already he reproached himself with having spoken harshly to her. She could not see things as he saw them, and desired, after all, only what she believed to be his good; so he laid his disengaged hand on the one resting on his arm, and made an attempt to soothe and console her.

"*Voyons, ma mère,*" he said, "forgive me if my words have seemed unkind. Heaven knows how strong are my affection and respect for you, but in matters which touch my heart and conscience I alone can be the judge of what my duty really is. I am weary and tormented just now, alike in body and mind, troubled and harassed by many things, and it is not always easy for me to distinguish the straight path and keep it. Mother, do not you make life a harder problem than it is already. Subject me no more to such vexations as I have endured this evening. Let me feel that in my mother's heart there is only love and indulgence for me, that from you at least I have no pitfalls to fear. You would leave me in peace if you but knew how I long for rest, sometimes even for the rest of the tomb."

"You do not think you are worse? Grégoire has not said anything new to you, has he?" asked Mme. D'Allaire, startled by her son's earnestness.

"No, I am only a little tired. I have not seen Grégoire lately."

"I think you are rather inclined to exaggerate your symptoms, my son. Your appetite is tolerably good, and except that you are thinner there is scarcely any change in you. It is not well for us to give way to gloomy fancies; far better seek the rest you speak of in the consolations and duties of our holy religion, and gain the blessing that follows respect and obedience to parents." Maxime sighed wearily, and as if in answer to his sigh she continued, "Don't you think yourself that would be better than reproaching and opposing your mother because she feels a natural desire to see you married before she dies, and to know that your father's name and memory will not die out of the earth?"

"Rather than it should die out, you would have it continued by puny epileptic descendants," said Maxime, again roused to bitterness. "No, mother, do not urge me to marry, unless you would have me marry according to the desire of my heart, and give you a dowerless daughter-in-law."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mme. D'Allaire, "now we are coming to the truth. It has once or twice crossed my mind that the secret of your objection to marriage was some unworthy passion."

"Stop," he said, "I utterly deny that I am influenced by an unworthy passion."

"Do you deny that the object of your affection is that young girl without name or family whom you recommended so warmly to Mme. de Breul the other day?"

"I deny nothing, and I avow nothing, but I do maintain that the young lady in question is worthy of all respect, and not even by you will I hear her spoken of slightly."

"I have no wish to say anything against her," said Mme. D'Allaire, "but you yourself must allow it is not reassuring to remember that a young girl walks in the streets alone at all hours of the day and evening, and is by the very force of circumstances exposed to many kinds of temptation. A prudent man of good family would hardly choose for his wife a woman thus liable to have been assailed on all sides."

"Pardon me, it is precisely a prudent and sensible man who would regard as a priceless treasure a girl strong enough in her virtue to overcome dangers and temptation. His hopes of happiness would be enormously greater than if he had married some carefully watched and guarded child, whose very education would dispose her to look on certain faults as if they were forbidden fruit which had been kept out of her reach, rather than evil things to be shunned by her own deliberate choice and judgment. Such a girl married perhaps to a man she does not love runs a very serious danger if she meets with one who inspires her with affection. Rely upon it, in the mercenary and uncongenial marriages so often contracted, lies the secret of many a dishonored household and unfaithful spouse. Mother, at

least do not you join the ranks of those who aver that chastity is a virtue rarely to be found in woman (unless she is hemmed in by all the safeguards society can invent), and hardly to be desired in man."

Mme. D'Allaire had lent but little attention to this speech. Her heart was swelling tumultuously, and now as they approached their own door her annoyance found vent in a sting.

"But supposing this is true," she said, "who shall guarantee that this girl is all you believe her to be?"

Maxime started, the hot blood rushed to his face, and he turned hastily upon his mother. "God forgive you!" he said. "I was wrong to think you could understand anything outside of your own creed and observances. We will speak on this subject no more, and respect Mlle. Albert at least, for if ever I marry she shall be my wife."

CHAPTER XVIII.

That night Mme. D'Allaire moistened her pillow with her tears, and for once in her life divined that she had gone too far, and by this last stab deeply wounded the son who had just generously forgiven the deceit she had practised towards him. Nothing, however, in Maxime's manner on the morrow betrayed the slighted remains of irritation. He was pale and quiet, and accepted gently and courteously his mother's little attentions. As long as they lived the difference of their characters must make a gulf between them, but that was no reason why her son should forget the respect he owed her, and he felt a little penitent as he thought of his outburst of the night before.

As delicately as possible Maxime accomplished his difficult mission that day. He touched lightly on his mother's indiscretion, and revealed more than he cared to make known of his own secret anxieties and affections, that the father might not feel himself hurt in his parental pride and sensibility. "I hope I may have repaired the mischief," he said to himself, as with a feeling of infinite relief he turned his back on M. Delpeau's counting-house, and retraced his way to the Rue de Seine, and to work. As for easy-going, good-humored M. Delpeau, he bent over his books and correspondence, and felt a little more vexation than he would have cared to own. He had yielded to his wife's representations in the affair, and it was mortifying to see a young man, without fortune or prospects, refuse the proposed alliance even before it was officially offered; and yet it was impossible not to do justice to Maxime's loyalty. He had been the victim of a woman's indiscretion, and had a perfect right to decline a distasteful marriage. Distasteful, ah, there was the rub! Poor M. Delpeau felt mortified that his daughter, even with her handsome fortune, should not have been considered a prize to be eagerly grasped. His fatherly affection

could not blind him to the fact that Adèle was neither beautiful nor clever, but then she had a *dot* of 150,000 francs, besides expectations ; and being so very attractive in a monetary point of view, it was rather too much that a poor man should desire her to be an angel of perfection in every other respect. Less joyously than usual he went home that day, and opening the garden gate of the little house at Passy advanced towards the peach tree under whose shade he perceived his wife and daughter, Adèle reclining listlessly in a hammock slung to its branches, and Mme. Delpeau on a rustic seat near her, reading a novel that she fondly imagined she had kept out of her daughter's hands; but which that young lady had found means to devour in secret.

It is wonderful how quickly a wife discerns a cloud on her husband's brow ; and Mme. Delpeau, carrying the romance with her, drew her lord down a little path where there still lingered the last blossoms on the seringas, and inquired, "What is it? What is the matter?"

"Matter! Why, we have taken our merchandize where it was not wanted. You must have misunderstood Mme. D'Allaire the other day."

"Not at all, she said exactly what I repeated to you."

"At any rate M. Maxime d'Allaire has been with me to-day to say that he never authorized his mother to make any advances whatever, and that he was surprised to meet us at the Gilsens' yesterday."

"Then Mme. D'Allaire has acted very badly in this affair, and her son appears to me supremely impertinent. It is to Adèle's little fainting fit we owe all this, yet I told Mme. D'Allaire frankly that her delicate health was the only reason why we were willing to consent to an early marriage."

"No, he affirms that had nothing to do with his decision, and he hinted at an attachment."

"His attachment must be a very sudden one if it has developed itself since last night."

"But, *ma bonne amie*, I have already told you that he had no expectation of meeting us at Gilsen's last night," said M. Delpeau impatiently. "The truth is Maxime D'Allaire impressed me rather favorably, and from what I saw of him this morning I am inclined to think he is just the young man to whom I would have been willing to give my daughter."

"He has contrived, however, to make us his dupes," replied Mme. Delpeau, who was far too much irritated to be either just or logical. Poor woman, she bitterly resented what she considered a slight on her daughter, and felt, though her husband was too magnanimous to reproach her, that she had been over-hasty in welcoming Mme. D'Allaire's hints.

"You would do well to treat the matter as lightly as possible when you next see Mmes. D'Allaire or Gilsen. We have but one child, and we were wrong to be willing to part with her so readily. Our parents were not in

such a hurry to get rid of us, were they, *ma bonne*? And it will be no disappointment to Adèle, for she knows nothing about it," said M. Delpeau, who was wiping the perspiration from his brow, and evidently fast recovering his serenity.

"Don't you believe that," answered his wife. "She has watched us ever since we have been walking up and down this alley, and I am convinced her illness was accelerated by mortification at that young man's neglect. Your jokes, if nothing else were, sufficient to open her eyes to our intentions."

"That is unkind," exclaimed M. Delpeau, pausing in his walk and turning to his wife. "I did not reproach you, and your folly has been far greater than mine. With a word or two I can repair all I have said," and he hastened towards the peach tree.

Adèle still occupied the hammock, and one slippered foot, not quite as small as might have been expected from her low stature, hung over its side. She greeted her father with a faint smile only, as if she divined that his sudden approach indicated some communication, which she would not delay by so much as a word.

"I can see you are better, *ma petite*," he said as he bent over her and kissed her brow. "We shall have you a strong brave girl some day, and then we must find you a good husband, but we can't spare you just yet."

A flush rose to Adèle's cheek, but nothing else indicated how fast her heart was beating. "Of course not yet," she said, grasping a handful of the green leaves above her and spreading them out one by one on her light muslin dress, "but you—you wish me to marry some time. Is it not so?"

"Certainly, a fine young husband who will make you very happy."

"And I may choose him myself?"

"Of course, subject to our approval. Young girls are not able to judge entirely for themselves in such matters."

"Then," she said, still apparently absorbed in spreading the leaves in a circle on her lap, "let it be M. Maxime d'Allaire."

"Not so, you must do better than that. M. Maxime would never do, he is as sickly as you. No, no, two poor invalids together, that is not to be thought of. Trust to your parents, my little girl, to their love and experience, and all will be well."

"There are plenty of young men infinitely better in appearance, manners, and prospects than M. D'Allaire," put in Mme. Delpeau, and the couple exchanged a dismayed glance as Adèle repeated in low tones full of insistence, "I want M. Maxime and no other."

Poor little thing, her parents were in the habit of acceding to her requests after a delay more or less long, and having once broken the

ice she was not inclined lightly to give up her point. It is true she had felt the night before, with a confused sense of pain, that her destined husband evinced none of the half-veiled affection she had dreamed about as characterizing their first meeting, but he had spoken to her once or twice gently and politely, and she dwelt upon his words and the tone of his voice, and persuaded herself that it would be sweeter to live with him, and endeavor by untiring submission and devotion to win from him something like love, than to marry any other more ardent wooer.

Perplexed and anxious, M. Delpeau again drew his wife in the direction of the seringa bushes, and consulted with her as to what it was best to do. "Tell her all," she said. "She must know the truth, even at the risk of another attack."

"*Diable de fille !*" exclaimed her husband. "In my time young people never dreamed of setting up their wills and affections in opposition to those of their elders. Why, I would have married the ugliest girl in France or the universe if my father had insisted upon it."

"Indeed !" said Mme. Delpeau irascibly ; she had been an heiress not over well-favored, and did not find her husband's last speech exactly complimentary.

"Fortunately," he continued, perceiving his mistake, "my duty and my inclination went hand in hand."

"No doubt, but that is not the point in question. Let us go back to Adèle," retorted Mme. Delpeau, slipping from under the hand her husband had laid on her shoulder, and returning to the pale-faced motionless figure under the peach tree. "My dear," she said abruptly, "you cannot marry M. D'Allaire, because your father and I do not consider him a suitable match for you, and if you are not ready, as every good daughter should be, to submit to us, I must tell you that he loves some one else and is unwilling to take you for his wife."

Adèle's eyes opened wider than they had ever done before, and she glanced at her father for confirmation of the words she had just heard. "That need not wound you, my child," he said, answering the question in her eyes. "If he had seen you first, you might have been the one preferred. As it is, the other little girl took possession of the place. First come, first served, you know."

Adèle raised herself slightly in the hammock, threw from her one by one the peach leaves, and finally answered pettishly, "It is not necessary to seek another *parti* for me, I shall not live to marry," and without another word she slipped from her resting-place, replaced a slipper which fell from her foot, and slowly crossing the grass disappeared in the house.

"There, now," exclaimed Mme. Delpeau, "it is evident she must have

read some romance or other, though how she managed it I cannot think, for they are always under lock and key."

"Follow her! follow her," said the father. "Did you see those dark circles under her eyes?"

"Ah, *mon Dieu*, when a good marriage would have brightened her up, and completely restored her to health and strength!"

CHAPTER XIX.

Maxime d'Allaire had dragged through the hot days of that exceptionally sultry July with a painful sense of languid endurance. A spell of weariness and chronic fatigue appeared to have settled down on him, but he could still take an eager interest in the events of the war, and his affection for Aimée had suffered no diminution. They had held no communication since their parting, now nearly seven weeks ago, but more than once Maxime had dragged himself painfully to Montmartre for the sake of passing through the street in which she lived.

Mme. D'Allaire at last, aroused to the fact that there was cause for alarm in her son's state of health, seemed anxious by present zeal to make up for past tardiness in taking alarm, and diligently supplemented Grégoire's treatment by concocting weak tisanes, wholly inadequate to deal with the evil, but which Maxime dutifully swallowed to avoid the fatigue of a discussion, and also to ease her mind, and allow her to feel she was doing something towards his recovery.

In obedience to Grégoire's advice, mother and son were to leave Paris in August for a short stay in Normandy, and Maxime had the more readily consented to this arrangement because it afforded him an excuse for seeing Aimée once more to bid her adieu before his departure.

He had no scruple in seeking an interview, but he did resolve that it should take place under circumstances that left as little room for agitation as possible.

Aimée had long been in the habit of giving an English lesson at nine o'clock on Tuesday and Friday mornings to the daughter of a tradesman in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, and of entering for an instant the neighbouring church of Notre Dame des Victoires before going to her pupil. Did devotion draw her there, or did she find the quaint old church, with its thousands of votive offerings suspended to the walls, its earnest worshippers and subdued light, a cool and delightful haven of rest, a place of repose alike for mind and body? It is possible that there was yet another reason why she clung to her old habit; in the early days of their acquaintance Maxime had more than once met her there, or waylaid her as she left the church.

It is no wonder, then, that Maxime going to Notre Dame des Victoires one

gusty morning, when the wind rattled shutters and signboards, and heralded the storm that was already on its way, found her at her accustomed place before the altar of the Virgin. He took a chair behind her and waited patiently until she should turn to leave the church and discover who had been her neighbour during the mass. Maxime was in no haste, indeed he would have been content to prolong his present position indefinitely. She, from whom he had been so long separated, was within reach of his outstretched hand, and the skirt of her dress (the same she had worn at their last meeting) touched his foot, and with tumultuous memories, and a sense of present well-being, mingled the monotonous voices of the priest and his assistant, and the odor of the incense.

Aimée had so long looked in vain for his coming that it was a surprise to her to find herself face to face with M. D'Allaire. Together they left the church, and paused to shake hands on the pavement outside the edifice.

"How pale and thin you look!" exclaimed Aimée, her first joy speedily giving place to dismay.

"Yes," said Maxime confusedly, "I am weak. That is to say, sometimes. I am perfectly well now."

"Well, with those hollow cheeks? Even your hands are nothing but skin and bone. Come under this gateway for a moment until the shower has abated," she added, for great drops were falling, as if to lay the dust the wind had been raising in whirling clouds.

Unfortunately they were not alone in their place of refuge. A boy bearing a large parcel, and two women whose umbrella the wind had just turned inside out, shared their retreat and imposed some restraint on their freedom of speech. Aimée felt averse to pour forth her anxieties, and Maxime to speak of his departure, before witnesses; he saw with how much difficulty she already restrained her tears, and could not find it in his heart to inflict an additional grief in the presence of strangers. Yet he could not lose the present opportunity of bidding her adieu, and was meditating a change to some more favorable spot, when the women, having between them reduced the refractory umbrella, resolved to pursue their walk through the rain, and the boy, warned perhaps by some instinct that his company was unwelcome, also departed.

"Mademoiselle," said Maxime turning to his companion, "I was fortunate in having the happiness of meeting you to-day; for I sought you to say farewell, or rather *au revoir*, before my departure for Normandy."

A conviction darted like an arrow through Aimée's heart that he would return no more from Normandy, but she only asked "When?"

"Next week, Wednesday or Thursday, and you will see me back, and in good health I trust, in a month or six weeks."

Aimée made no answer, she could not credit his last words, did not even

think he believed them himself, and felt as if this visit to Normandy was a veil descending and shutting out the last of hope and joy life held for her.

"You are not yourself looking well," Maxime continued gently. "Have not you, chère Aimée, some intention of leaving the hot city, of going for at least a few weeks to England or the seaside?"

"I don't know," answered Aimée tremulously, as a swift thought entered her mind that she too might go to Normandy, and wait hidden somewhere near him, within reach in case his illness should take a turn for the worse. Reason told her, however, that his words held forth no encouragement to such a step, that he would consider himself bound to oppose any project of the kind, and she answered, "I don't know yet. I must consult with Valentine, and shall be able to tell you better in a few days, for of course you will not leave without coming to say good-bye to me."

"I came to say good-bye to-day," said Maxime, "but if it is your wish that we should meet again, I shall be only too happy to see you when and where you will."

Aimée bowed her head in answer; she felt hurt that he should have been willing to part with her, perhaps for the last time, with only a hurried word of farewell spoken in the street.

"If Tuesday evening will suit you," continued Maxime, "I shall have the pleasure of paying you a visit then."

"It will suit me perfectly, and I shall expect you."

"Thank you," Maxime answered, pressing her hand as if to ratify the engagement. "The rain is over, and I afraid I have made you very late for your engagement."

"It does not matter. I am generally so exact that I have earned the right to be late for once," said Aimée, "but I suppose I had better go now, and it will be well for you to reach home before the rain begins again."

A few minutes more and they had parted, she to hide her distress as best she could from her pupil, and he to seat himself on a bench in the Palais Royal, and, deep in thought, forget the chance of a second shower. Had he done right to make that appointment for Tuesday evening? Should he write and cancel it? It was easy to write her a farewell letter, but he could not bear the thought that she might accuse him of unkindness, and his own desires were powerful advocates in favor of this visit. If there did indeed await him an early grave, if her portion was to be a broken heart, was not this last indulgence a favor to be snatched from fate, a spot of brightness they were justified in placing between themselves and desolation? "*Pauvre chère ange*," he thought, "I have crossed her life but to mar it. I who love her have darkened all her days to come. It may be better for her that I should see her no more. Shall I then listen to my selfish desire? Am I as weak in mind as in body, that I must seek

her presence again, and allow the blight that has fallen on me to extend still farther to her? And yet if this visit——. But there is time enough, I need not decide the question now,” and Maxime d’Allaire, tortured and irresolute, rose hastily and took the road homeward.

Meanwhile a cloud was gathering thick and black over France, and a feeling of deep and undefined uneasiness was fast gaining ground. Bill-stickers pasted ominous placards on the walls reserved for such purposes, and the groups beneath them, swelling to a crowd before the paste was dry, sent up a murmur of pain and rage as the true signification of the proclamation became evident to them.

A little red-haired man with a grisette on his arm stood before one on the wall of the Ministère des Finances, and, anxious to display his scholarship, or make himself useful to his less accomplished neighbors, read aloud, “Citizens of Paris, in the name of your country and of the heroic army we beg you to be calm, patient, and orderly. Disorder in Paris would be a victory for the Prussians. As soon as there is any news you shall know it. Let us be united, have but one thought, one desire, one sentiment, the success of our arms.” “That means,” said the man to whoever might choose to listen, “that the news we have been waiting for so long will be bad.”

“That we have been betrayed, *quoi?*” responded a lank individual with oily-looking hair, and scarcely his fair share of nose, one with too much of the *voyou* and fighting cock in him to be subdued by any number of proclamations.

“Why look at it in that light?” said an elderly man. “It may simply indicate that a decisive battle is at hand, and be intended to induce us to await patiently the result.”

“Ah, *nenni*,” answered the reader, wiping his hot face with a red handkerchief plentifully adorned with small black representations of a jockey’s hat and whip, “good news would certainly excite no disorder. I tell you this means disaster. Is it not so, *bichette?*” he added turning to his bright-eyed little companion, who shook her head ominously, but avoided committing herself to an opinion in the presence of such a large and mixed company.

“And I say,” vehemently began his small-nosed neighbor, “that the man of December, the Dutchman’s son, has sold us. What is he better than you or I that he should live in purple, and have money in abundance to give his friends and his mistresses? Why, he is not capable of mounting his horse and leading the armies of France on to victory. What is he good for, I ask you, what is he good for?” The open space around the daring speaker had gradually increased in extent, his sentiments were too dangerous and too premature to meet the approval of his hearers, and a

woman's was the only voice which ventured to answer him. "There are the marshals and the generals," she said timidly.

"The marshals! the generals!" reposted the man scornfully. "Does the head call on the limbs to think for it, to do its work? A state cannot flourish where there is corruption in high places, and the judge of the supreme court acts as a go-between. Rotten, I repeat, all rotten!" He paused, aroused to the danger in which he was placing himself by the way the people avoided him. Had he been visibly affected by that unpleasant malady the small-pox they could hardly have shunned him more. He took in the situation at once, shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, and slouched off in the direction of the Champs Elysées. He had only spoken incoherently and brutally the thoughts that were already in many hearts and would soon be on many tongues.

During those days, when both a public and private calamity appeared to threaten her, Aimée Albert felt herself tormented by a nameless and horrible depression, which lay upon her heart like a weight of lead. In vain she reflected that the expected news from the army might be better than was anticipated, and that even if a shadow was about to descend on her life, at least an hour of happiness lay between her and it.

Her apprehensions took a less definite form than they had done during her interview with Maxime, but they were there nevertheless, making their influence felt when she was occupied with her few remaining pupils or busy attending to her household duties, bearing her down as with a leaden hand, and mingling with all her occupations and all her thoughts.

Coming events cast not equal shadows on all natures. To some people misfortune always arrives as a surprise, on others it descends as a black mantle enveloping the heart it is about to strike. Can the unseen world around us communicate dimly and vaguely with certain organizations, or when the grosser part of us sleeps is our spiritual essence endowed with prescience and foresight, which it can sometime communicate by at least an impression to the waking mind?

Aimée's presentiments, however, could be explained more easily. None who had looked on Maxime's face could deny that there was good and tangible reason for uneasiness. Aimée saw it over before her as it had appeared in the shadowy church; and it is no wonder there hung over her the dread of an approaching calamity. None of her occupations suffered from her state of mind. She sewed, cooked, taught, as usual, and returning from a lesson on Monday stopped to buy a ribbon of rich deep red to wear with her black dress on the morrow. The shade became her well, and she was even more anxious than usual that Maxime should see her, at her best, and carry away with him a recollection of her as pleasing as possible.

It was noon when she mounted the Rue Lépici on her way home, and the sun darted his vertical rays hot and scorching on her shoulders. She hurried on, anxious as soon as possible to find rest and shelter in her own room. Coolness unfortunately was not to be hoped for; the inconvenience of an upper story makes itself painfully felt during the dog-days. The roof heated by the sun cools off only towards evening, and many sultry hours counterbalance the advantages of a fine view and good air, sometimes enjoyed in these elevated dwellings. Aimée changed her outdoor shoes and dress for slippers and a pink and white wrapper, and, seating herself on a low chair near the window, prepared to twist and sew the ribbon she had bought into the form she wished it to take. Little by little, however, heat and fatigue overpowering her, she laid her work aside, and threw herself on the bed. Sleep, since sleep would come, was a welcome respite from the anxieties that oppressed her. She slept long and soundly, and ere she woke entered the enchanted region of dreams, and found all there in curious contrast with her actual position.

She saw before her a vast field, all verdure and freshness, recalling some of those she had admired in England. The buttercups tossed their golden heads among the long grass, and rivalled in brilliancy of hue their neighbors the crimson sangfroid. Giant trees cast waving shadows over this enchanted spot, and the blossoms of the sweet wild rose trembled in the breeze. It was a paradise of bloom and beauty, and in it she wandered with Maxime, her husband. Suddenly the music of a distant and familiar valse fell on her ear (suggested perhaps by some far-off street organ), and, passing his arm around her, Maxime invited her to dance. In her dream she objected that he was not yet sufficiently recovered from an illness; but even as she spoke she yielded to his desire and his encircling arm, and glided off into that most airy and delicious sensation a dream dance. Their feet floated above the earth rather than touched it. His cheek lay against hers, and her soul was filled with an overpowering sense of union and confidence. Soon the dance gave place to other images. Near them, still in the same field, sat Mme. Martin, her feet in a ditch, and on her knees an infant, over whose white robe, which rustled as if it had been paper, she slowly passed her hand. The sound awoke the dreamer, and she opened her eyes to see in the middle of the floor a letter that the *concierge* had just swung into the room through the crack that divided the door from the threshold.

—*Chambers's Journal* describes a factory where the hammering of fifty coppersmiths was scarcely audible in the room below, their benches having under each leg a rubber cushion.

THE great truth that needs to be taught to every child, impressed upon every youth, and established in every mind is that the basis of all happiness is loyalty to truth and right.

APICULTURE.

ONE of the rural industries which in India appears to receive hardly the attention it deserves is apiculture. In England a row of beehives is often a picturesque appendage to a cottage garden, and a considerable source of pecuniary profit to the cottager. Is it because the supply of wild honey is large here ; because of the Hindoo dislike to destroy the bees when taking the honey ; or on account of a want of knowledge of the management of bees, that the industry is so little cultivated in India ?

However large may be the supply of wild honey, I think it will be found that the price paid for the best quality is sufficiently high to make the industry a very remunerative one, especially when it is taken into account that the care of bees involves little trouble and less expense, and that there is here no inclement winter weather to guard against ; as to the destruction of bee life when the honey is taken, that is completely unnecessary. A simple process in vogue in France, and which will be given presently, entirely obviates the apparent necessity for smothering the poor little workers when the fruit of their toil is taken from them ; and bee-culture is so easily carried on that the most simple country man or woman can attend to a large number of hives and reap considerable profit from their produce. There is hardly a country on the face of the globe where the bee cannot thrive. Safe in a hollow tree it lives through the bitter winters of Canada, and it is found also in equatorial regions ; there is but little doubt, however, that a warm country, in which a supply of the aromatic plants it requires can be easily kept up, is the place best of all fitted to it.

I will not dwell upon the natural history of the bee, upon its waxen cells of mathematical accuracy, its loyalty to its queen and tender care of the young grub, the industry with which it licks the sweet juices from the plants, and by swallowing them stores them in a membranous sac called the honey bag, until on its return to the hive it discharges its load into a cell which is closed with wax as soon as full. The habits of the bee colony—composed as it is of workers or neuters, drones, and one solitary queen, much larger than her subjects, and a marvel of fecundity—have been described by naturalists over and over again, so we will pass to the practical part of our subject.

The first thing to be done when engaging in bee-culture is to provide a hive or hives, and a stand on which to place them. The stand should consist of a smooth wide wooden shelf, mounted on legs about three feet high placed well under the shelf to prevent rats and mice from entering the hives ; it will also be necessary to surround the supports with water or tarred rings to guard against the approach of ants, which are particularly destructive to bees. A roof over the shelf must be provided to keep off the rain and the direct rays of the sun, and no

plant must be allowed near enough the hives to form a ladder for insects and vermin. Not far from the stand should be planted an abundance of aromatic flowering plants. In England the favorites are rosemary, white clover, mignonette, lemon thyme, broom, and many others. In India almost any sweet-smelling aromatic plant will serve, and it will be well to cultivate those jungle flowers on which the wild bee is observed to alight frequently. Care must be taken to secure a succession of flowers, and a small supply of clean water must be placed near the stand, around which no poultry can be allowed, as chickens greedily devour bees. The hives may be of straw, wood, or glass; the last, of course, cannot be home-made, but it possesses the advantage of enabling the owner to watch his bees at work, and correctly estimate the quantity of honey. The home-made article should resemble half an egg in form, and measure about two feet in diameter. At the bottom an entrance must be left four inches long and an inch and a half deep, and four sticks should be placed across the inside of the hive.

To purchase a hive already stocked would perhaps be the best way for a beginner to start an apiary, and in buying he should be careful to select a hive of considerable weight and well peopled with bees. If the hive can be removed with the board on which it stands, it will be only necessary to cover the entrance with a piece of perforated card-board; if the board cannot be removed, it is well to raise the hive with wedges during some hours and at dusk to transport it to its new station; the next day plaster the hive to the board with mortar, leaving only the entrance free; the board should project some inches beyond the hive all the way round.

After the hive has been some time in position the bees will probably be observed to carry pellets on their thighs; this is a sure sign that breeding has commenced, but it may be many months from that time until a swarm is ready to leave the hive. In readiness for such an event the bee-master should always keep spare hives by him. Indications of swarming are generally given by the bees clustering in great numbers below the resting-board. Sometimes for want of a queen being with them they will return to the hive, but they usually rise *en masse* and settle again, either on the ground or the branch of a tree. Now is the bee-master's opportunity; he should approach them with the hive—which has been made smooth inside and rubbed with aromatic plants—and, if the swarm is on the ground, place the hive over it, being careful to support the edges of the hive on wedges. If the swarm has settled on a branch, shake the bees from it, or cut the branch and place it in the hive. The danger from stings is not very great, but it is wise to cover

all parts of the body, and wear a veil over the face. Avoid crushing the bees, for they will certainly resent that, and do not breathe on them or talk near them. Having seen that the greater part of the swarm has entered the hive, leave them where they are until the evening, when they can be transported to the station they are to occupy, and on the morrow plastered down to the board with mortar, leaving only the entrance free.

For a hive to be productive it is absolutely necessary that it should be well peopled, and to ensure this it is well to unite two swarms if they should be observed to be at all feeble ; this is easily done by shaking the second swarm, which usually emerges soon after the first, into an empty hive, which is then placed upside down in a pail or other convenient rest, the hive containing the first swarm being rested on the top of it, in such a way that their edges unite and one entrance is just over the other. If care is taken that there is but one queen the lower swarm will mount and make one family with the other. Two queens would cause bitter warfare, and without one the community would refuse to work.

Travellers in England in May or June may have remarked a group of cottagers, their faces protected by gauze veils, beating together pots and pans, warming-pans and tongs, in their efforts to induce the swarm to settle. This is seldom necessary, but if a swarm should prove restless on leaving the hive and show no inclination to settle, some loud tinkling noise or the report of a gun will sometimes decide them to choose a resting-place. In all other cases noise and confusion are to be avoided.

The following is a very simple way to take the honey without destroying or injuring the bees :—In the dusk of the evening raise the hive to be taken and place it upside down in a small pit dug to form a rest for it ; take a new hive—properly smoothed and rubbed with aromatic plants, and with a few sticks placed across the inside—and put it over the other one in such a way as to avoid leaving any openings between the two, then with a stick beat gently round the sides of the lower hive for about ten minutes, in which time the bees will have left the lower hive and will be found to be adhering to the walls of the upper one, which must then be removed gently to the place whence the other was taken. The operation should be conducted at a season when there are sufficient flowers in bloom to enable the bees to commence accumulating a new stock of honey.

The best honey is of a pale pure yellow color, and it should be thick and a little aromatic. The way to drain it from the combs is to cut them and place them in a hair sieve over the receptacle in which the honey is to be kept. The jar or glass must be completely filled, as a little scum will have to be removed from the surface. The honey

should be covered with a double fold of white paper, over which a bladder softened in warm water must be stretched; the jar should be disturbed and shaken as little as possible. If any honey is to be kept in the combs, the fairest and most entire should be chosen, and having been wrapped in clean white paper set up edgewise. The refuse honey is, in cold countries, carefully preserved for the winter food of the bees, but in India they will rarely need feeding if a little care is taken to keep up a constant and abundant provision of flowering plants in their neighborhood.

If any person anxious to commence apiculture should find unforeseen difficulties arise, we will, on application, give such information as may enable him to overcome them.

LUCK OF ONE DAY'S FISHING.

From the Lancaster Examiner.

ONE morning, when Spring was in her teens—

A morn to a poet's wishing,

All tinted in delicate pink and greens—

Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I in my rough and easy clothes,

With my face at the sunshine's mercy;

She with her hat tipped down to her nose,

And her nose tipped—vice versa.

I with my rod, my reel and my hooks,

And a hamper for lunching recesses;

She with the bait of her comely looks,

And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we set down on the sunny dike.

Where the white pond lilies teeter,

And I went to fishing like quaint old Ike,

And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,

And dreamily watched and waited,

But the fish were cunning and would not rise,

And the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time for departure came

The bag was flat as a flounder,

But Bessie had neatly hooked her game,

A hundred and eighty pounder.

Washington Correspondence of the Boston Journal.

AN old white woman was arraigned on Wednesday for drunkenness, found guilty, and sentenced to seven days in the workhouse. She sat down in a corner of the dock, and soon afterward an old colored man came in, bringing a pitcher of coffee and a plate of provisions, and approaching the marshal he asked, in an agitated voice:

"Boss, is yer got an old white lady in dar named Riley?"

Some one replied in the affirmative, and the old man's face brightened up at once. Turning to a number of gentlemen, he said:

"Gemmen, I heerd dis mornin' dat der perlice had 'rested my old missis, an' I cum here to see her, and dey wouldn't lemme in. Dat ole lady, gemmen, was a rich woman onst, and I was her servant. She raised me from a small chile, and when I heerd of de trouble she was in I felt jest like cryin'; and when I cum here, and dey wouldn't lemme see her, sez I, I sez, she ain't had nuffin to eat, and I took all de money I had in de world and fetched it to her."

He then advanced toward the dock, calling her by name, and when she appeared said: "Ole missus, here's suthin' I done brought for yer to eat. Yer was kind to me onst, yer was, and I'se gwine to help dem as was good to me."

The old woman burst into tears as she accepted the bounty of her former slave.

I'VE ALLUS PAID MY DEBTS.

(By R. BATES.)

CHAPTER IV.

"Death is the veil which those who live call Life. They sleep, and it is lifted."

Many months had passed since that memorable visit to Stonebridge Rectory. Spring had given place to autumn, and the wheat that had been green blades then had fallen ripe and dry before the sickle now. Children wandering by hedge and wood sought for berries and hazel-nuts, and the apple trees had exchanged their blossoms for a heavier load of fruit; but the changes in Nature's kindly face were not greater than those that had taken place in Walter Agnew's fortunes. First, the Reverend Mr. Purcell, an elderly man, had died suddenly, and the bishop of S., in whose gift the living was, influenced by the unanimous voice of the parishioners, and perhaps by one nearer home, had bestowed it on the curate. This meant competence and definite establishment among people he knew and liked, but it meant more than that. Mr. Agnew saw the prelate on the occasion, and, emboldened by his cordiality, spoke of Eleanor and was favorably heard. The barriers that had seemed so insurmountable melted like ice, and the young people were soon engaged, with the approval of all interested parties. The vicarage was even now undergoing a thorough renovation preparatory to receiving the new furniture which was to be Mrs. Lewis's gift to her daughter, and both ladies were at present staying with the Winters, that they might be on the spot to aid the expectant bridegroom in some details not exactly in his province. Under their joint supervision the house was fast growing into a very cosy nest indeed, a fit casket for the jewel he had won and hoped so soon to wear.

During all this time old Salome had not been neglected; the new Vicar had rarely missed paying her a daily visit, and had supplied all her wants until such time as, the bank affairs being settled, she had really received back a small part of the hard earnings of her earlier days. Then it was found that by some arithmetical process intelligible only to herself she had kept count of all that had been advanced, and insisted on returning it, affirming, with some show of probability, that what remained would still be sufficient to keep her for the short remnant of her life and bury her decently. The mystery of her appearance at Stonebridge was a mystery still that nothing she had said tended to elucidate. She had expressed, it is true, satisfaction on hearing that the second burglar was captured, and had seemed pleased to know that punishment had been meted out to them, but this was no more than might be expected of her stern desire that crime should receive its just reward.

Such was the state of affairs when early one breezy morning the lover started to walk to Stonebridge, in fulfilment of a promise to breakfast with the Winters and join them and their guests in a long-projected excursion.

Mrs. Lewis and her daughter were to return home the following week, and he would then see them no more until he went to S. for the wedding. "The wedding," how unreal it sounded! A year ago his life and future had looked so lonely, so full of poverty and small cares, and now blessings had been showered on him, and he would soon possess the wife of his choice, the treasure so long desired and despaired of. No wonder his step pressed buoyantly the fallen yellow leaves, and that the crisp sharpness of the air, hinting of coming winter, only increased his exhilaration. He could have found it in his heart to run and jump if he had not remembered that in the vicar of Plumstead such manifestations of thankfulness might be considered unseemly. He had arrived within a mile of his destination, and vaulted over the last stile that separated him from the open downs, where Miss Lewis had half promised to meet and accompany him during the remainder of his walk. The young lady was not in sight. He was a little early perhaps, or she had changed her mind he thought, as he followed a footpath leading diagonally across the downs to the entrance of a narrow lane that ran between the walls of a market garden on either side, and was his most direct way to Stonebridge.

The lane was called Martin's Alley, and was almost entirely abandoned to foot-passengers, partly because a more commodious though longer road was available, and partly from the fact that if two vehicles met in the alley they could not possibly pass each other, and one was compelled to back out—a tedious and protracted operation.

A carriage was there now, however, moving fast and furiously, and the thud of flying hoofs plainly audible to the clergyman told him that it was drawn by a runaway horse. Miss Lewis might be even now in the lane, and he rushed forward to gain a point on the downs whence he could see between the walls and assure himself that his fears were groundless. A stunted bush to his right was in a direct line with the lane, and he bounded across the turf to reach it. More than half the distance was traversed when the cause of his uneasiness, a butcher's cart drawn by a wild black colt imprudently trusted to the care of a boy, came into view, the horse galloping at mad speed, and the cart swaying violently from side to side. Mr. Agnew had no time to watch the unfortunate Jehu and his equipage; one thought filled his mind to the exclusion of all others, one dread paralyzed his heart—had she, overtaken in that narrow space, been injured or killed? was the cup so near his lips destined to be dashed from them in this horrible manner? He reached the bush but did not stop there, for he had seen her sitting or lying close to one of the walls and not far from the entrance of the lane. With a swift foot but faltering heart he crossed the space that separated them, and experienced an immense relief when she rose at his approach and threw herself trembling and tearful into his arms.

The simple assurance that she was not hurt was all the lover could obtain from her at first; but he used all the arts at his command to soothe and quiet her, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her dry her eyes and propose that they should

endeavor to ascertain the fate of the boy. That was soon done; they found the body of the cart overturned against a stump on the other side of the downs, and learnt from a countryman who was surveying it that the horse had carried off the shafts, and the boy, uninjured, had gone in pursuit of him—rather perhaps with a view of deferring as long as possible a meeting with his angry master than because he cherished any serious hopes of capturing the runaway steed. °

Her mind at ease on this point, Eleanor Lewis, walking slowly on the downs with her hand on Mr. Agnew's arm, told him the particulars of her escape. She was about the middle of the lane when she became aware of the rapidly pursuing danger behind her. She tried a door leading into one of the gardens and found it fastened, recognized the fact that it was impossible to scale the wall, and then in desperation started to run. It was a vain, hopeless attempt, and soon her foot striking a stone she fell heavily to the ground and knew that her senses were about to leave her, and destruction was inevitable. "Just where you found sunshade crushed and broken," she explained.

Suddenly, when all seemed lost, an old woman bent over her, and partly by sheer strength, partly with the help of the encouragement her presence gave, raised the prostrate girl, and drawing her to one side maintained her close to the wall while the cart dashed past them.

And now came something that had greatly puzzled and troubled Miss Lewis. She had turned to thank her preserver and found her gone—gone in a second, although they were between two high brick walls that stretched straight and unbroken for some distance in both directions.

"Did you see her clearly, Eleanor?" asked Walter Agnew, whose thoughts had already flown to Mrs. Peddlar.

"Very clearly, though only for so short a time. She was an old woman wrinkled and stern, and she wore a borderless white cap and a black shawl edged with a colored stripe, and it was crossed on her breast and tied behind her. I should know her anywhere." He resolved to put that last assertion to the test; she should see Mrs. Peddlar with an unbiased mind, and, without appearing to attach much importance to the mysterious element in her story, he requested her to let it remain a secret between them for a few days, and to speak of her fright without referring to the old woman.

His request was granted, and the rest of his task was easy. Nothing was simpler than to drive out together to try a pony he designed to buy for Eleanor's use, and being out the call at Mrs. Peddlar's followed as a matter of course. He had told Miss Lewis of Salome's peculiarities, of her sharp tongue and unpleasant ways, and smiled when his intended asked why he visited her so often since she had so little to commend her to his notice.

Unwilling that Mary Brander should witness the coming interview, Walter Agnew left Miss Lewis in the lane and went first to the cottage, and having ascertained that Salome was alone and asleep, led Eleanor to the window, with a caution not to allow any sudden exclamation to escape her and awaken the sleeper.

The caution was not unnecessary, the sight of the bent form and wrinkled face, of the very cap and shawl she had described so accurately, the discovery of her preserver in the *protégée* about whom she had so often rallied her lover, impressed and startled Eleanor so much that her face grew ashy pale and she trembled in every limb. Mr. Agnew drew her hastily away and handed her into the pony carriage, explaining to Mary Brander, who came up as he did so, that Mrs. Peddler being asleep they would drive a little farther and call on their way back.

"She mostly is asleep now, Sir," said Mary. "She is heavy like and drowsy, and I doubt is failing fast, poor thing. Why, she has hardly strength enough left to crawl about her garden, and she do love it dearly, to be sure."

At last Mr. Agnew felt free to unburden himself of the secret he had kept so long, and to lay, without fear of ridicule or doubt, the whole of his story before Eleanor. They discussed it long and earnestly, but it remained as inexplicable as ever; one thing only seemed clear, they were overshadowed by a benignant protection which was either special to them, or else they were specially permitted to witness more than is generally revealed to mortal sight and knowledge, and to obtain a glimpse of the invisible made for an instant tangible to their vision. Both agreed that the secret must be kept for the present, and that old Salome must never want for any comfort or aid that they could give her, and firmly fixed in this resolve they returned to the cottage and found her arrayed in clean cap and apron and impatiently expecting their visit. Mary Brander, in speaking afterwards of the interview to all whom it might interest, said that "Miss Lewis, though a bishop's daughter, couldn't have been affabler to a queen upon her throne than she was to Mrs. Peddler, who was that bold that she up an' told Mr. Agnew that young men was mostly carried away by a pretty face, but, as far as she could see, he might ha' gone farther and fared worse."

Eleanor returned home, and was followed after an interval of a few weeks by her lover, whose absence Salome was inclined to consider a grievance until she was mollified and grimly delighted by the receipt of several letters from both bride and bridegroom. Their arrival was an event in her life, and after being spelled out, with infinite difficulty by Mary Brander they were laid aside among her dearest treasures. Undemonstrative as usual, she manifested no particular joy at the return of the newly married couple, but it soon became so evident that she had taken Mrs. Agnew into favor that her husband laughingly accused her of having supplanted him in his old woman's affections. There is no doubt Eleanor deserved far more gratitude than she won. All through the winter, and it proved a severe one, she would leave her fireside and face snow or rain to carry some little delicacy to Mrs. Peddler, to read to her or listen to some of her rambling stories of long ago. "It will not be for long," she answered always when urged to have a little more regard for her own health and comfort; and indeed it soon became plain that their charge was failing

fast, and that poor old Salome's race was nearly run. Feebler and more lethargic she grew day by day, and when one morning, just as the violets began to bloom in sheltered nooks, she pronounced herself too tired to get up, it required no prophet to predict that she would never rise again.

Leaving her dozing, Mary Brander ran across the fields to the vicarage, and Mr. and Mrs. Agnew were soon on the spot, but the dying woman only roused herself once sufficiently to speak, and then when they leaned over her, eager to catch some last word of affection or farewell, all she said was "I've allus paid my debts." "So you have, so you have!" exclaimed Mrs. Agnew with the tears streaming down her face. "But tell me, Salome, will you still watch over us from heaven?"

There was no answer to her question; the dying lamp of life flickered up no more, and all was soon over.

They laid her in the corner of the churchyard she had herself selected, and transplanted her favorite flowers from her garden to her grave. They have bloomed and faded many times since then, but the vicar and his wife visit the spot often, and while their child plays in the grass they talk of her honesty, truth, and sense of justice, and remembering how she loved her flowers and the song of the wild birds they rejoice to think that in all England there is no fairer or quieter resting-place than hers, and sometimes when the shades of evening are falling and the wind sighs and moans in the neighboring fir trees, Mrs. Agnew can hardly divest herself of the idea that by turning suddenly round she may see once more the quaint old figure arrayed in the faded print gown, the borderless white cap, and the little shawl crossed on the breast and tied behind.

TO TORQUATUS.

Horace, Book IV., Ode 7.

The snows are melted; on the plain
The tender grasses sprout again,
And woods put on their green array.
The year has turned; day after day
We see the swollen streams subside,
And in their wonted channels glide.
While the nude Graces on the mead
Fear not with nymphs the dance to lead.
Unending joys expect not here,
Is the sad burden of the year,
And of the hour which steals away
From mortal sight the gladsome day.
The frosts that blast the verdant heath
Are tempered by the zephyr's breath;
The summer's transitory reign
To spring succeeds, and when the plain
Is laden with rich autumn's store
The dreary winter comes once more.

The quick-revolving moons repair
Their wanings in the ambient air;
But when, our earthly labors done,
We go where old Anchises' son
With Tullus and rich Ancus bide,
We're dust and shadow—naught beside.
Whether the Gods immortal may
Unite to-morrow with to-day,
Which one of us, alas, can say?
Naught that with generous heart you spend
Can to your greedy heir descend.
When you from earth shall disappear
And Minos' awful judgment hear,
Not piety or eloquence
Or noble birth may draw you thence;
From that infernal Stygian shore
Diana's self cannot restore
Her friend, the queen Hippolytus,
Or Theseus his Pirithous.

MARY ELL'N.

[CONTINUED FROM No. V.]

The ear-piercing sound of a horn blown by Rebecca on the back stoop soon brought her husband and boys in from the harvest field, and we all did full justice to an excellent dinner of corned beef, cabbage, and "fixins," followed by a substantial pumpkin pie, washed down by cups of weak tea. As long as her son-in-law and grandsons were there, Mrs. Bowls contented herself with remarks of a discursive character, not calculated by their overwhelming interest to draw our attention from the good things before us, but when I had enjoyed a cigar under the big elm, and she and Rebecca had "slicked up" the house place and themselves, and the masculine element was, with my happy exception, eliminated from the scene, Mrs. Bowls returned to her knitting and the Eldredges.

"Mary Ell'n," she began, "was just the wife for Mort. I won't say there wasn't never a cow's hair in her butter, or that her bread an' cakes was allays as light as might be, an' there was sometimes a trifle more dust about her place nor I could have endured in mine, but ef she warn't the best o' housekeepers she warn't the worst nayther, an' Mort never see a fault in her, an' I'm not sure but he did her more harm than good allays hintin' as she wure oliverer nor other people. Well, the years went on, they had three children,—for I'll never believe the world 'ull come to an end for want o' children being born intu it,—an' the winter I'm tellin' on was sort o' sharp, much like the one when the old man died seven years afore. Their eldest was a boy, all the boy they had, an' whether it wure the weather or summut else as disagreed I can't say, but he tuk sick an' died. It kinder give me a turn to see the little chap lyin' still an' cold in his coffin, an' Mort an' Mary Ell'n felt it badly,—not as he said much, that warn't his way, but sure enough a bit of his heart was buried in that little coffin. Mary Ell'n, she said more, but 'peared to me there wure summut else on her mind besides the death of the child, an' when Mort showed me the notice for the 'Hawkseye' there was a wurse with it as she had writ. It was put on the tomb tu, so seein' it every Sabbath I know it by heart an' this is it :—

"Our little Morty's sports and toys aside neglected lie,
Since he who was our pride and joy has soared beyond the sky.
Of earthly sports and infant games our little lamb has cloyed,
And who shall tell within our hearts what vacancy and void !"

"La, sakes," sez I, "don't you think some good text, such as "Suffer little children," 'ud be better ?

"There's nothin' new about that," sez he.

"No, Mortemur," I sez, "an' there's nothin' new in parents lovin' a child an' losin' it. I reckon there ain't much as we feel of joy or sorer that hasn't been felt by thousands before us, but that don't take the sweet out o' the good an' the smart out o' the bad."

"Waal," he sez, "you see as Mary Ell'n's heart is sorter sot on it. Her sisters says it is illergant, an' it drawed the tears from her aunt Biddy, as has never been seen to be overcome before since she has been in America, an' never so much

as wiped her eyes when the letter came as told her her old man was dead an' gone. I du think as Mary Ell'n is kinder gifted, not as I'd set myself up as a jedger.'

"He little knowed what was comin' on him, poor critter, but from that day Mary Ell'n was changed even to her name—fur she sed Mary Ell'n was vulgar an' he must call her Mollie—an' home wasn't no home to him. Fur his wife had a fire in her bedroom and shet herself up with a little table, an' pen an' paper, an' a book in which was writ down the rules o' poetry an' the words as ended alike, though she was mighty shy on' anybody seein' that, an' kep it mostly shet in the little drawer.

"Waal, she sot an' she sot at that table by the hour together, while the children tumbled about in the dirt downstairs, an' the little hired girl tried to tend 'em an' do the chores, an' cooking, an' washing. When Mary Ell'n did come down it was a'most as bad, for she 'ud sit with a queer sort o' smile a-lookin' sorter far away, an' act for all the world as if she was walkin' on stilts and they was crawling critters a-wanderin' round her. Over and over again poor Mort 'ud wish his wife hadn't been gifted, though he still held that some o' the wurses she writ was just tu beautiful for anything. One bit o' poetry was sent tu the 'Hawkseye,' an' the editor returned it with a letter as sed he wure afraid if he put it in, the public would forget to read anything else as might happen to be in the paper. After that Mary Ell'n wure more lifted up nor ever, an' as the months went by, things got wurse an' wurse, an' it kinder went to my heart to see the look in Mort's face, fur he tuk a notion that Mary Ell'n despised him an' sorter looked down on him, an' I believe he wasn't so far out nayther. Waal, ever since the first year they wur married Mary Ell'n had tuk a few summer boarders. They was company fur her, an' the seven or eight dollars a week as they paid went into her own pocket, and was mighty convenient if she wanted to get a new hat, or make her sisters a present; but, lor, the summer arter the child died she hadn't no thoughts o' summer boarders, an' was tuk aback when Miss Westbrook, as was there the year afore, wrote to say she was comin'. Come she did tu, a-lookin' like a sunbeam for brightness, fur the girl was goin' to get married an' were mighty sot on her beau. Not as I thought much on him when I come tu see him, an' he wure one o' the writin' sort tu. Miss Westbrook she come here pretty often for a talk, for it warn't much talking as she could du with Miss Eldredge. An' when her young man was comin', 'Miss Bowls,' sez she, 'I du wish as you'd take him in, for things are so neglected up tu Miss Eldredge's.' 'No, my dear,' sez I, 'it ain't to be expected as he 'ud be happy away from you, an' I won't be the one to part you.' Nayther would I take Mort's boarder from him, but there warn't no use a-tellin' her that.

"The gal was right enough, the very day he come the tea was smoky, an' the doughnuts that heavy they would have served fur bullets. Not as they tu tuk much count o' that, but Mort was mortified, and Mary Ell'n seemed sorter vexed, for she had a notion as Mr. Hallam, bein' a reporter, was a great man, an' after tea she showed him some o' her wurses, but he wasn't that tuk with them as she had bin expectin' he might be.

"The very next mornin' as come, them tu went intu the garden to pick the peas for dinner, an' Mort, after helping the hired gal to get the breakfast,—for Mary Ell'n was tuk with a fit o' poertry,—started tu call em' in. Mort has told me since as they had but one basket, an' that obliged 'em to keep close together, an' they was kinder skirmishin' round, both on 'em wantin' to pick the same pea-pod. 'He hadn't made no noise a-comin' on the grass, an' he stood stock-still a minute to look, an' nat'rally his ears warn't shet nayther, an' he heard the young man say, 'How can the woman make such a fool of herself? fur the life o' me I durstn't look at you, Carrie, or I should ha' laughed outright.' 'Yit she used to be nice once,' sez the gal; an' then a-catchin' sight o' Mort, 'La, there is Mr. Eldredge!' she sez, an' her face went red as fire.

'Yis,' sez Mort, 'I didn't go fur to listen, but I heered, an' I wish she could ha' heered tu, it 'ud ha' done her good maybe. Don't you think no more about it, Miss Westbrook, an' come an' get your breakfast.'

"Mary Ell'n she come down when the breakfast was half through, but she warn't no more good nor a staty; she never thought to see if they had what they wanted, an' her eyes was fixed on the cracks in the ceilin' as if she was gettin' a peep at the angels an' couldn't see nothin' else.

"Miss Westbrook knowed it warn't no sort o' use countin' on her, so she went in the kitchen tu make a lot o' pies; Mr. Hallam he went tu the post office; an' Mort, a lookin' an' feelin' gloomy, went intu the kitchen to speak tu Car'line. 'Miss Westbrook,' ses he, 'it's a'most more nor I can bear. The Lord knows what is tu become of us all. She'd ha' given little Polly a dose o' croton ile i'stead o' cod lever ile yesterday if I hadn't happened tu come in jest in time. Then she shet herself up an' cried fit tu break her heart, but she is as bad ~~to-day~~. You think, now, those verses o' hern ain't jest the toptoppest kind o' verses?'

"'They air a long way off that,' sez Car'line.

"'Rally, now, you don't sayso? I guess you wouldn't mind jest tellin' her that.'

"'Not the least use, she doesn't vally my opinion a bit.'

"'Wouldn't that there friend o' yourn do it? She thinks heaps o' him' because he puts things in the papers.'

"'It ain't none o' his business,' sez Car'line.

"'It is everybody's business,' sez Mort, 'to save a home as is goin' to rack an' ruin. None knows better nor you what it was, an' you see what it is now. I thought there warn't a better wife nor mine in the State, she was the delight of my eyes; an' now if it warn't fur the little uns I'd feel like goin' out an' hangin' myself.'

"Car'line see the tears a-rollin' down his cheeks, an' she tuk her little hand out o' the flour an' laid it on his. 'Mr. Eldredge,' ses she, 'God has been so good tu me that I can't abear to see other people unhappy. All I can du mayn't be much good, but I'll du what I can. Mr. Hallam's opinion has weight with her, she vallys 't greatly, but for him tu give it freely he must not know she is within hearin'. How can we manage it?' So they tu laid their heads together, an' got it fixed against Mr. Hallam come back from the post.

" 'My dear,' sez Mort, a-goin' up tu his wife's room that same afternoon, 'sorry to disturb you, but I am agoin' to fix them 'ere shelves. So I'll take your little table into the best parlor, where you'll be out o' hearin' o' the noise."

" Mary Ell'n she'd bin tuk with what she called poetic fever or inflation, or summut, I forget jest what she used tu call it, an' she smiled on Mort without seemin' tu see him, an' followed after him an' the table as meek as a lamb, an' sot herself down by the winder jest where he put her.

" Now, as maybe you remember, that identical winder opens close to the trellis as covers the back stoop. The vine grows thick over the trellis an' there's a bench on each side of the door. Miss Westbrook she takes her sewin' there jest as nat'ral as can be, an' Mr. Hallam, as you may suppose, ain't long a-follerin' her, an' of course they begun to talk.

" Maybe Mary Ell'n didn't mean to listen to 'em, maybe she did, for she was mortal anxious to know what the city writer thought o' her poetry. At any rate Mort, as had his eye to a knot-hole in the barn, see her git up an stan' close to the winder. He was tu far off tu hear what the others was sayin', but he could see as it shook Mary Ell'n powerful. Howsomer I got the truth from Miss Westbrook, an' you shall hear it.

" 'Steve,' sez she innocent-like, 'I think I shall turn poertess like Miss Eldredge.'

" 'The Lord forbid!' he sez.

" 'What would you du, Steve, if I did?'

" Run away from you to the eend o' the world, an' yet you know how little I feel like runnin' away from you, Carrie.' He made as if he was going tu hug her, but she, a-guessin' where Mort's eye wure, pushed him off.

" 'Ha' done, Steve,' she sez. 'So you don't like Miss Eldredge's poetry?'

" 'Like it? I should think not. Why, the woman must be a downright idyot to call such stuff as that poetry. An' the airs she du give herself are beyond anythink; she is crazy.'

" 'I am afraid she is. An' when I think of her as she was, I could put my arms round her an' have a good cry over her. She was a good wife an' mother, the kindest little soul that ever lived, an' now she is quite stupid an' selfish, that she is.'

" Car'line told me it hurt her tu say it, but I reytter think Miss Eldredge had mortified her some, an' she was glad to speak her mind.

" 'I pity her husband,' sez the young man. 'He is a good sort, though a fool to put up with her airs an' graces.'

" 'An' you raily think there ain't no poetry in her?'

" 'Not a spark,' he sez, 'no more nor there is in that old cow in the field yonder, but in making the comparison I am a doin' the cow a wrong. She takes in the grass, the air, and the flowers, and gives 'em out again in the form of good whulsum milk; Miss Eldredge she spiles things as are poetic by makin' doggrel on 'em.'

" 'She'll see her folly some day,' sez Car'line.

"Let us hope so," he sez, "for the sake of her unfortnit husband an' children. As it is, she reminds me of what that cow would look like if she dressed herself in crinoline an' flounces an' come an' danced a waltz in the parlor tu the tune of her own lowin'. Why, the cobbler's song is inspiration to her poetry; you remember it?—

"Blow, blow, ye summer breezes,
All among the leaves and treeses.
Sing, oh sing, ye heavenly muses,
While I mends the boots an' shoeses!"

"They du say as Steve Hallam's articles in the York papers was stingers when he liked, an' his tongue was a regular tu-edged un. Car'line purtends as she tried tu stop him, but I rayther guess she let him hev his full swing, an' was mighty keerful not to cut him short before she thought Miss Eldredge had had a good dose, but she riz up at last and they went for a walk in the woods, an' a pretty long time they was gone tu, an' no doubt hed a good time, such times as only come when one is young, though some o' us old 'uns can remember them still. Waal, when Car'line come home she ran up to Mary Ell'n's room an' found her a-lyin' on the bed with her eyes that swelled she could hardly see out on 'em. 'La, sakes, dear!' she sez, kinder innocent. 'What is the matter?'

"'I've done with poetry fur ever,' sez Miss Eldredge p'intin' to a heap o' black ashes in the firegrate.

"'I'm so glad, dear. Now you will be your own good little self again.' An' Car'line kissed her an' hugged her an' a'mostcried for company.

"'But isn't it rayther suddin?' sez she.

"'Yes, but I found it was makin' Mort unhappy. Mort is very good tu me. Everything is burnt up, an' I'll never write another word, fur I don't believe poetry is in my line.'

"'To tell the truth I don't think it is,' sez Car'line. 'An' now git up, dear, an' wash your eyes, an' put on that pretty dress you used to wear last summer.'

"'I can't,' sez she, 'it's all out at the gathers.'

"But Car'line she sewed the gown while Mary Ell'n put up her har, and then they went down, as friendly as you please, to see about the tea an' the babies."

"Has there been no relapse?" I asked.

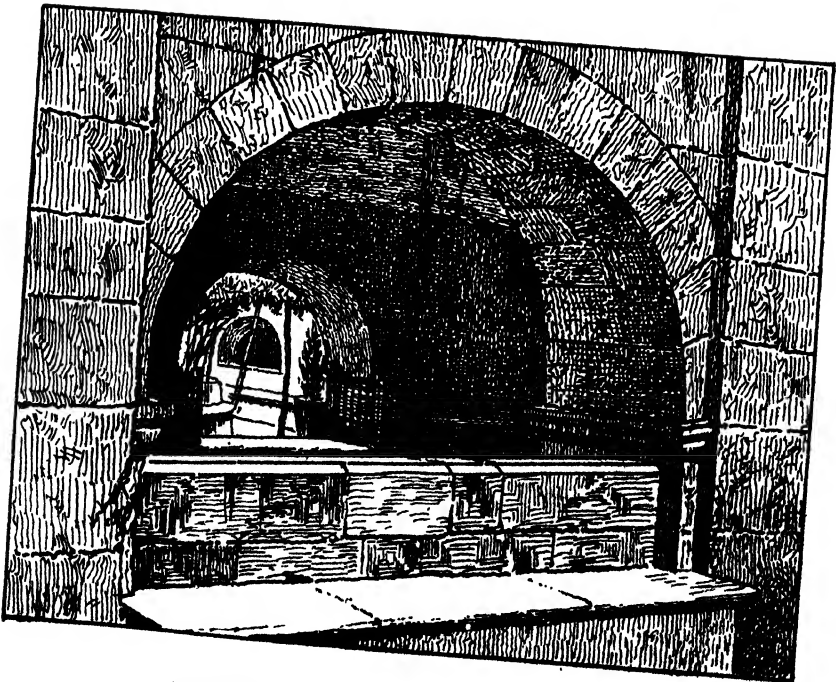
"Not a sign o' one. There ain't a woman in the State does her duty better nor Mary Ell'n, an' there ain't a happier man nor Mort. Go round an' see 'em an' jedge for yourself."

(R. BATES.)

"You don't seem to have made much money by bringing your hogs down here," was remarked to a farmer who had driven hogs seven miles to town and then sold them for precisely what was offered him before he left home. "Well, no," said the agriculturist, pensively, "I haven't made no money, but then," brightening, "you know I had the company of the hogs on the way down."



VIEW FROM HALL OF PRAYER



VIEW THROUGH HALL OF PRAYER

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

(CONTINUED FROM No. V.)

On the occasion of my first visit to the Towers Mr. Nusserwanjee Byramjee, the Secretary of the Punchayet, met our party and accompanied us to all the points of interest, favoring us with much information, and replying in the kindest and most lucid manner to all our questions.

He led us first to a large square black building called the Hall of Prayer, and to which the mourners retire to pray while the work of destruction is going on. I did not at that time enter the hall, which is provided with broad-seated arched windows, but through its open door it was easy to see the interior, and from the stone terrace that runs along one of its sides a splendid view of Bombay is obtained. Back Bay, houses, gardens, and mosques, the Girgaum palm groves, pierced here and there by a tall chimney, all lay below; and the fresh air that blew upon us was evidently the fresher and purer for the elevation we had gained. I may as well observe here that in all my walks about the grounds and garden that surround the Towers I have never observed the faintest unpleasant odor. It is true that only the Nassesalars can closely approach the funereal buildings, but I am convinced that one might touch the walls of the towers and perceive nothing to remind him that hundreds of the unburied dead are within a few feet of him.

In the compound was found another object of interest in the shape of a whitish long-haired dog, chained beneath a slight shelter, and kept for the express purpose of gazing on the corpse, for it is essential that innocent eyes should again look on the dead after the arrival at the towers. The ancient writings recommend for this purpose a four-eyed dog of light color, but the Parsees get over the difficulty of the four eyes by considering a dog four-eyed when it is marked with a spot above each eye. Indeed most Parsees are willing to waive the question of the spots altogether and accept a dog of any form and species, but few it is believed would altogether dispense with the gaze of the innocent eyes.

From the compound we passed to the garden, which is spacious and luxuriant, and maintained in a state of delicious verdure by constant watering. Standing among its lovely flowers and shrubs, we had a view not only of the Hall of Prayer, but also of the edifice in which the sacred fire, brought from Persia 250 years ago, is perpetually kept alight. On our other side were the towers, five in number, and all constructed with one small opening in the direction of the Fire Temple, so that a ray from the sacred element might penetrate their interior. Lazily perched on the circular wall of the largest tower we counted a score of vultures, and as a funeral had taken place not long before, the inference was that they were the only lingerers after the feast. Indeed Mr. Nusserwanjee assured us that so rapid is the work of destruction that half an hour from the time the corpse enters the fatal tower nothing remains of it but a skeleton.

To our remark that the moment when the vultures swoop down upon their prey must be a terrible one for the mourners, Mr. Nusserwanjee Byramjee answered, that it was less terrible to think of the sudden destruction caused by

these birds than to meditate on the slow and repulsive process that goes on in the buried corpse. Here at least flesh suffers no corruption, but becomes living flesh again, and as I thought of the thousands of churchyards on picturesque hillsides sending their tribute of pollution into the brooks and wells beneath them ; of the miasmatic, poisonous exhalations that rise from the roadside cemetery ; of corpses almost washed from their shallow graves by the heavy rains ; of the charnel-house and worm ; of the Catacombs in Paris, to which are transferred the bones of those Parisians whose relatives are not rich enough to purchase for them more than a right to a five-years' grave, where the skulls, pierced in places by the pickaxes of the gravediggers who disinterred them, lie in great heaps, and the thighbones and other relics of poor mortality form fantastic barricades and mounds, to be gazed at by the crowd of curious visitors who, each candle in hand, are admitted on certain days to inspect the cataconibs,—as I thought of all these things, I was forced to admit that the Parsees have a great deal of reason on their side, and that it is far better for the survivors that the dead should become the prey of the vultures than of the worms.

(To be continued, with Illustrations.)

LITHOGRAPHY.

(PRINTING continued.)

A GREAT deal of what is known as commercial work is printed from transfers ; that is, from drawings made upon prepared paper technically known as transfer paper, or from re-transfers, which are impressions taken upon such paper from a drawing on stone, or from copper or steel engravings: the advantage of the re-transfer process being that a number of transfers of one plate may be laid down on the same stone and a number of copies taken at each pull through of the press. To put a transfer or re-transfer down on the stone the following process is necessary. If a re-transfer, we take as many impressions as are needed from the original drawing or plate in re-transfer ink. We then place the impressions between sheets of damp blotting paper, allowing them to remain long enough to get thoroughly damp. A perfectly clean polished stone is put in the press and adjusted ; the stone should also have been previously thoroughly warmed. The transfers are then laid face downwards in their proper positions on the stone, the backing sheet laid on, and then pulled several times through the press ; a damp sponge should then be passed over them and again they should be pulled through, then thoroughly wetted and the paper removed as soon as it yields readily to a slight pull. As soon as the paper is removed the stone should be gummed up, and the printing proceeded with as described for ordinary drawings on stone in the last number of the *Orient*. Transfers, that is, drawings in lithographic ink on transfer paper, are put down to stone and printed from in precisely the same way as above described for re-transfers. I shall now conclude this series of articles by giving recipes for the various inks, chalks, &c., used in lithography, and at some future time perhaps continue the subject and give some articles on lithographic tint and color printing.

Lithographic Ink for drawing on stone—Tallow 2 oz. ; white wax, 2 oz. ; common soap, 2 oz. ; shellac, 2 oz. ; lamp black, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. For drawing on transfer paper the same ingredients are used but a trifle more wax is added.

The wax and tallow are first put into an iron saucepan with a cover, and heated till they ignite; whilst they are burning the soap must be thrown in in small pieces one at a time, taking care that the first is melted before a second is put in. When all the soap is melted the ingredients are allowed to continue burning till they are reduced one-third in volume. The shellac is now added, and as soon as it is melted the flame must be extinguished. It is often necessary to extinguish the flame and take the saucepan from the fire to prevent the contents from boiling over; but if any parts are not completely melted they must be dissolved over the fire without being again ignited. The black is now added. When it is completely mixed the whole mass should be poured out on a marble slab, and a heavy weight laid upon it to render its texture fine. The utmost care and experience are required in making both ink and chalk, and even those who have the greatest practice often fail. Sometimes it is not sufficiently burned and when mixed with water appears slimy: it must then be re-melted and burned a little more. Sometimes it is too much burned, by which the greasy particles are more or less destroyed; in this case it must be re-melted and a little more soap and wax added.

Lithographic Chalk.

Common soap, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ; tallow, 2 oz. ; white wax, $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ; shellac, 1 oz. ; lamp black, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. ; mix as above directed for lithographic ink.

Re-transfer Ink for copper or steel engravings.

Brown soap, $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ; tallow $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ; white wax, $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ; shellac, 2 oz. ; Burgundy pitch, 5 oz. ; lamp black, 2 oz. ; lithographic varnish two tablespoonfuls ; mix as above directed.

Re-transfer Ink for stone.

Lithographic printing ink two parts ; lithographic drawing ink two parts ; thin varnish two parts ; tallow one-half part ; melt together in iron saucepan and mix thoroughly but do not burn.

Transfer Paper for writing or drawing.

Prepare starch to the consistency of congee or gruel, color with gamboge, strain through a piece of fine muslin ; apply with a sponge, giving three coats, allowing each to thoroughly dry before laying on the next.

Transfer Paper for taking impressions from copper plate or stone.

Dissolve in water $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gum tragacanth, strain and add 1 oz. glue and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gamboge. Then take 4 oz. French chalk, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. old plaster of Paris, 1 oz. starch powder, and sift through a fine sieve ; grind up with the gum, glue, and gamboge ; then add sufficient water to give it the consistency of oil and apply with a brush. The paper used should be thin and not absorbent.

I would again urge the advisability of purchasing the above of known makers where at all possible.

QUOTATIONS AND CRITICISMS.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (*continued*).

THE genius of Poe hardly shone as brightly in his prose as in his poetry, and it is undoubtedly as a poet that he will go down to posterity, yet even his prose works, from which I shall give a few extracts when the history of his life is completed, proclaim his great and peculiar talent, and, although they are too sombre and fitful to suit the taste of all, contain many passages full of weird beauty. If Poe's youth had been fostered by some firm kind hand, and he could have been spared the perpetual poverty that cursed his manhood, there is no knowing to what heights he might have soared; as it was his life was sad indeed, and his death was even sadder still. More than two years had elapsed since his wife's death; Poe had renewed his acquaintance with a lady, now a widow, whom he had loved in early youth, and they were engaged to be married. He started from Richmond on the 3rd of October to fetch Mrs. Clemm to his wedding, but he was never destined to see either her or his betrothed again. The first stage of his journey was accomplished in safety, and he reached Baltimore never to leave it more. None can say whether he yielded to his old enemy intemperance, or whether a fit of sudden illness overtook him; from the 5th to the 7th of October there is no authentic record of his movements, and the closing scenes of his life will be best described by the doctor who attended him.

OFFICIAL MEMORANDA OF THE DEATH OF EDGAR A. POE, BY J. J. MORAN, M.D.

Edgar A. Poe was brought in a hack to the Washington University Hospital, situated on Broadway, north of Baltimore street, Baltimore city, on the 7th of October, 1849. He had been found lying upon a bench in front of a large mercantile house on Light street wharf. He was in a stupor, whether from liquor or opium was not at first known. A gentleman passing along the pavement noticed several persons collected about the spot, and looking in through the crowd was suddenly impressed with the face, and on close inspection recognized the poet. He had been there since early dawn:

A policeman sent for a hack and directed the hackman to convey him to the above-named hospital, which was in my charge, being the resident physician and living in the dwelling attached thereto. It was about ten o'clock in the forenoon when he entered the house. He was immediately placed in a private room, carefully undressed and critically examined. I had not then any knowledge of his previous condition or what were his habits. There was no smell of liquor upon his person or breath. There was no delirium or tremor. His skin was pallid, with slight nausea at the stomach and a strong disposition to sleep. His condition was more of a stupor. He was sponged with lukewarm water, sinapisms applied to the feet, and cold to the head.

I had the room darkened and he was otherwise made as comfortable as he could have been in his own room at home. I placed an experienced nurse at the threshold of his room door, with orders to watch him closely and prevent the slightest noise from without, and give me notice of any sign of wakefulness or consciousness. In half an hour after I left him he threw the cover from his breast, opened his eyes and said—

"Where am I?"

The nurse gave me the signal and I was immediately at his side. I drew a chair close to the bed, took his hand in my own, and with the other smoothed his forehead, pushing back the dark raven curls that covered it, and asked him how he felt.

He said "Miserable."

"Do you suffer any pain?"

"No."

"Does your head suffer—have you pain there?" putting my hand on his head.

"Yes."

"Does it feel heavy or dull?"

"Heavy; mind cloudy," he said.

"How long have you been sick?"

"Can't say."

"Where have you been stopping?"

"In a hotel on Pratt street, opposite the dépôt."

"Have you a trunk or a valise or anything there which you would like to have with you?"

"Yes, a trunk with my papers and manuscripts."

"If you order it I will send for it."

He thanked me and said, "Do so at once," remarking, "You are very kind—where am I, Doctor?"

"You are in the care of your friends;" to which he replied, "My best friend would be the man who would blow my brains out with a pistol."

"Try and be quiet, Mr. Poe; we will do all we can to make you comfortable and relieve your distress."

"Oh, wretch that I am! Sir, when I behold my degradation and ruin, what I have suffered and lost and the sorrow and misery I have brought upon others, I feel that I could sink through this bed into the lowermost abyss below, forsaken by God and man, an outcast from society. O God, the terrible strait I am in! Is there no ransom for the deathless spirit?"

"Mr. Poe, do try and compose yourself, and take this draught; it will soothe and revive you."

He reached out his hand to take the glass, the nurse raising his head, while I administered the cordial. He drank it and was laid down, closing his eyes as though going to sleep.

I remained by his side, watching closely every breath, and trying to make out his case and my diagnosis. I had been impressed that he was suffering from the too free use of alcoholic drink only from what I could gather from those who saw him on the wharf and did not know how long he had been in this state, but he did not manifest symptoms to justify their suspicions. He had no tremor, was not fidgetty with his hands, or impatient, but answered all my questions calmly and rationally. There was great pallor of face, no injection of the coats of the eye, and pulse sharp and quick. I noticed some twitching of the eyelids while closed, also of the muscles of the face, and slight jerking of the limbs. He remained in this state about one hour, when he again waked up, suddenly opening his eyes.

Noticing the color rising to his face and the blood vessels filling up on his temples, and the eyes becoming congestive and inclining upward, I asked no more questions, but ordered ice to his head and heat to his extremities, repeating the cordial with an anodyne, and waited with the nurse outside the door for fifteen minutes. No further change except that his pulse had increased in frequency and was feeble and flying.

I kept a nurse in his room, and another outside to prevent his being disturbed and to notify me of any change that might take place.

I had sent for his cousin, Nelson Poe, having learned he was his relative, and a family named Reynolds, who lived in the neighborhood of the hospital. These were the only persons whose names I had heard him mention living in the city. Mr. W. N. Poe came, and the female members of Mr. Reynolds's family. He continued in an unconscious state for more than an hour. On again examining his pulse I found it very feeble, sharp and irregular—120 to the minute. I proceeded to give him a febrifuge mixture and a stimulant. He partially aroused while getting the draught, and seemed to stare, the pupils of his eyes dilating and contracting alternately. I sat down by his bedside, took his hand and placed my fingers upon his wrist, and felt assured, from all the symptoms, that nature was yielding. I had beef tea administered, with ammonia. My particular friend, Professor John C. S. Monkur—who gave much of his time to the inmates of the hospital, and particularly when specially called upon was always ready, and cheerfully attended the summons night or day when within reach—had been sent for two or three times previously; but being out attending to his general patients had just returned, and came in at the moment. As soon as he fixed his eyes upon him he said, "Doctor, he's dying."

I replied, "Yes, I fear it is all over."

He carefully examined his case, and, being in possession of all the facts in regard to the agents employed and symptoms presented—which were carefully noted down in a record book of the hospital—he gave it as his opinion, which I was fully prepared to corroborate, that Poe's death was caused by excessive nervous excitement from exposure followed by loss of nervous power. The most appropriate name for his disease is encephalitis.

The doctor advised free use of wine, beef tea and gentle cordials, while using ice to the head. The patient raised his hand to his mouth, as though he wanted drink. A small lump of ice was placed upon his tongue. I then gave him a mouthful of water to see whether he could swallow freely. He took it, swallowing with some difficulty; but he drank a wine glass of beef tea. He seemed to revive, and opened his eyes, fixing his gaze upon the transom over his room door, each room having transoms over the door for ventilation and air. He kept them unmoved for more than a minute. He was lying directly opposite this transom. He seemed trying to articulate, but was inaudible. At last he spoke feebly,

"Doctor, it's all over. Write 'Eddie is no more.'"

"Eddie" was a term used by Mrs. Clemm, his mother-in-law.

"Mr. Poe, permit me to say that you are near your end. Have you any wish or word for friends?"

He said, "Evermore!"

His eyes turned upward until the white balls were all that could be seen. Muscular twitching and jerking set in, and with one general tremor all was over.

This occurred about twelve o'clock, midnight, 7th October, 1849.

I had meantime learned from him, and afterward from the porter at the hotel on Pratt street, then Bradshaw's, now called the Maltby House, that he arrived there on the evening of the 5th, was seen to go to the depôt to take the cars for Philadelphia, and that the conductor, on going through the cars for tickets, found him lying in the baggage car insensible. He took him as far as Havre de Grace, where the cars then passed each other, or as far as Wilmington, I forget which, and placed him in the train coming to Baltimore. He had left his trunk at the hotel in Baltimore. Arriving

on the evening train he was not seen by any person about the hotel when he returned to the city. The presumption is he wandered about during the night, and found a bench some time before morning to sleep upon on Light street wharf, where he was seen, and taken from, about nine o'clock the next morning.

A short time before his death I received his trunk from the hotel, as per order, and put it in the care of Mr. Nelson Poe, for his mother-in-law, Mrs. Maria Clemm. I have her letters to me, after his death, thanking me for attention, kindness, &c., to her darling Eddie.

After death he was washed and carefully laid out, dressed in a suit of black cloth, and placed in state in the large rotunda of the college building, where hundreds of friends and admirers came in crowds to pay their last tribute of respect to the deceased. Not less than fifty ladies were each furnished, at their earnest solicitation, with a small lock of his beautiful black hair. His body was kept in the rotunda for one whole day. On the morning of the 9th he was buried in the Westminster burying ground, corner of Fayette and Green streets, Baltimore, it being the old family burial ground of the Poes. A large number of our citizens, many of the most distinguished and prominent literary and professional men, followed his remains to their sepulture. But of all the crowds of citizens and mourners that wept over the lamented poet there was one mourner not visible. Yet the depth of her sincerity and grief could not be measured by mortal eyes, and would defy the most sceptical doubt. I mean his mother-in-law, Mrs. Maria Clemm, who was his aunt as well, he having married his first cousin. I had communicated (as soon as his death occurred) to her the sad intelligence of his fate; to which she replied in strains of the deepest sorrow and thanking me for my attention and communication, and in her own language, the letters being in my possession yet :—

"My prayer is that God may bless you for soothing the dying hours of my precious, darling Eddie. Please get Mr. N. Poe to return his last letter to me, for I prize it above rubies. It is a hundred times more precious. He was the most affectionate of sons to me. It was a devotion he had gained and kept until death."

Poe's appearance had not materially changed. His face was calm, and a smile seemed to play around his mouth, and all who saw him exclaimed, "How natural he looks!". There was no discoloration of the skin. He looked to be in a natural sleep.

He was a handsome man, elegantly dressed, and but few could claim advantage over him in this regard. His head was exquisitely modelled, forehead very prominent and largely developed, its measurement corresponding to that of the great Napoleon Bonaparte, a cast of which was in my possession. His skin was fair, hair raven black and inclined to curl, teeth perfectly good and eyes gray. His weight was about 145 pounds, and height five feet ten inches. His hands were as delicate as a lady's. His shroud was made by my wife and a few of her lady friends, who considered it an honor to contribute in any wise to the distinguished poet. A gentleman from Europe, a celebrated physician, was with him a few minutes before his death, and wept over the deceased. He said he considered him the greatest critic and best American poet living. He had read all his works and sought eagerly for everything relating thereto.

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THE WISDOM OF THE ARYANS.

(CONTINUED FROM NO. V.)

How is it that we appear to have retraced our steps and retrograded, until, alas! we are reduced to our present degradation? There was already a beginning made. We find ample proof in the history of our ancestors that they had a considerable knowledge of the various departments of natural science. But there comes a time when this spirit of scientific pursuit no longer characterizes them. Too much mental abstraction and an excess of mere speculation, an idle love of *à priori* conclusions, made men indifferent to the cultivation of a knowledge calculated to advance the material well-being of the nation. India had her arts and sciences. She used to wear clothes of her own making, but the characteristic of her sons, during some periods at least, has been to despise all earthly good, and to aspire after what they considered the *summum bonum* of life, the highest beatitude, the good-will of the Supreme Being, to which alone they attached any permanent value, as deserving their whole attention and life-long labor.

It so happened, besides, that a succession of conquerors compelled our people to remain under foreign subjection and habituated them to a state of inactivity, indolence, and dependence, until now it has so completely warped their better feelings that many of them consider the regeneration of their country as extremely problematical and almost hopeless. What wonder, then, if the light of knowledge first dawned upon us and then gradually proceeded to favor our brethren of the West? Let us be contented with the honor of priority and of precedence, and let us at the same time condescend to accept back again the gracious gift of Providence, the gift of knowledge—even as we would a casket of diamonds—conveyed to us through the people of Europe. Let us, without a sense of humiliation or of vain pride, admit 'light,' from whatever quarter it comes, for our benefit and for our good. It is said in a Sanscrit maxim familiar to our people that we should welcome a sweet word or a well-advised thought from a child! In fact, truth must be welcome to us, we must always be ready to embrace it, and make it our own, whatever its source.

At one time we surpassed all other nations in mental science, and it is but truth to say that in that department we still remain unrivaled. Time has developed altogether a new phase of thought in Europe. A knowledge of the laws of the material universe or outward Nature was greedily sought after by men of incessant thought and searching intellect. Various causes combined to develop a love of this kind of knowledge. In many cases it was a mere creature of circumstances, as man himself proverbially is; for the spirit of research—the tendency to investigate the causes of material phenomena—the desire to wield Nature, so to say, is often an inevitable consequence of the physical characteristics of a nation.

We, the inhabitants of India, are justly entitled to be ranked as a highly imaginative people. The whole world recognizes this country to be the 'home' of poetry. By reason of this characteristic of our nation, this noble faculty of

imagination, which is partly the result of excellent natural scenery and heaven-kissing mountains like the Himalayas, we became, as a matter of course, a nation of philosophers, rich in contentment and in sublime thought. Our wants being few and Nature being bounteous in her gifts and blessings, the only object of our life came to be considered as the worship and adoration of Him who gave us this plenty. Far different was the case of England and of other countries of Europe. "Necessity is the mother of invention" says a proverb. Those who are surrounded with difficulties and dangers do their utmost to get out of them. This was one of the several reasons why Europe made such rapid progress in the cultivation of natural science in so short a time as six or seven centuries.

We have need to learn many lessons from our brethren on the other side of the globe. It is now our turn to borrow from others, and we can do this without humiliation : for a time there was, as we have already said, when other nations borrowed from us. The knowledge of physical and practical science is one of the many things which they of the West are ready to lend us, and which it is our duty to receive willingly. Practical science is a plant—a useful plant, a herb of almost magic effects, working wonders before us all—which has now attained a most healthy growth and a tremendous size in a garden situated in a place distant from our land, but now brought near to us by the apparently miraculous powers of the electric telegraph, so that within a few hours we hear tidings from those at the other side of the globe. For distance is annihilated ; the greatest conjuror or miracle-exhibitioner is driven out of the field of magic. He who holds it in his hand and can command its effects is more powerful than a giant, swifter than the wind, perhaps swifter than thought. Electricity acts like a magician's wand in the hands of the scientist. He works miracles more wonderful than those ever performed by a saint. By virtue of this invention he can hear you sing or play or speak from places far distant ; nay, he can lock up your tunes, your voices, your speeches, for years together, to be reproduced at pleasure. All this he can do now, and there is no limit to his power in the future. The immediate results of scientific education would be the removal of ignorance in matters of vital importance to the well-being of society, the extirpation of gross superstition, the smoothing down of our over-imaginativeness to a proper level, or, in other words, the checking of the wild growth of our imaginative faculty, together with the amendment of its abuses. For it will be conceded on all hands that imagination must be kept under proper control, as it otherwise very often commits excesses resulting in bad consequences.

Imagination may be permitted to hover freely round the strong fortifications of Reason, but each must be compelled to remain in his own dominion, else they will not hesitate to usurp each other's realms. It may be argued that even in science there is a very great use for imagination—in fact, we cannot do without it. Prof. Tyndall's "Imagination in Science" is the best testimony on this point. Many of our explanations of natural phenomena are the merest theories and conjectures, and there is much need of this sort of imagination ; this is not what we condemn. On the contrary, we must foster it and nourish it, and take such care

of it that it may attain a healthy growth. For this is the most proper use of imagination—it signifies the noble attempt of the human understanding to comprehend Nature. It is only its abuses which we must guard against. The study of Natural Science ennobles the faculties of our mind. The intellectual enjoyment we derive from it is especially one which is worth having. Without it the world appears to us a perfect chaos, but when we try to study the phenomena of the universe almost every thing we see in Nature excites curiosity in us, and thus we begin to take the highest interest in the concerns of life. It is justly said that even a drop of water discloses a thousand wonders to a philosopher. Even a common stone, lying by the side of a road, speaks volumes to him, for “the volume of Nature is laid open to him; his attention is directed to the vast and to the minute; and his imagination clings to perfection with ineffable delight.” The enjoyment of this intellectual delight is surely one of the greatest advantages which we can derive from the study of Natural Science.

If “knowledge is power,” surely the love of knowledge, and a taste for accurate investigation, is the most likely way to conduct us to opulence, respectability, and rational enjoyment. The intellectual development of Europe must, no doubt, be traced to the progress of science and the diffusion of knowledge amongst its people. And though some hold that the cause of religion suffers in proportion to the advancement of science, it is certain that the best form of religion is a result brought about by men given to scientific pursuits. According as men know more and more of Nature’s laws and make themselves more and more acquainted with her mysterious workings, their religious beliefs become more and more rational. They no more cling to the belief in the multiplicity of powers or of deities in the universe. No more vain prayers are offered, no more empty appeals made to supersensual beings, which, “however potent and invisible, were nothing but deified human creatures, retaining all human passions and appetites.”* Thus human sacrifices no more take place. Burning alive and other forms of religious persecution no longer prevail. Thus error after error is gradually eradicated from the volume of religious belief; and the grossest superstitions disappear when the light of scientific truth makes its appearance to complete its conquests and bring about reformation.

G. W. KANITKAR.

THE CALIFORNIAN CHINAMAN’S WOOING.

The festive Ah Goo
And Too Hay, the fair—
They met, and the two
Concluded to pair.

They “spooned” in the way
That most lovers do,
And Ah Goo kissed Too Hay,
And Too Hay kissed Ah Goo.

Said the festive Ah Goo,
As his heart swelled with pride,
“Me heap likee you—
You heap be my blide.”

And she, looking down,
All so modest and pretty,
“Twixt a smile and a frown,
Gently murmured, “You betee.”

* Hume, “Natural History of Religion.”

PASSING EVENTS.

THE horizon in Russia is black with clouds, and it is greatly to be feared that the killing of the Czar was but the beginning of dark days. Already it is necessary to take the most stringent precautions to ensure the safety of Alexander III., and even the Czarina and her children have been threatened. It would be difficult to point out a woman less to be envied than the Empress of Russia, condemned as she is not only to personal peril, but also to daily and hourly dread lest some fearful calamity should overtake those nearest and dearest to her.

IN Germany the efforts made to repress Socialism are meeting with very slight success, and Italy is discontented with the action of France in regard to Tunis.

FROM Ireland comes the news of a few more murders, and of the roasting of one bailiff until he was blistered all over, and the cutting off of the ears of another.

It seems about time something was done to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate young entering-clerks in the London warehouses. At the commencement of the busy season many of these youths are condemned to work from eight in the morning till midnight in unwholesome cellars and warehouses, and with only brief intervals for meals. Legislation on the subject is urgently called for.

QUEEN VICTORIA has paid a visit to the last resting-place of the dead Earl of Beaconsfield, and in this and other ways shown that she regrets in him a personal friend.

A MAN of talent and a tireless worker is lost to the world in M. Émile de Girardin. A delicate childhood and fifteen hours of daily work did not prevent him from living to the age of seventy-six, and taking an energetic part in the politics and lighter literature of his time. He fought three duels during his life, one to decide the important question whether the word Choiseul should be written Choiseul or Choiseuil. That time he was fortunate enough to leave the *terrain* uninjured, but during his second affair he received a sword wound in the shoulder, and the third time he fought he killed his adversary and was himself severely wounded. The wound tormented him at intervals during the remainder of his life, and so did his remorse, so much so that nothing could ever induce him to fight again.

M. de Girardin was particularly fortunate in his first wife, Mlle. Delphine Gay, with whom he lived happily for nearly a quarter of a century. His second marriage with Mlle. Mina Tieffenbach, daughter of Prince Frederick of Nassau, was not happy, and he sought and obtained a separation. The lady is still living, but they say neither she nor her daughter are mentioned in the will of her late husband.

THE SLAVE MOTHER.

A CASE at present before the French tribunals presents features so extraordinary and romantic that it is well worthy a brief notice.

Nearly forty years ago a young French savant, named Henri Husson, who left his country in search of fortune, found employment and favor in Egypt, and was soon nominated naturalist to the government.

Scientific missions took him to Upper Egypt and to Abyssinia, and during one of his journeys he saw and purchased a beautiful Nubian slave girl.

The girl was not only beautiful but docile and intelligent, and soon became so great a favorite with her master that he could refuse her nothing and treated her as an equal.

Too well contented with the present to dream of the future, Zagfrana does not seem to have contemplated the possibility of a change in her master's feelings, and it must have been a bitter surprise to her when she found herself sold to a new owner, and separated not only from her well-loved master, but also from her child, which he retained with him.

Cruel as the blow was, the poor ignorant slave girl uttered no reproach, but, like a second Griselda, went silently to her new service, and left behind her all that had made life precious.

The secret of Henri Husson's dastardly conduct is to be found in the fact that he was on the point of marriage with a young French girl, Mlle. Schneckenbürger. However natural and legitimate his new affection might have been, it can hardly have exercised an elevating effect on his moral character, since it never appears to have occurred to him to make some provision that should, exempt the unfortunate Zagfrana from the horrors of slavery, and enable her to enjoy some of the comforts to which he had accustomed her.

No child was born to M. and Mme. Husson, and after a time Mme. Husson, who had become attached to the son of the Nubian, persuaded her husband to allow her to acknowledge the child as hers, and on their return to France he was inscribed on the register of Nancy as their legitimate son.

Years passed on, young Henri married a charming, rich, and accomplished bride, Mlle. Estelle Clément, and all went well with the Hussons. But how had the slow years passed with Zagfrana? In slavery most of them, but at last a compassionate master, touched by her tale of sorrow, set her free. The unfortunate mother hastened to Cairo, and learnt there that the Hussons had long since left for France, taking her son with them. She did not lose courage even then, and worked day and night, gaining coin by coin the sum necessary to enable her to look once more upon her child. At last she reached France, but two graves confronted her instead of the lover and son she had longed to see again. Henri Husson and his son had died within a few months of each other, and Zagfrana saw only Mme. Vve. Husson, her former rival, who could not deny the truth of her story, and acknowledged that she had during all these years claimed a son who was not hers. Her avowal could do little good to poor Zagfrana, who once more bowed in silent submission to her fate, and returned to the banks of the

Nile, where death has probably ere this put an end to her sorrows and sent her to rejoin her master and her son.

Mme. Husson at any rate is dead, and an action has been brought by Estelle Clément, widow of Henri Husson the younger, to recover damages from the estate of her mother-in-law for the injury which she claims was done her and her infant son by the deception practised on her at the time of her marriage, when she was induced by false representations to wed the base-born child of Zagfrana under the belief that he was the legitimate son of M. and Mme. Husson.

We are inclined to think that the injury is one that money cannot remedy, and that the lady would show better taste in forgetting her wrongs as far as possible, and allowing the world to forget them also, especially as a young child remains as a memento of her brief union with the son of the slave.

THE PREHISTORIC MEN OF CRO-MAGNON.

FROM very trifling data scientists build up theories, reconstruct extinct species, and bring us once more face to face with prehistoric races that but for their researches would lie buried deep under the ashes of oblivion. Thus from the discovery made in the rock-shelter of Cro-Magnon, in the valley of the Vézère, of the bones of three men, a woman, and a child, M. Quatrefages, and other scientists with him, conclude that this race, contemporary with the mammoth and other extinct mammals, possessed a high degree of intelligence, was of tall stature with finely shaped head, and presented a type of face and form which is even to this day not unfrequently reproduced in the tall figures, black hair, brown complexions, straight noses, and small eyes which distinguish many Dalecarlians, supposed, not without great show of reason, to be the descendants of a tribe of the Cro-Magnon race carried northward in its pursuit of the reindeer, when that animal followed the retreating cold which was necessary to its existence.

During the quaternary period the race of Cro-Magnon had its principal centre in the south-west of France, and it is there that it lived, in caves in which it has left numerous specimens of its handiwork ; some of them drawings and engravings of the animals that were its contemporaries, showing not only a keen perception of the intricacies of form, but also considerable manual ability, especially as the only tools employed appear to have been fashioned out of flint.

Speaking of the physical characteristics of the Cro-Magnon men M. Quatrefages says :

"A fine open forehead, a large, narrow, and aquiline nose must have compensated for any strangeness which the face may have acquired from the probable smallness of the eyes, from very strong masseters, and from a slightly lozenge-shaped contour. With these features, the type of which is no way disagreeable, and allows of real beauty, this magnificent race combined a high stature, powerful muscles, and an athletic constitution. It seems to have been fitted in every way for struggling against the difficulties and perils of savage life."

The Cro-Magnon race possessed very effective instruments and weapons of flint, and the remains of their meals prove that they fed on the flesh of the mammoth, the horse, and the reindeer, the lion, and the cave hyæna, and the bones of these animals, split usually for the purpose of extracting the marrow, are found mixed with those of smaller game, and birds, in the alluvial deposits of Grenelle. With their flint instruments they made needles, not much larger than our own, and even managed to pierce the eye, a delicate operation when the nature of their tools is considered.

From small flat carved discs of mammoth ivory ornamented with a circle from which rays diverge, and greatly resembling amulets, it seems probable that this ancient race worshipped the sun; and a strong inference that they believed in a future life is furnished by the articles they were in the habit of burying with their dead. The horse and reindeer appear to have been domesticated by them, and that they had notions of ornamentation is proved by the shells symmetrically sewed upon their garments of skin. It is a pity science cannot go one step farther, and fix the exact date at which these skeletons clothed with strength and vigor, lived, loved, hunted and worshiped under the forest trees of the quaternary period.

SOME TUNISIAN PROVERBS.

(Selected from the Travels of M. Dunant.)

"A SINGLE rider makes but little dust" signifies the labor of one man cannot accomplish much.

"HE seeks his son whom he bears on his shoulder" is said of an absent-minded person.

"HE came to kiss his wife and he put her eyes out" means that evil results sometimes follow the best intentions.

"IF he keeps his mouth shut the flies will not enter" is a recommendation to discretion.

"THE foot goes where the heart leads" needs no explanation.

"LET me be eaten by a lion rather than soiled by a wolf" expresses a preference for a noble foe.

"WORK for your reputation until you have gained renown, then your reputation will work for you" shows considerable practical wisdom.

"WHAT the locusts left the birds have eaten:" in other words, a misfortune never comes alone.

"A MINISTER with a rather florid complexion went into the shop of a barber, one of his parishioners, to be shaved. The barber was addicted to heavy bouts of drinking, after which his hand was in consequence unsteady at his work. In shaving the minister he inflicted a cut sufficiently deep to cover the lower part of his face with blood. The minister turned to the barber and said, in a tone of solemn rebuke, "You see, Thomas, what comes of taking too much drink." Ay," replied Thomas with the utmost composure, "it makes the skin very tender."

MARRIAGE IN POLAND.

In Poland, it seems, it is not the would-be bridegroom who proposes to his lady-love, but a friend. The two go together to the young girl's house, carrying with them a loaf of bread, a bottle of brandy and a new pocket-handkerchief. When they are shown into the "best" room the friend asks for a wine-glass. If it is produced at once, it is a good sign; if not, they take their leave without another word, as they understand that their proposal would not be accepted. Suppose, however, that the desired wine-glass is forthcoming, then the friend drinks to the father's and mother's health, and then asks where their daughter is, upon which the mother goes to fetch her. When she comes into the room the friend (always the friend) offers her the glass, filled with brandy. If she puts it to her lips she is willing, and then the proposal is made at once. But it is the fashion to refuse it several times before finally accepting. Then the friend takes out the new handkerchief, and ties the young people's hands together with it, after which it is tied around the girl's head, and she wears it as a sign of betrothal till her wedding day, which is very soon afterward, as on the Sunday following the proposal the banns are published. On the wedding day itself all the bridesmen and bridesmaids go round to all the friends and acquaintances of the two families and invite them to the wedding. At each house they must dance a Craacovian. [Let us hope that the dance is a short one, for the sake of their feet and breath.] During this the bride is being dressed by other young friends of hers, while young men sing virtuous strophes to her. When all the guests are assembled, the bride kneels for her parents' blessing, and then she is placed in a carriage with her betrothed and the friend. Upon returning home, bread and salt are presented to the young people, and wheat is thrown over their heads. The wheat is afterward picked up and sown. If it bears good fruit, the young couple will be prosperous. Dancing, singing, and feasting are kept up till morning, when the young people are accompanied to their room. But before then the bride's hair has to be cut off, and she is coiffed with the matron's cap. The custom is terrible, but it has to be complied with. The wedding festivities are kept up for seven days and seven nights without interruption, after which the wedding visits begin, commencing with the oldest proprietor or lord of the neighborhood.

DOUBT.

The waves are breaking on the beach

And on the soft wet sand I stand;

Far out as human sight can reach

The ocean stretches from the land.

What is it that ye seek to reach?

Cold, curling, crested waves, that roar

An uninterpretable speech

Along the endless, wreck-strewn shore!

"Oh, tell me that beyond the sea

A peaceful harbor lies!" I wall.

A mocking echo answers me,

"Lies! lies!" and I can see no sail,

Now doth the busy reportaire

Improve each possible item,

He setteth the dogs on little children

And watchen till they bite 'em.

Then grabbeth he his note-book close,

And with a scandalous laugh

Hies him to the sanetum

With a column and a half.

The night editor he eyes him

With an awful gathering frown,

"And cries, 'The paper's up already,

To four lines bide it down."

THE TWO AGES.

Folks were happy as days are long
 In the old Arcadian times ;
 When life seemed only a dance and song
 In the sweetest of all sweet climes.
 Our world grows bigger, and stage by stage,
 As the pitiless years have rolled,
 We've quite forgotten the Golden Age,
 And come to the Age of Gold.
 Time went by in a sheepish way
 Up Thessaly's plains of yore.
 In the Nineteenth century lambs at play
 Mean mutton and nothing more.
 Our swains at present are far too sage
 To live as one lived of old ;
 So they couple the *brook* of the Golden Age
 'With the *hook* of the Age of Gold.'

From Corydon's reed the mountains round
 Heard news of his latest flame ;
 Tityrus made the woods resound
 With echoes of Daphne's name.
 They kindly left us a lasting gauge
 Of their musical art we're told ;
 And the Pandean pipe of the Golden Age
 Brings mirth to the Age of Gold.
 Dwellers in huts and in marble halls—
 From shepherdess up to queen—
 Cared little for b'nnets and less for shaw's,
 And nothing for crinoline.
 But now simplicity's not the rage,
 And it's funny to think how cold
 The dress they wore in the Golden Age
 Would seem in the Age of Gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
 Tobacco, balloons, and steam,
 Are little events that have come to pass
 Since the days of the old régime ;
 And in spite of Lemprière's dazzling page,
 I'd give—though it might be bold—
 A hundred years of the Golden Age
 For a year of the Age of Gold.

Henry S. Leigh.

ODDS AND ENDS.

LEISURE is a beautiful garment but it will not do for constant wear.

THEY went in and gently broke the news to her that her husband had been run over by the cars and had one leg cut off. Her grief was terrible to witness : "Good heavens !" she cried, "he had his best new trousers on, and of course they're spoiled !"

Two ladies met in the street and one said to the other, "Why, you look very happy this morning ; what has happened ?"

"Oh, I've had my fortune told," was the reply, "and the woman says I am to marry twice more."

"Dear me ! I don't wonder you are happy, but you won't say anything to your husband !"

"Oh, of course not. Poor man, he is good to me, and it might hurt his feelings to know I am going to marry twice more. I think I'll tell him I am likely to die first."

THE Government of to-day has set its face sternly against lotteries, but our ancestors were not by any means squeamish on this subject. State lotteries were largely in vogue all through last century, and they were often turned to purposes of public utility. In 1736 an Act was passed for building a bridge at Westminster by a lottery consisting of 100,000 tickets at £5 each, and the undertaking was so far successful that Government accorded its sanction to others until the completion of the bridge. By the Act of 1753 the sum of £300,000 was realized by lottery for the purchase of collections for the commencement of the British Museum. Some even of the clergy failed to recognize in the practice of purchasing lottery tickets anything inconsistent with the profession of true piety, for we read that in 1767 a lady

residing in Holborn had a lottery ticket presented to her by her husband and on the Sunday preceding the drawing her success was prayed for in this form :—"The prayers of this congregation are desired for the success of a person engaged in a new undertaking."

H. C. V.

Answers to Letters addressed to "THAUMA."

. WITH the conclusion of the third of my series of articles on Magnetism I had intended to bid adieu to the pages of the *Orient* for some time to come, but, through the office of the magazine, communications have reached me to which it would be churlish to return no response, and I must ask a little space in which to answer my correspondents, promising to deal briefly with those questions which have only a personal and individual interest and ought not to be allowed to take up room that might be more usefully employed.

R. J. M., Calcutta.—I regret my inability to accede to your request for an interview, or even to furnish you with my name and address, and to all who have made the same request I am compelled to tender the same answer. You have magnetic aptitude, but your science is in its earliest infancy, and can only grow and thrive as your own moral nature becomes purer and stronger. Your daily life is wanting both in truth and energy, and you neglect a near and pressing duty in dreaming of one that is remote ; you will understand me without more exact specification. Above all, trust in no power that has not strict truth and honor for its basis, and remember none can control natural forces unless they first learn to control themselves and to vanquish their own evil tempers and impulses.

J. S.—There is more in your letter than meets the eye. The articles are original. Letters reach me through the office of the *Orient*.

Neither MAGNETIC INQUIRER nor C. B. S. possess magnetic aptitude. The state of C. B. S.'s eyes is of itself a sufficient barrier to magnetic progress ; a defect in the eyes is an unfailing indication of a lack of those qualities whereby alone a man can follow the higher walks of magnetism. Rest in peace, then ; do your duty, and make no futile attempts to overstep the barriers that nature has set in your path. What, after all, does it matter, a little sooner or a little later, here or in another world ?

L. M.—You ascribe to me powers to which I have laid no claim, but you are sincere, and to you and to all sincere souls I have a message. Disquiet not yourselves about problems that are too high for you. Trust more and speculate less. Existence is a beautiful thing, with some blotches and sores upon its surface, but beautiful all the same, infinite in its promises, most just in its compensations, and grand in its lessons. It changes but does not cease, and to those who have striven to be true and unselfish its change will bring peace and joyful surprise.

THAUMA.

The Office of the "ORIENT" is removed from No. 107 to No. 2, Girgaum Back Road, opposite the bungalow of the late Hon. Morarjee Gokuldas.

"THE ORIENT."

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The Orient,

AN ANGLO-INDIAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. 7.

JULY, 1881.

Vol. I.

The Management of the *Orient* begs to inform the numerous readers of the magazine that a Hindoo gentleman of much learning and repute, writing under the *nom de plume* of "Shivaji," will contribute to our pages an Indian serial story of exceeding interest and originality.

Indians will no doubt find pleasure in reading of well-known scenes and customs, and Anglo-Indians will perhaps not be sorry to see themselves depicted from a new and unfamiliar point of view.

With this brief introduction to what is really a literary novelty, we give the opening chapters of the "Chief of Dhume" and leave the story to speak for itself.

THE CHIEF OF DHUME.

By SHIVAJI.

CHAPTER I.

I am a ruler of about five millions of people.

The story of my life, though passed in an obscurity which is the lot of all the princes in India at the present day, and from which, therefore, I could not emerge, has an interest of its own—an interest such as events in the history of an empire excite; for my State is forty square miles in extent, yields a revenue of nearly Rs. 60,00,000, and is situated in a part of the world which possesses its own traditions and ideas, and though surrounded by European civilisation maintains its pristine importance. The metropolis of my empire is Dhume—a name which has its own significance. One of my mighty ancestors ran a race for twenty miles and came to be called a *runner*, which in an Indian dialect is diminutively expressed by the word *dhume*, and I am styled in the numerous heraldry of my distinguished family the *mighty emperor* of Dhume—a distinction which the British rulers have diminished into the Chief of Dhume. I am now seventy years of age. Though the Political Agent under whom the Chief of Dhume has been placed by the strange events which have transpired in rapid

succession between the years 1779 and 1880 watches carefully the progress of my administration, yet I am an independent prince. My father was known to the world as the Lion of the Dales of the Deccan. He once led an expedition into the south, subjugated the country beyond Gutti, annexed it and accumulated immense wealth. I was then a boy. The glory of those times made a great impression on the distinguished Rajas of India. The famous King of Davn opened with my father, as is well known to the whole world, negotiations to get his daughter Jitachandrâ married to me, and he succeeded. Jitachandrâ, to speak the truth, was extremely beautiful. Though old now, her features beam with that light which benevolence of heart and purity of aspirations radiate. All my children inherited beauty from their mother. At the age of thirty, rather late in life, she bore me a daughter, who was soon known in India as the human rival of the moon. At the age of forty I obtained a son, who was named Ratna after his grandfather. My daughter was married to a neighboring prince, who was particularly devoted to hunting in the mountain recesses in his own territory. He often absented himself from his capital, and though engaged in hunting down a tiger, raised his mind above the world and its trammels, and contemplated the Supreme Spirit. Inured to great fatigue and to privations, he was extremely attached to his wife, who wrote to me that she was as happy as Sita, and that her good husband spent thousands of rupees in obtaining for her whatever she desired. When my daughter bore a son, whose name is Surjeraw, my son-in-law sent me a flattering letter with sugar in a case inlaid with diamonds worth Rs. 30,00,000. My son was married to the daughter of a mighty prince, who on the occasion made me presents which are worth crores. The name of my daughter-in-law is Jamna. I soon obtained a granddaughter, who is called Târâ, and is more beautiful than her mother and my wife. My wife is famous for her deeds of charity, and is particular in the performance of religious rites, and anxious thus to lay by a stock of righteousness against her next life. My daughter-in-law is rather romantic in her affection and aspirations, and has succeeded in fascinating her husband, so that he is entirely in her power. My son, though placid and dutiful, is somewhat eccentric.

One day I was sitting in a full darbâr, where all the nobility of my kingdom was present, and in which the heads of the different departments of my administration took a part. The commander-in chief, whose features expressed imbecility, assumed an air of valor; and he was attended by the generals in command of my infantry, cavalry, and artillery. My infantry, consisting of five hundred soldiers, though ill-armed and ill-disciplined, was formidable, since the Political Agent always complained of its strength. My cavalry, consisting of a hundred horses, and though old and disorderly, was placed at the service of the paramount power at the time of the Mutiny—an act of loyalty for which I was amply thanked. My artillery consists of three old guns, which are fired only on occasions of festivity, but which is considered powerful by the paramount power, since I am never permitted to make any gunpowder. All these were now paraded in the

front of my palace. The Chief Justice, well-versed in the customs of the country and in the *Smpitis*, is now too old to attend the *darbâr*, and is represented on this occasion by his adopted son, who is prompt in doing justice to dancing-parties. There are many others who enjoy their estates and think that if they flatter me they discharge all their duties adequately. My Minister, whose office is hereditary, and on whose ancestors the princes of Dhume had conferred many titles, such as Sword of the World, Defender of the Faith, and the Brave Lion of the Battlefield, for important services rendered to my State, is always at my side. My Shastri, whose office is also hereditary, and whose learning is recognized in the world, sits near my throne.

The dancing-girl had begun to sing when the high-priest of the State of Dhume came—an old man, who was neither wise nor prudent, but was extremely proud. He came late purposely that he might have the honor of my standing up and touching his feet in the *full darbâr*. This occasion was particularly interesting, because my Jamna had presented me with a son. A Brâhmaṇa came up with plates full of sugar and distributed it among all present, when my noblemen stood up and congratulated me on my good luck with acclamation. The Commander-in-Chief cried—"Sire, we are blessed. God is gracious to us. Dhume has never seen a prouder day." The *darbâr* sat down; the dancing-girl sang on. She moved backwards and forwards so subtly, so gracefully, all the while keeping time most marvelously; and her eyes expressed the passions which the air she sang excited in her hearers.

The world the wise enjoy and leave,
They see me dance and sing,
Nets of bad luck the foolish weave,
Their dwellings sad with moanings ring.

A star she is, with brilliant eyes,
She sings, and feels a strong desire,
The queen of passion see her rise;
Thy absence pains her much, O Sire!

Though the whole assembly was fascinated by the music and gestures of the dancing-girl I was little amused. I said to myself—Oh, the Political Agent declines to attend such a dancing-party. My Minister, discovering that I was inattentive, concluded the *darbâr* and asked me why I was absent-minded. I said, "The Political Agent declines to attend such an enchanting dancing-party." He said, "He condemns it and considers it barbarous and impure." "Barbarous and impure!" cried I. "Yes," said he, "the Political Agent considers it barbarous and impure. The Englishman is disgusted with our fashions, our manners and customs." I said, "What! our dance is more graceful than a ball; our music is soft, sweet, and melodious; in a ball they simply make a noise, and can never understand what subtle and graceful movements are." The Minister said, "But, Sire, the dancing-girl is impure." "What!" said I, "impure? Why, it is her profession. We have nothing to do with her. We are not responsible for the good or bad conduct of our servants. If they discharge their duties properly we are satisfied. Is it pure, is it moral for one man's wife to cling to the arms of another, and, excited and impassioned, go through all the movements, which the worst characters among us cannot indifferently witness?" My Shâstri, who quietly listened to our conversation, abruptly remarked that the

manners and fashions of the powerful are always admired." I said, "I am an independent prince."

I immediately left my seat and went into the inner room, and said to my wife, "My beloved, we have got a grandson, I must see his face," and when I saw his face orders were given to distribute alms to the poor and to make arrangements to feed the Brâhmanas. My wife in the joy of her heart commanded my Minister to illuminate all the temples and the flight of steps on the river and the palace. She looked at me, and, though she was old, embraced me. My son soon joined us. Târâ's happiness at this accession to the family knew no bounds. She blessed her brother as often as she could. "Grandpapa," she said, "the baby is such a nice thing. I have kissed it ten times and every kiss is full of nectar. I will go into the inner room and sit by the cradle." So saying she went away. I walked in the open verandah of the palace, where thousands of the poor people had already gathered to congratulate us and to receive alms. My Ministers asked the people to go into a neighboring enclosure; upon this they made a great noise and tumultuously ran into the enclosure. My Minister ordered bags of money to be brought, and he, my Shâstri, and myself went to the door of the enclosure and sat down there. A number of sepoyes prevented the people from making a rush upon us while we consulted for a few minutes. The Shâstri proposed that two rupees should be given to a respectable Brâhmaṇa, one rupee to an ordinary one, half a rupee to a Brâhmaṇa woman, and four annas to a child or to a low-caste man indiscriminately. My Minister dissented from the Shâstri. "Ah," said he, "how could we maintain order if such distinctions were made? There are more than six thousand persons within the enclosure." "Well, Minister," said I, "you are right. Such a large crowd I have never seen so many beggars before." Putâlaji, who is my Aide-de-Camp in waiting, and who is always by my side, observed with arched brows, "Sire, many of them have come from the British territory, where alms on such a grand scale are never distributed;" and he laughed. The Shâstri praised my benevolence. "Ah," said I, "let all beggars get alms. No matter whether they are my subjects or British subjects. Let a rupee be given to each indiscriminately." As soon as I said this, the crowd made such a noise that the palace and the surrounding buildings resounded. I sat down at the door, two bags of money were opened, five thousand rupees were placed upon a silver plate, water was sprinkled upon them, one by one the beggars were let out, and I began the distribution. My heart swelled with pride, and a sensation of indescribable happiness passed through my body. I paid a rupee each to five hundred beggars, and looking up I saw all the ladies of the palace gathered in the gallery; smiles played upon their features as they looked down on the immense promiscuous crowd of beggars in the enclosure. My old wife felt extremely happy, she pointed her finger at me, hugged Târâ close to her bosom and said something; I imagined that she told Târâ that a similar distribution of alms would be made when Târâ should be married, for I saw that Târâ was delighted and kissed her mother.

In the mean time my carriage, the noblest in Dhume, was prepared. It was

about eight o'clock at night, and the moon shone brilliantly. I asked my Minister and my Shâstri to continue the distribution till every beggar received a rupee and was satisfied. My cavalry and infantry were drawn out, a procession was formed, the ladies in their palanquins joined it; we marched to the river-side on which the temple of the tutelary god is situated. The river is joined by a small tributary, where one of my ancestors built a flight of steps, which was admired particularly on this occasion, as the crowd of spectators were struck by the illumination. The whole temple from the top of the steeple to its foundation was one blaze of light. Beneath it the rows of steps presented so many lines of continued flame down to the brink of the river in which the temple and the flight of steps thus illumined were reflected; and on the bosom of the river lights mounted upon paper, cut into a variety of shapes, floated. I stood on the brink of the river in the midst of the ladies. Ratna stood by me. My wife said, "This is really a grand day, a grandson is born to perpetuate the sovereignty of Dhume." I said, "I never felt so happy before; we have got wealth, health, and power, and when Târâ is married to a beautiful and opulent young man we shall have obtained all we have ever desired." Just then my Minister came up and said, "Sire, we have made arrangements to feed all the six thousand beggars to-morrow; we have much to do, it is late, it is time to return to the palace." Upon this orders were given and the whole procession marched back to the palace. The ladies, however, lingered for a few minutes and sprinkled water upon their faces and adjusted their hair, as they were reflected in the river. Ratna looked at them, when Putâlaji said to him, "Lord, how beautifully are all these lights reflected! They are brighter than the moon and the stars." Ratna smiled and said that Târâ was really more beautiful. When we reached the palace I found that all was bustle and everybody was busy in preparing for the grand dinner; but early the next morning the astronomer attached to the palace came and told my wife that the stars were unpropitious, and the dinner must be given up.

CHAPTER II.

Some years had passed by. It was eight o'clock in the morning and the sun was softly bright. My cabinet council usually met while I was engaged in worshipping the tutelary gods, and my wife had seated herself at a little distance. Jamna cleaned the flowers for the gods, arranged them and made them into bunches, the fragrance of which filled the air; Târâ, cheerful, beautiful, and youthful, assisted her mother; my grandson, Pratâp, who was now five years of age, sat down on one side and attempted to imitate me. He had his counterfeit gods to be worshiped with real flowers, and was assisted by two boys, who acted the parts of his Minister and his Shâstri. My wife remarked, "Our grandson, Pratâp, is now five years of age. These last five or six years we have lived in great happiness, which is to be attributed to the religious rites I perform. Gods always expect that Brâhmanas should be fed in their names, that alms should be given to the poor, and

that all the oblations enjoined by the Shâstras should be thrown into a fire regularly and devoutly. To all these matters I have attended regularly, punctually, and piously. The stock of righteousness thus accumulated has resulted in our obtaining a beautiful and healthy grandson." Upon hearing the speech of my wife, who was so religiously disposed, I smiled and said, "Minister, the Shâstri sympathises with my wife, and encourages her to deeds of charity. But you will see that it is my political wisdom that has secured us happiness and prosperity. During nearly six years all about us has been joy. It is true that Târâ is not yet married, but we shall soon succeed in securing for her a nice bridegroom." "Ah," replied my wife, "Târâ is not yet married because we failed to feed the six thousand beggars on the occasion of the birth of Pratâp. We then vowed and we failed to fulfil the vow. By way of penance, we ought now to feed five hundred Brâhmana women and to clothe them, after we have fed the six thousand beggars." The Shâstri nodded consent and said, "Deeds of charity and benevolence cannot be neglected safely. Mere political wisdom cannot help us out of the difficulties which the neglect of religious rites causes. Upon this I observed, "It is true that we have failed to feed six thousand beggars, yet we have lived on." "My dear," interrupted my wife, "the six thousand beggars must be fed." I gave in and ordered my Minister to make preparations. In this manner important ecclesiastical questions were discussed and settled in the morning, intricate political questions arising out of my relation to the Political Agent, were examined, and replies, diplomatically worded, were given. At noon I saw the cockfights, in the afternoon I sat in the darbâr room, where civil and criminal justice was administered, and I was engaged in listening to my Minister, who explained to me criminal cases. I took great care to do justice to all. It was a proverb in Dhume that the King of Dhume was invariably just. My subjects were loyal, contented, and were particularly pleased with the charity of my administration. I was accessible to all my subjects who had any complaint to make; and when there was any intricate case before me I asked all who came to visit me to give their opinions about it. In the evening I went into the royal gymnasium, where I saw athletic matches. The athletes of Dhume were remarkable for their strength and the subtlety of their dodges. Every day we formed a procession at seven at night, and together with the ladies went to the river-bank to see our tutelary gods. At about nine at night, as I sat down in a room and performed a religious ceremony, I was surrounded by my wife Jamna, Târâ, my Minister and my Shâstri; and Putâlaji, my Aide-de-Camp, contrived to praise the great deeds of my ancestors and thus indirectly to flatter me. My Minister revealed to me the secrets of the Political Agent's office, to which he had secured access by means which I could never understand. Often did I say to him, "Minister, how do you learn all these things?" He answered that he possessed the mystery, and pointed to a diamond ring on his finger. Every fortnight the Brâhmanas recited the Vedas, when they were fed and granted me their blessings, and the biggest gun in Dhume was fired. Thus the days glided on. My wife performed her religious rites, I talked of politics, my Minis-

ter laid plans for the aggrandizement of my State, Jamna constantly talked of the marriage of Târâ, and was gratified to see her son playing about her. My son Ratna lived in rather an eccentric way. He never took part in the administration of my territory. He never paid the least attention to any State question. His fancy was strong, his intellect, though apparently dull, was really quite, and, though unconscious of the fact, he possessed exquisite taste. He surpassed Jamna in the beauty of his person, and though devoted to his wife he was even more devoted to hunting. He seldom appeared in public. His hunting expeditions, and his excursions with his wife and daughter to romantic sites in the neighborhood of Dhume, occupied all his time. Though naturally irritable, when he had to do with some people, his placidity was remarkable when he was in the company of his wife and children. He loved humor and music, on providing which sometimes large sums were paid. His hours were most irregular. He slept till twelve, when the day broke for him; because at twelve it was his morning. As soon as he left his bed and washed his face, he mounted his horse and went out for his shooting expedition, from which he never returned without bagging some animal or other. He spent generally four hours in the jungles, mounting hillocks, in search of an animal, or sitting down on the top of a precipice with his eyes fixed on a forest or a ravine. When he succeeded in bringing down a tiger or a wolf, he formed a procession and entered the town preceded by torches, and his trophy mounted upon a pole. At four he bathed, worshiped his gods and took his morning meal. For two or three hours he discussed with his companions his plans for the next day's hunting expedition. At seven at night he ate his dinner and then enjoyed his noon *siesta*. At about ten at night he played at cards with Jamna and Târâ for about an hour, and then discussed with his wife questions of finance. He spent his afternoon, which was from eleven at night to two in the morning, in listening to music, and a celebrated singer was entertained for this purpose. At about three in the morning he took his supper and went to bed. Thus he had no leisure to join the meeting of my cabinet council, from which he was invariably absent. Jamna, however, took care to represent him, pressed upon my attention the condition of his finances, and moved me to make a grant of money to him. He was extremely frugal where a rupee or two were concerned, but gave away large sums of money to his servants; and the administration of finance, therefore, called for vigilant supervision. Jamna so managed his servants that as soon as she discovered that a sum of money or a suit of clothes had been given to any one of them without her approval, she compelled him to return it to her, a small portion being given to the servant, and the rest being paid into my treasury. One day while I was sitting quiet in my room discussing with my Minister and the Shâstri intricate questions of State policy, Jamna, my wife, and Târâ came in. My wife complained that an old honest servant had been unreasonably thrashed by Ratna, my son, and that sometimes he was uncontrollable, and she added that as we had sowed in former lives so we reaped now. At this Patâlaji smiled and said, "Madam, then there is no ground for any complaint."

against Ratna." Jamna nodded commendation and remarked, "The consequences of all we have done in our former lives must follow us. It is inevitable. It cannot be prevented." I said "Yes, what Jamna says is true. I love Ratna, my only son, I cannot interfere in his affairs. My wife, good wife, if your servant is beaten, he has reaped what he has sowed in his former life." At this my good wife was a little puzzled, but she soon recovered from her confusion and said, "If Ratna's conduct is the result of his deeds in his former life, my complaint is also the result of some deed performed in my former life. Thus my complaint is unreasonable," and as she ceased speaking my Shâstri narrated a story.

"Shankarâchârya," said he, "travelled in Nepâl. Surrounded by thousands of his disciples, he eloquently preached his Vedanta doctrine of universal delusion. Wherever he went he made a great impression upon the people. His fame reached the ears of the King of Nepâl, who sent him an invitation to his Court, and despatched a number of servants and a palanquin to bring him. The King had taken his seat on his throne and was surrounded by his nobles and his pandits, and a number of warriors stood before him with their swords drawn, when Shankarâchârya was introduced into his presence. Shankarâchârya eloquently preached his doctrine of universal delusion. The King asked his nobles to move with him and the celebrated preacher into an open space out of his metropolis. Shankarâchârya consented. When this was known in the town the people imagined that something interesting was going to take place, and turned out in numbers. In the open space the King stood with his nobles and his pandits, and thousands listened to Shankarâchârya's eloquent sermon on universal delusion, when lo! what happened. An enraged elephant was let loose on Shankarâchârya, as previously arranged by the King. When he saw the elephant, he ran as fast as he could. The elephant was in the mean time caught, and Shankarâchârya was brought before the King. The whole multitude was amazed. 'Ah!' said the King, 'you are a teacher of reputation, you have made hundreds of converts to your doctrine of universal delusion. But I see you are an impostor. If all is delusion, the pursuit of an elephant is a delusion. Why did you then run so fast to escape from his grasp?' 'At these words of the King a feeling of triumph pervaded the multitude. Everybody said that Shankarâchârya was completely discomfited, but Shankarâchârya looked up and boldly thus addressed the King:—'Good King, listen to me; you charge me with a logical fallacy, but I see you do not understand the doctrine of universal delusion. King, what you see is a delusion, what you hear is a delusion, what you think and feel is a delusion, all is delusion. Yes, the pursuit of the elephant was a delusion, and the flight was also a delusion.' As these last words were uttered, a mysterious influence possessed the mind of the King. He was convinced of the doctrine of universal delusion, to which he became a convert on the spot and prostrated himself before the preacher."

My wife expressed her feeling of triumph when the story of the Shâstri was concluded. "Well," she said to me, "how is the doctrine of righteousness accumulated in former lives interpreted? The Shâstri is right. If the rashness

of my son is the result of the deeds performed by him in his former lives, my complaint against him is also the result of what I did in my former lives." She looked at me and smiled because I was perplexed. My Minister came to my rescue. He said "King, your political wisdom is great, unaffected by all these subtle doctrines, you have often accomplished great deeds. How often has the Political Agent interfered in the affairs of the State of Dhume, and how often has he been silenced?" I said, "Yes, my Minister. Political wisdom can accomplish great deeds; but Ratna is uncontrolable. He is self-willed. It will not do to argue with him. If he were teased he might quarrel with me; and if he quarreled with me the Political Agent would find reason for interference. The best wisdom is so to manage our affairs as not to afford the Political Agent the least opportunity for interference. Yet we have to attend to the proposals he makes. We have appointed an educational officer, we have opened schools, we have improved the roads in our territory, the land is carefully measured and assessed, my vassals are all satisfied with me, my subjects are loyal, justice is carefully administered, and I have often demonstrated my loyalty to the British rule. I am an independent prince, and I cannot be interfered with. But I see Râmahhâu comes." Thus my time was delightfully passed, and my wife, my Minister, and my Shâstri were always pleased with the arrangements I made.

(To be continued.)

MY NEIGHBOR.

"Love thou thy neighbor," we are told,
 "Even as thyself." That creed I hold,
 But love her more a thousand fold.

My lovely neighbor! Oft we meet
 In lonely lane, or crowded street;
 I know the music of her feet.

She little thinks how on a day
 She must have missed her usual way,
 And walked into my heart for aye;

Or how the rustle of her dress
 Thrills thro' me like a soft caress,
 With trembles of deliciousness.

Wee woman, with her smiling mien,
 And soul celestially serene,
 She passes me, unconscious queen.

Her face most innocently good,
 Where shyly peeps the sweet red blood;
 Her form a nest of womanhood!

Like Raleigh—for her dainty tread,
 When ways are miry—I could spread
 My cloak, but there's my heart instead.

Ah, neighbor, you will never know
 Why 'tis my step is quickened so,
 Nor what the prayer I murmur low.

I see you 'mid your flowers at morn,
 Fresh as the rosebud newly born;
 I marvel can you have a thorn.

If so, 'twere sweet to lean one's breast
 Against it, and, the more it pressed,
 Sing like the bird that grief hath blest.

I hear you sing! And thro' me Spring
 Doth musically ripple and ring;
 Little you think I'm listening!

You know not, dear, how dear you be;
 All dearer for the secrecy:
 Nothing, and yet a world to me.

So, near, too, you could hear me sigh,
 Or see my case with half an eye:
 But must not. There are reasons why.

—Gerald Massey.

A FIERY ORDEAL.

A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

(Written expressly for the ORIENT.)

[CONTINUED FROM No. VI.]

CHAPTER XX.

Two days after Pierre Gaudin's tragic end M. Magloire took the train for Montargis, and reached the little wine-shop, tired and dusty, on a hot August afternoon. Louison occupied her usual place behind the counter, and waited on the two or three thirsty souls who discussed their bottle or their *chopine* and talked of the news of the day. The poor girl looked pale and worn, her eyes were heavy and her air dejected, but it had not occurred to her to manifest her grief by closing the shop or neglecting her work. Indeed it was with her rather a matter of conscience that all should go on well, and that she should fulfil her tasks as faithfully as she had done when Charles' sudden return was liable to expose any dereliction from duty.

Besides, the neighbors, already inquisitive and puzzled by her sudden journey, must learn nothing from her that could be prejudicial to his memory; and to several of them, the grocer's wife among others, she had expressed her belief in his speedy return. It is quite possible that her protestations did not impose upon them as completely as she believed, but for the present they respected her evident grief, and pushed their inquiries in other directions.

The apparition of a priest was rare in the little wine-shop, and Louise, anxious to do him all possible honor, advanced to meet M. Magloire. "What is there for your service, M. le Curé?" she inquired, "and will you give yourself the trouble to take a seat in the garden, where it is cool and quiet?"

"Thank you, my child," said the priest gently. "I require nothing, but if you are Mlle. Louise Nodier I should like to say a few words to you, and the garden will do as well as any other place."

Louise nervously led the way to a rustic bench against the wall, sheltered by a trelliswork over which she had trained the clinging tendrils of the convolvulus and scarlet runner. The priest seated himself, and Louise stood before him in a position which enabled her to see through the open doors into the room they had just left. Her eyes cast down as if to observe the points of her thick shoes, and her fingers restlessly handling her apron strings, indicated that she was not at her ease, and M. Magloire had no intention of keeping her in suspense.

"You have a friend," he began, "who has been some time absent and who is called Charles Lamirault?"

"Yes, yes, M. le Curé, yes," answered the girl, her breast heaving, and her prominent light eyes opened to their widest extent.

"I am sorry, my child, to tell you that you must prepare yourself to hear bad news of him."

Louise did not speak, she thought she knew what was coming next.

"He is dead," continued the priest, "he died suddenly, and before his death he charged me with a message and a letter for you."

The words puzzled simple Louise, she could not understand how the priest could have seen him near the time of his death and yet be ignorant of the manner of his taking off. It never occurred to her that, with the view of sparing her feelings, he was only telling her part of the truth. She took the letter and turned it over and over in her hand. It was impossible for her to read it, and her companion was perhaps the best person to help her in her difficulty, if she could only claim his help without betraying Charles's secret, and after a minute of reflection she brought all her little cunning to bear to ascertain the extent of his information.

"Were you with him, M. le Curé, in the last moments of his life? Can you tell me the particulars of his death?" she asked.

"I was with him to the end, but all I can say of his death, my poor child, was that it was very sudden."

"And there was blood?" she continued, her lips trembling and her eyes overflowing.

"Yes," answered M. Magloire.

"Then," she said, "you know all, perhaps you are the very priest I saw with him, and you know he was—" she leant forward and glancing in the direction of the wine-shop whispered the last word—"guillotined."

"It was even so. It was his last wish that I should not tell you, but you have learnt it some other way, and it may be all for the best. He thought of you at the last. He repented his unkindness to you, and wished you to think well of him."

"Think well of him!" echoed Louise. "Did he believe that I should think ill of him because they cut off his poor head? And he was never unkind to me, only I was lazy and foolish sometimes, and he had a right to be angry. You don't think he was wicked, M. le Curé, and you will read his letter for me, won't you?"

"I will," said M. Magloire, leaving the first part of her question unanswered. Her love and trust in the dead criminal touched him, and he was resolved to do nothing to disturb her faith; rather to use it, if possible, as a means of leading her back to the path of virtue, from which in her ignorant simplicity it had been so easy to beguile her. So he took the letter, and, motioning her to seat herself at the other end of the bench, opened it, and read:—

"*MA BONNE PETITE LOUISE*,—They say I am going to die. It is hard on me, for there are many men worse than I am who won't die, and I would have liked to see you again and to have done many things.

"I can't send for you, *ma petite Louise*, because of the time being short, so I write to tell you I love you, and I am sorry I beat you, and if I were to live you should be my wife, so I hope you will let bygones be bygones, and not believe evil of me, but remember I loved you and trusted you, and put everything in your name when I went away, and that if we had come together again I would have behaved differently to you. M. Magloire, who will bring this letter to you, is a good man, do as he tells you, and give him a little box

that is in a bag under my bed ; the key of the bag is in the little savings bank, and you must break it open. Good-bye, Louison, be a good girl, and pray for me, who am at this moment in a bad way. And don't ask any questions about my death or burial, as that is all arranged.—**THY FRIEND WHO LOVES THEE, CHARLES.**"

"All that was mine is yours except the little box and what is in it, and my long pipe, which you are to give to Louis Kohl."

Louise buried her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively. Every sob shook her frame and told of bitter and long-repressed grief, and M. Magloire allowed the paroxysm to pass before he attempted consolation or advice. Louise looked up at last and inquired if Charles himself wrote the letter.

"No," said the priest, "I wrote it, but I set down every word just as he said it, and he signed it when it was finished."

"And he really said he loved me, he said it twice over?"

"Yes, exactly as I have written it down."

"Was he very frightened? Did it hurt him much?"

"I believe not. At any rate it is over now, and it is best not to dwell upon it. Remember rather that he loved you at the last, and told you to be a good girl and pray for him, and you know you must lead an honest life and conform to the teachings of the Church if you wish God to hear your prayers for him. This is no place for you, a young woman alone. He said you would have little trouble in selling the furniture and goodwill of this house; and if so you would do well to leave here without delay, and seek some honest service where you can live in the fear of God and forget your troubles."

Louise shook her head, she could not believe that her grief would ever be less vivid than it was at present, but it would be a great relief to leave Montargis and her inquisitive neighbors.

"Might I come to Paris?" she asked, "and if I did, would you let me bring the letter to you sometimes that I might hear it read?"

"Certainly, but I can help you in a better way than that. If you come to Paris, I will send you to some good sisters who will teach you to read and write, instruct you in your religious duties so as to enable you to become an honest girl, and perhaps find you a place."

"I could never learn to read and write," said Louise, discouraged.

"What, not for the sake of reading this letter as often as you like? You must be industrious and courageous, *ma fille*; I shall expect greater things than this from you, and I am sure you will not disappoint me. There is my address, come to me on your arrival in Paris, and in the mean while pray to God and the holy Virgin to keep you from temptation and despair. I must leave you now, or I shall miss the train. Give me the little box, and remember God will raise up for you good friends in Paris, who will show you the straight path which alone leads to heaven and to happiness."

In the midst of her preoccupations Louise had forgotten the shop, had forgotten to wonder why she had been able to remain so long away from it; but as she turned her face in the direction of the house the reason became evident—

the drinkers were most of them watching her and the priest with great interest and curiosity, and they had charitably left her in peace during the first violence of her grief; but their charity and their discretion could not be expected to go beyond a certain point, and she would certainly be assailed with questions now. Louise's powers of invention were not great, and she felt besides as if she should be doing Charles a wrong, and robbing her prayers of their efficacy, by resorting to falsehood, so she told them that she had just heard of his death, and was much troubled by the news.

One man winked at another, and inquired what he died of.

"Oh, my good friends, don't ask me to talk of it. I can't to-day," sobbed poor Louise.

"Don't torment her," said a round little man who had taken her place behind the counter; "and, Louison, you are a silly little thing, or you would know that you could find a better than Charles any day, one who would aid thee in thy business. Come, cheer up, I have been serving the customers and have made them pay for all they have had, except Jean Marie there, who owes fifty centimes."

"Ask him how much he has drunk himself and not paid for," shouted Jean Marie.

"Louison did not expect me to mind shop for nothing. Is it not so, *ma bonne*?" said the little man, who would have had no objection to occupy the place made vacant by the death of Charles.

Louise did not hear him. She had already entered the inner room, closed the door, and stood hatchet in hand prepared to break open a little dark-colored box labelled "Epargnes."

She had slept with that little box under her pillow every night since Lamirault's departure, had painfully added to its contents every cent she could save from the expenses of the business, and had cheerfully eaten the poorest and cheapest of food that there might be a little more to add to the hoard. Often she had pictured the moment when Charles should arrive, produce the key, count the money in the box, and praise her economy and good management, perhaps give her wherewith to buy a new pair of shoes or a ribbon.

And now Charles would come no more, and she herself was about to break violently open the poor little bank that had served as the subject of so many day-dreams. She could hardly divest herself of the idea that it was treason to Charles to crush with her hatchet his money-box. Only his command could have induced her to commit an act so sacrilegious, and the tears rained down her face as she prepared to obey him. She drew her apron across her eyes to clear her view, for M. Magloire was waiting, and the next instant the bank lay shattered on the hearthstone. Louise took it up, completed the work of the hatchet with her fingers, and turning the coin out on the bed found among it the little key she sought. She had often speculated with interest and curiosity on the amount shut up in the box, but now she hid the money, in the bed-clothes, feeling that she had neither the time nor the desire to count it.

CHAPTER XXI.

Aimée saw the letter near her, but it lay with its address downward; nothing in the form of the envelope suggested a familiar correspondent, and the spell of her dream was still upon her; so she closed her eyes, resolved to sleep again if possible. She would linger a little longer in delicious unreality, and forget for a moment how sad the path before her.

True it was but a dream that had visited her, but how much of our lives is made up of dreams! They come to us sleeping or waking, and serve not only as ironical comments on the incompleteness of what we do, what we are, and what we feel, but also as a salutary change from the view of the hard facts in most of our lots.

Aimée found it impossible to reunite the thread that had been snapped, and her vision, if unfinished, appeared destined to remain so. She slept no more, and at last rose and took up the letter.

The lines of the address were uneven and broken, the characters trembling and unsteady, but the handwriting, however unlike Maxime's, was his, and with a thrill of mingled apprehension, and self-reproach that she had neglected it so long, Aimée tore the letter open, and read the few words it contained:—"Impossible to see you to-morrow, I am ill. Do not write, for your letter would not reach me, but if you are uneasy send to my *concierge* to inquire.—MAXIME."

The blow had fallen at last. Maxime was ill, perhaps dying. The very meagreness of detail in the note testified to the gravity of the attack. He would never have written thus abruptly except under a pressure which made every additional word a task and an effort. All this Aimée understood as she sat stunned and tearless with the letter on her knee. Seen by the light of this revelation what a bitter mockery her dream had been, what a cruel irony preceding the anguish that had come upon her!

It was, however, no time to give way. She must know the worst without delay, and rising from her seat she proceeded with trembling hands to put on the garments she had taken off some hours before, and tying a veil over her pale face hurried down the stairs and out into the street. As is usually the case when a sudden need arises, no available *voiture* was at hand, and she descended swiftly the Rue Lepic before she found one, and telling the *cocher* to drive to St. Sulpice endeavored to determine on her next step. The whole of Maxime's letter inculcated caution; he evidently was anxious that no rash step on her part should compromise her, or deliver his secret to those around him, else why the injunction not to write, and to *send* to inquire after him. Of Mme. D'Allaire Aimée felt both awe and distrust. She was Maxime's mother, but the poor girl had long since discovered that the mother frequently misunderstood and irritated the son, and she also believed that Maxime's illness had not called forth at home all the watchful solicitude that was desirable.

In the present state of affairs, then, while she would have faced any mere personal affront to end her suspense, she did not feel justified in running counter to Maxime's positively expressed desire. She dismissed her carriage at St.

Sulpice, and walked towards two *commissionnaires* whom she perceived at a street corner not far off. Rapidly deciding that the younger of the two looked the more intelligent, she beckoned him to her, and proceeded to instruct him. He was to go to the house she indicated in the Rue de Seine, and obtain from the *concierge* all possible information as to the gravity and nature of the sudden illness that had seized M. Maxime D'Allaire, and if questioned as to who sent him was to answer that it was a person whose name he did not know, but who was probably a friend of M. d'Allaire. A smile crossed the face of the Auvernat, who was well content to undertake a commission which required discretion and promised a good *pour boire*. "I will wait there by the side of the church," said Aimée, "and be sure you ascertain if the illness is dangerous, and if they have called in good medical help."

"*Bien*, Mamzelle," responded the man, turning briskly off in the direction of the Rue de Seine, and leaving her to beguile the long minutes as she could.

Steadily as usual the stream of pedestrians moved on, each bent on his own business or pleasure, and few or none it is to be hoped bearing a heart as heavy as hers, as she paced slowly backward and forward, longing for and fearing the tidings that were coming. He might even now be dead she told herself one moment, and the next, Hope, so quick to take root and so slow to depart, whispered that nothing so dreadful could be in store for her, but when at last her messenger appeared her trembling limbs almost refused to carry her to meet him.

"He is alive?" she asked with a fluttering heart.

"I found the *concierge*, the woman," said the *commissionnaire*, utterly unable to appreciate an anxiety which found expression so quietly.

"Well!" exclaimed Aimée.

"He is there, that is the right house, and he is very ill; but I was obliged to wait, she had gone upstairs, and if you want news don't try to get it from a man if a woman is at hand. So I said, 'No, Monsieur, I will await the return of your lady;' and he said, 'Well, well, as you like.'"

"But M. D'Allaire?" interrupted Aimée.

"As I said before, he is very ill, has vomited much blood, and has what she calls a—a—the word escapes me, though I made her say it over several times."

"A hemorrhage?"

"*C'est ça*. At any rate it means a bleeding from the chest. There are two doctors, one old and one young, and she says the old one has a great reputation, and that he is called Monnier. I remembered that because my sister's husband bears the same name."

"But the illness, is it considered dangerous? have they stopped the flow of blood?"

"*Ah, pour ça*, yes, that was in the street, and there has been no more of it since he has been in the house."

"In the street?"

"Yes, he was taking a walk, and it took him suddenly on the Place St. Jacques, and they brought him home in a *voiture*, and his mother fainted when she saw him. Happily the *concierge* was there, and the young man did not want for care."

Aimée shivered as she thought of Maxime in dire extremity and dependent on the *concierge* for care. "Who is with him now?" she inquired.

"His mother, who has recovered, and a cousin of hers."

"Is he believed to be in danger?"

"The *concierge* says the doctors look grave and shake their heads, but she thinks the gentleman is young and has always enjoyed good health though he looks delicate, and that he will recover, but he is so weak that he can hardly raise hand or foot, and they do not allow him to speak, even if he is able. However, Mamzelle, you know people come back from very far, and while there is life there is hope."

"And that is all you learned?" asked Aimée when her questions failed to elicit further information.

"Dame, yes," said the man, who flattered himself he had discharged his mission with skill and completeness, and felt a little disappointed to see that his patroness was still craving for more details, but the cloud passed from his sunburnt face when he found that the *pour boire* equalled his expectations, and he remarked as he rejoined his comrade that the young lady would have made a good *juge d'instruction*.

"Ay," responded the other, "when love gets into a little head like that, there is no knowing what they will be up to, or what they will be equal to."

"You think the young man is her lover, then?"

"Tiens, what else would you have him? If he were her brother, her husband, or her father, she would not have needed your services, she would have gone to the house herself."

"Poor little thing, I am sorry for her then, for the young man is more likely to die than to live. She is a *beau brin de fille*, and a young man, with black hair all curls, like Pierre's poodle, went by while we were talking, and he thought so too by the way he looked at her."

"What is one life lost, or one broken heart? There will be enough of them soon if there is a misfortune *là bas*," said his comrade.

Ill news was indeed close at hand, and that it had arrived Valentine's first words told her sister, as with a face less bright than usual she entered their apartment that evening. "I see you have heard," she exclaimed, "that we have suffered a defeat. There are evil tidings from the army."

"What is there left worth living for?" murmured Aimée, sinking into a chair, and for the first time that day weeping bitterly.

"You are wrong to take it in that way," said Valentine, surprised by the depths of her sister's emotion. "It may be only a trifling reverse, nothing positive is yet known. *Voyons*, I did not know you were so patriotic. Come, calm yourself. Take off that hot dress and put on your cool dressing-gown. Let us get dinner, and then go as far as Mme. Martin's and see if

there are any more details to be learnt. Why, your eyes will be so red that you cannot appear on the street," and Valentine, whose own tears were falling, moistened a handkerchief with eau de Cologne from a bottle on the dressing table, and pushing back the wavy hair from her sister's hot brow laid it on her forehead; and while she held it there with one hand, endeavored to loosen Aimée's dress with the other. Aimée, softened, and reminded that sympathy was still within her reach, threw her arms around the figure by her side and sobbed convulsively.

"*Tu n'est pas raisonnable, ma sœur,*" said Valentine at last. "You will gain a bad headache. We shall not be able to go out this evening, as I had set my heart on doing, and we shall know nothing more until to-morrow."

"If you only knew," sobbed Aimée.

"I do know. I know, *ma bonne petite sœur*, that you are nervous and anxious, and that therefore this blow has fallen the heavier —"

"It is neither the first nor the heaviest blow that has fallen on me to-day. Read," and she drew the letter from her pocket and handed it to her sister.

"Would you like me to go and inquire?" asked Valentine when all had been told.

"No, it would be no better for you to call than for me, but I did think that if Maman Marie will go early to-morrow morning and learn all she can, it will be a great comfort to me. We will tell her just what to say, that there may be no fear of her making any blunders, and being both *concierges* the two women may be willing to talk to each other."

"Then," answered Valentine, "let me see you eat some dinner and we will start at once." It was vain to coax and persuade, Aimée could swallow nothing but a cup of coffee, and Valentine hastened her own meal that she might the sooner give her sister the slight relief likely to be found in movement and action.

Although yesterday's proclamation had to some extent prepared the public for misfortune, the news of the disaster was a grievous blow to both pride and patriotism, and as such universally mourned. Private anxieties too were not wanting to add their still sharper sting. Wives, mothers, fathers, asked themselves if their beloved was thinking of them, or if he were lying cold and still on the battle-field, unconscious of their anxieties, and for ever lost to them on this side of the tomb. Ah! if we could realize that every man killed means many mourners, the horrors of war would appear infinitely greater than they do now. That most of the Parisians saw these horrors in a stronger light than they had ever done before is certain; and it is noticeable that they talked less of national glory and more of private suffering than they had been wont to do of late. Even Martin's jovial face wore a cloud, and his old father had for once laid aside his customary jokes, and made no efforts to cheer his daughter-in-law, who appeared to find herself in a congenial atmosphere of gloom and depression, and welcomed the sisters with a burst of tears. "Ah, my children," she said, "I knew we should hear nothing good to-day. I was crying all last night in my sleep, and my pillow was wet with tears when I awoke this morning."

"Come, come, we have had enough of sadness, let us try and cheer up these poor little girls with their pale faces," broke in Martin. "Why, Mlle. Valentine has lost her roses, and her sister looks ten years older than she did the last time I saw her. As for you, my wife, Nature has provided you with so many tears to get rid of, that if you pass a day or two without weeping, you are compelled to take it out during your sleep, which proves that the supply is copious, *voilà tout*."

"Nevertheless when I tried a little turn with the cards this morning the nine and seven of spades and the nine of diamonds all came out together and meant no good," said Marie, in an aside to her neighbour Aimée, as she fondled a fat white Angora that had just taken possession of her lap. The beauty and docility of her pet furnished Mme. Martin with an inexhaustible subject of conversation, and she had more than once congratulated herself that Minet bore no resemblance to the sable animals that had twice appeared to her in the visions of the night and filled her with dire forebodings.

"You are wrong," continued Martin, "to take this little reverse so much to heart; did you ever hear of a campaign in which the victorious army had not suffered some defeats? Such news as this was to be expected, and you should be thankful that it does not press too heavily on you. What would you do now if you were in the position of the poor old Mère Truchon, who has two boys at the wars?"

"Because my neighbor has burnt his whole arm, that does not heal the smart of my scorched little finger," objected Marie.

"No, but if everybody were to take their keynote from you in bewailing their misfortunes, do you think the world would be a very pleasant place to live in? Believe me, *ma fille*, you, and all of us, would gain if you would cultivate a more cheerful and hopeful disposition. It is the one thing I would ask of you, for you are a good woman, careful and thoughtful for us all, and your heart is in the right place. There is father, he has known some troubles in his life, but he would never have reached such a healthy and happy old age if he had looked on the dark side of things," and Martin laid his hand on his white-haired father's knee, and leaning forward looked into his face.

"You are right, my son," said the old man, "in my youth they sometimes thought I took things too easily, but I always tried to do what was right, and trusted in God that no great evil would come, and you see here I am, with good children around me, sound in mind and body, and sure that in life, or in death, which cannot be far off now, I shall not be abandoned. And when I have seen Tony's children, or before if it must be so, I shall lie down and sleep a great deal more peacefully than I do these hot nights."

"God grant that you may live as long as I do!" exclaimed his son devoutly.

"You have no right to ask that, my boy. It is not in the order of nature and cannot be expected. Let us be thankful that we have passed fifty-three years together, and that no unkind word or thought has ever arisen between us, and never will, even if my life should be prolonged for ten years more."

"Here comes M. Lacaille," said Mme. Martin, "now you can begin your

game at cards. I am going to show Aimée the new paper on the first floor." The poor woman felt as if she had with much tact accorded the private interview that Aimée had found means to ask for. She forgot that there was no possible reason why Valentine should not be as much interested in wall papers as her sister, and that it was, besides, growing too dark to afford a favorable opportunity for their inspection.

"I have something to say to the children, something to show to them, when Aimée comes back," observed her husband; "and, my friends, if it is the same to you, leave me out of your game to-night. I don't feel quite at my ease, and would rather watch the *parti* than play myself."

"Why should we play to-night?" asked the old man. "It is pleasanter to sit in the moonlit *cour* and talk than to go into the *loge* and light the gas, which will only serve to make it hot and close."

Meanwhile Aimée was pouring her trouble into the compassionate ears of Mme. Martin, whose surprise and interest knew no bounds.

"Help you, my poor child?" she said, "of course I will. Ah, if the mother only knew you she would soon give her consent."

They were leaning on the iron bar of an open window in the vacant first floor apartment, and Aimée's tears were again falling, in spite of her efforts at self-control. "If she did give her consent it would be of no use," she said dejectedly, "we could not marry now. *Chère Maman Marie*, will you be very careful not to let any one know you come on my account? and will you go to-morrow early, that I may know how he has passed the night."

"Surely I will. The *grandpère* will help me with the work. What time will you come for me?"

"Nine o'clock, and we will take a *voiture* there and back, so that you need not be long absent from home. It is very kind of you to be willing to take this trouble for me."

"My poor little girl, you and your sister are almost like daughters to me, and this is a thing any woman would do for another. You must keep up your courage, my child, and hope for the best, and whatever happens you have nothing to reproach yourself with," said Mme. Martin, in whose heart Aimée's tale had stirred the real kindness which lay beneath her peculiarities.

The conversation was long and absorbing, and when the two absentees joined the party in the yard Valentine rose to go, and inquired of M. Martin what it was he had to show them.

"Nothing," he answered, "but a slip of newspaper which may or may not interest you, and I have already searched all my pockets without finding it."

"Never mind," said Aimée, "I am coming here to-morrow early, and I can see it then. I am afraid it is very late."

"Close on eleven, but I do hope I have not lost it, for it may be of great importance," remarked Martin, drawing Aimée to him. "My dear little girl," he added in a lower tone, "you have no parents, but you must not forget your foster-parents if you have need of anything they can do for you." He had long

since divined that her dejection did not spring solely from patriotism, and he opined that there was some pecuniary difficulty which his well-filled purse could remedy.

Aimée looked at the kindly face turned up towards her, and on which the moonlight or her fancy shed a bluish pallor. She remembered the almost paternal tenderness that had shielded her childhood, and which was ready to open his purse to her now if she needed help and would accept it; and, contrary to her custom, obeying an impulse she never repented, she bent her head and left a tear and a kiss on the forehead of her foster-father.

"My wife," said Martin, opening his closed eyes some minutes after the sisters, escorted by Tony, had left them, "give me a little glass of your peppermint cordial. I don't feel very well."

CHAPTER XXII.

It was easy to see from the number of persons assembled at the omnibus bureau, Place de la Madeleine, that the girls would have to wait long, number in hand, before finding a place in the departing vehicles, and Tony, delighted to remain a little longer in Valentine's company, proposed that they should walk home unless they preferred to take a *voiture*. The walk occupied considerable time, and it must have been long past midnight when Valentine, raising her head from her pillow, begged her sister, who was sitting near the window in her night-dress, to come to bed.

"I will soon, Titine," she answered. "Go to sleep and never mind me."

Valentine soon obeyed, for though not in the best of spirits no miserable dread filled her mind and drove sleep far away, but she woke again when a distant clock chimed out three strokes, and saw the white figure still in the same place. "O Aimée, do come now," she exclaimed. "Indeed you are not reasonable, and will be ill to-morrow."

"I will come as soon as it is possible for me to sleep," answered Aimée, "but I am cooler and better here than I could be in bed, so don't be uneasy about me," and with this reply Valentine was obliged to be satisfied.

In after-years Aimée remembered that sleepless night, as the passage between a grief that had already fallen upon her and another which was waiting to seize her on the morrow, but at the time she only knew that on her life had fallen a shadow that might never rise again, that Maxime might be dead or dying, dying and vainly longing for one last touch of her hand, one word from her lips. Were they at least doing for him all that could be done? She knew not, and her impotent desire to be with him, to bring to his service all her loving devotion, all the tact begotten of affection, helped considerably to swell her restless misery.

The bed and its occupant dimly defined in the uncertain light, the book-case with its well-known contents, the flowers outside the window at which she sat, the very scent of the heliotrope and mignonette which went up as incense with her despairing prayers to heaven, all formed part of a scene whose details, however little she might observe them now, were engraven on her mind never to

be effaced. She saw the summer moon struggling through the half-closed venetians of the window near the bed, and throwing long bars of light on the corner of the white counterpane and the shining floor beyond. She watched these streaks of light gradually change their position and disappear at last. The moon itself faded from the sky, and only stars remained, they too giving place after a time to the gray light which precedes the dawn. Day had come at last, and with a sigh of relief she rose and passed into the little dressing-room to gain what refreshment water could give, before dressing and preparing her sister's breakfast.

The sun was fast gaining in power though it was not yet nine o'clock when Aimée approached the great *porte-cochère* of the Rue de Luxembourg. She passed without noticing them a little knot of people talking on the pavement before the *charbonnier's*, next door to Martin's, entered the little gate which remained open in the closed larger ones, and stopped before the *loge*. Every blind was closely drawn down, and the entrance door shut. What did it mean? The *loge* was never closed after its inmates had risen, and at nine o'clock they must have been long up. The only explanation which occurred to her was that Mme. Martin was dressing to go out, and had drawn down the blinds to secure privacy. Vexed at the delay, she walked once round the yard, and then slowly back to the door of exit left open in the *porte-cochère*, and as she did so a man dressed in black came out of the *loge*, and passed swiftly by her into the street.

"*Le médecin des morts*. He has no doubt given the permit for the interment," said the black-faced *charbonnière* to her equally sooty husband, and as the words fell on her ear, Aimée, seized by a great dread, turned and looked back towards the *loge*. On the threshold of the now open door stood Tony, not the Tony she had parted with the night before, but a young man with swollen eyelids and tear-stained face, woefully changed from its usual good-tempered placidity.

"Ah, mon Dieu, what has happened?" exclaimed the frightened girl.

"Have you not heard of it?" he asked.

"I have heard nothing except that the *médecin des morts* has just left here."

"He came for my poor father. When I reached home last night I found him ill. I fetched Doctor Paulet and then Doctor Merle, but they could do nothing for him, and at one o'clock all was over. It is a dreadful and irreparable calamity for us all."

"But he complained of nothing last night," said Aimée, feeling almost bewildered by this new misfortune.

"Yes, he complained, as he has often done lately, but so vaguely as to excite little attention. He was never one to think much of his own ailments or discomforts," and as he remembered all his dead father's virtues, Tony, less demonstrative than many of his countrymen, wiped his eyes in silence.

"May I go in?" asked Aimée.

"Go in, he is there, and the poor old grandfather. The blow may kill him. Many have been in already to see him once more. Everybody liked and esteemed him. Come, you will not find him much changed."

Not changed! Only from life to death! On the blue lips there lingered a smile, and the face looked peaceful in the light of the tall tapers round him. He was but a man of low station, belonging to a class frequently, and sometimes justly, despised, but he had compelled the respect of all, had lived and died honestly, and many a heart would mourn his loss. Aimée turned from the peaceful dead to the grief-stricken old man, who sat by his son's bedside, and out of whose face all the ruddy glow of healthy old age had faded. He had been her friend and playfellow long ago when they all lived together, and if the others loved Valentine best, she had at least been his favorite, and his grief cut her to the heart. She threw her arms around his neck and sobbed out, "*O grandpère, grandpère!*"

"*Ma pauvre petite,*" said the old man, "I am aged and I was ready to go, but God would not take me in his place, and we must try to remember that He does all things well. Go upstairs to Maria, it will comfort her to see you, and this is a bitter trial to her."

Aimée could not refuse, had no thought of refusing, though all the emotions to which she had been a prey since she entered the house could not banish her own gnawing anxiety and her feverish longing for news of Maxime. So she attempted the hopeless task of consoling the despairing Marie, on whose head some officious neighbor had already placed a widow's cap; and leaving her with a host of sympathizing friends, threw herself into a cab and was driven to St. Sulpice. She had thought it impossible to wait until nine o'clock for news, and yet when she alighted it was close on half-past ten, and, as if the chapter of delays were not yet exhausted, no *commissionnaires* stood at the corner where she had found them yesterday. No doubt they were both *en course*, and while waiting for their return she passed before the house as if its dumb walls could tell her something of their inmate.

Maxime had once pointed out the windows of their apartment, and she had no difficulty in recognizing them again. The blinds of one window, which she supposed to be that of his room, were closed, but the other three windows were open, as if nothing unusual had occurred. Even this fact was a relief to her, and she was about to turn back in another search for a *commissionnaire*, when a little girl, jug in hand, came out of the house. She probably lived there, and if so might know something of the state of the sick man. Aimée stopped her and asked for news of M. Maxime d'Allaire.

"*Maman* says he will not go far, but that is the doctor's carriage standing there and he can tell you best," said the child, who was the daughter of the *concierge*.

Aimée's heart died within her, and forgetting, in the extremity of her dread, caution and prudence, she resolved to waylay the doctor and know the worst. What to her at this moment was the world's esteem, what cared she

if a wrong construction was put on her conduct? So it chanced that as a stout elderly man in the most correct of costumes prepared to step into his carriage, the pressure of a hand on his arm caused him to turn round, and he saw before him a young pale-faced girl, with dark eyes bearing abundant trace of recent tears, and quivering lips that told their tale of strong and repressed emotion. He was in haste, and too well acquainted with manifestations of grief to be much touched by them, but even he could not resist the entreaty in her eyes, and he asked, "What can I do for you, Mademoiselle?"

"Your patient M. d'Allaire, is he very ill?"

"Yes, his illness is grave."

"Is there still hope?"

"Certainly, a great deal of hope," and without waiting for further questions he entered his carriage and was driven rapidly away. As for Aimée, considerably reassured, she turned her steps in the direction of the Rue Vivienne, that she might acquaint Valentine with the news she had gathered of Maxime, and inform her of the death of M. Martin.

"Ah!" said Valentine when the first shock was over, "you were well in when you kissed him last night; how I wish I had done so too!"

THREE FISHERS.

From the Boston Post.

Three fishers went strolling away to the stream,
To the babbling brook where the fishes swim,
Of speckled beauties was all their dream,
And each felt certain they'd bite for him.
For men will tramp from morning till night,
And suffer the fierce mosquito's bite,
And drink to stop their groaning.

Three fishers strolled into the beer saloon,
Where the crowd sat round and the gas was bright.
And each gayly whistled a merry tune,
And showed his fish with assumed delight,
For men will fish, yea, and men will lie,
And boast of catching the fish they buy,
While inwardly they're groaning.

Three fishers strolled into the market place,
'Twas some two hours after the sun went down,
And a look of gloom was on each man's face,
For at empty baskets they each did frown.
For men may fish but may get no bite,
And tired and ugly go home at night,
And vent their wrath in groaning.

From an American Paper.

THE Hindoo thief's manner of scaling walls is very ingenious. It is by means of a huge lizard which he carries with him in his nocturnal rambles. The process is as follows:—The lizard, which is perhaps a yard in length, with great claws and flattened feet, and suction powers like those of a fly, is made fast to the dacoit by a tough cord tied to its tail. When the dacoit is pursued, and comes, in his hasty flight, to a wall, he quickly throws his lizard over it, holding fast to the other end of the cord. By means of its suction powers the lizard fastens itself to the wall on the opposite side, and the thief draws himself to the top, and jumps lightly down. By choking the lizard it is made to release its hold.

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

[CONTINUED FROM No. VI.]

Surrounded by a few seats in the middle of the garden was a table on which was placed a wooden model of the principal tower. It is a circular enclosure twenty-five feet high, built of granite in which no flaw or crack can be detected, and it has one small iron door approached by a sloping causeway and never entered except by the Nassesalars and their burden. The interior of the tower, paved with solid granite slabs and open to the sky, contains accommodation for some 250 bodies, disposed in three circles, the outer circle of hollowed graves or receptacles being intended for men, the next for women, and the inner one for children. The three circles, like the triple cord worn by all Parsees, male and female, typify good deeds, good words, and good thoughts.


Intersecting the grooves are pathways leading to the large central well, to which the bones are conveyed when they have been purified by atmospheric influences during a month or six weeks. This is done that the dust of rich and poor may mingle in death, and the skeletons cease to occupy the space required by the pale new-comers brought daily to the tower. Prostitutes and criminals are the only persons considered unworthy to have their bones laid with those of their ancestors, and for their use a small separate tower is provided.

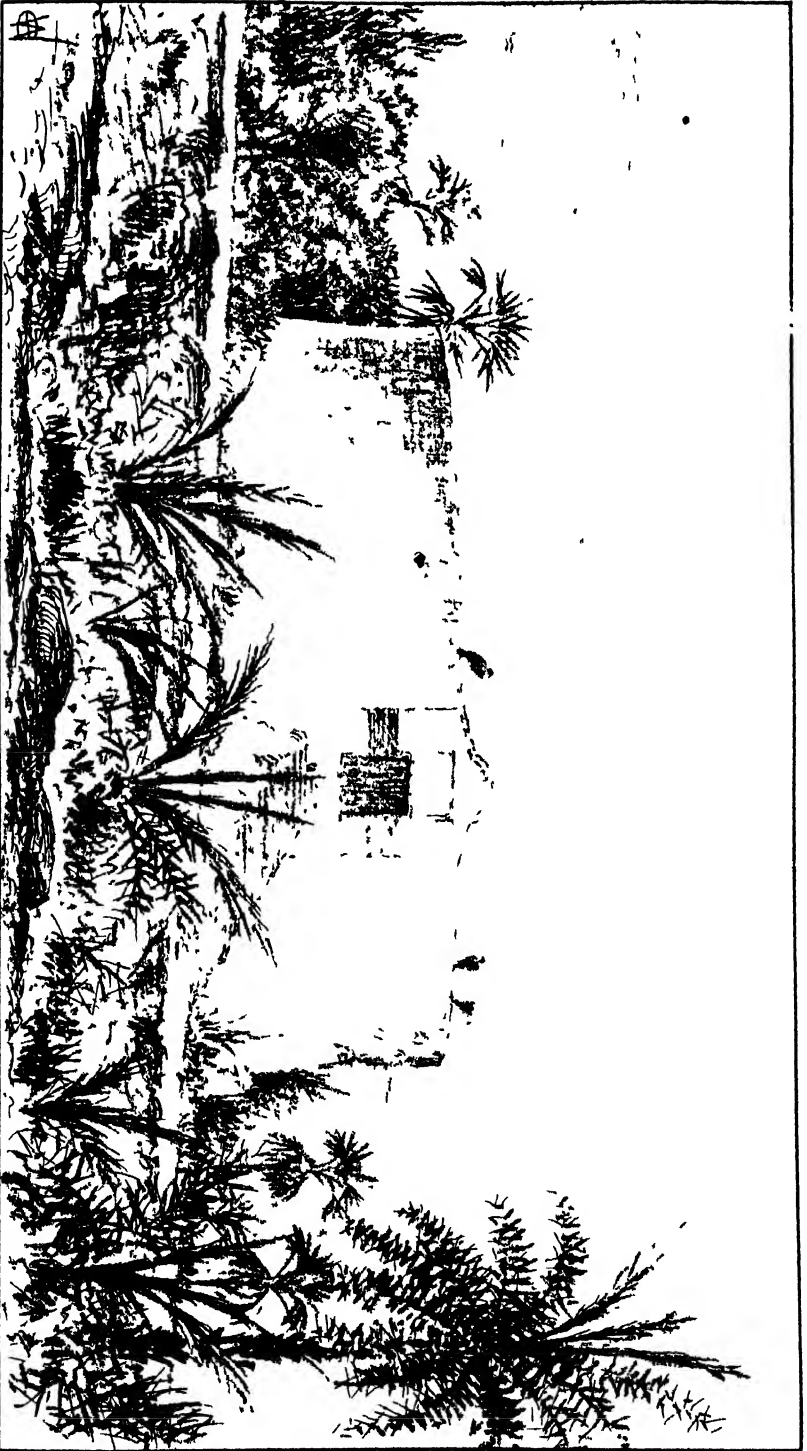
Near the tower of the outcasts were some granite slabs, very large, and flawless as far as we could see, yet they had been rejected because the builders saw reason to fear that they were sufficiently porous to allow animal matter to percolate through them and defile the bosom of Mother Earth. So careful are the Parsees to avoid pollution of this sort that even the rain water that washes the bones of the dead passes through thick charcoal filters before it can escape from the towers.

One of the strongest tenets of Zoroaster was that the dead should never be allowed to contaminate the elements or bring contagion and corruption to the living; and though the great sanitary leader is supposed to have lived 500 years B.C. his people still obey his precepts to the utmost of their power. From a sanitary point of view the Parsee mode of disposing of the dead appears to be one of the best that has ever been devised, but no human ingenuity can organize a system that shall work to perfection under all conditions, and it is interesting to note how the sacred writings provide for some contingencies that cannot be altogether avoided. Fragments of bodies abandoned to the beasts of the field and the birds of the air may by them be carried to the vicinity of human habitation, therefore says the Vendidad, Fargard V. :—

“Then said Ahuramazda : ‘No dead matter brought by a dog, none brought by a bird, none brought by a wolf, none brought by the wind, none brought by a fly, pollutes a man.

“If indeed the dead matters which are brought by a dog, and brought by a bird, and brought by a wolf, and brought by the wind, and brought by a fly, are the dead matter which would be polluting a man, speedily my whole material world would overthrow its essential righteousness, distressing the soul and ruining the body, through the multitude of these dead matters which have perished upon this earth.”

 continued, with Illustrations.)



TOWER OF SILENCE

THE WEEKLY DOLE.

It is well known that in olden times most religious houses distributed provisions to the poor once a week, and in the year 1645, a time of great poverty, the distribution of soup which took place every Thursday attracted a crowd of beggars to the monastery of the Jesuits at La Rochelle. One day there came among the others a little girl about ten years old. Her gentle and serious expression, the propriety of her behavior, and the extreme cleanliness of her poor clothing, contrasted with the coarse manners and words and the dirty rags of the professional beggars who were the habitual pensioners of the monastery. Each of them brought, to receive the soup, a cracked pot, a tin ladle, or a wooden bowl; as to the little girl, she carried, suspended to her arm by its handle, an earthen jar of irreproachable cleanliness. Ignorant of the rights of the first comers, the child tried to get as near as possible to the closed door, already surrounded by the crowd, but roughly ordered back by those who had preceded her she made her excuses politely and took her place at the end of the row, where she showed herself as firm in maintaining her own rights as she had been just in respecting those of others. "I have taken no one's place, but I keep mine," she said.

Some murmured still, but others and by far the greater number approved her resolution; some even permitted her to pass before them when the sound of the bell and the opening of the door showed that the distribution was about to begin.

Arrived in her turn before the monk who gave to each of the suppliants his or her share of the alms, the little girl received the contents of a wooden ladle equal to a large plate of soup, but instead of passing on and making room for the beggar who followed her she held out her jar again, looked up at the monk and in a voice full of supplication said, "There are three of us."

Struck by the child's manner and moved by her voice and face, the Jesuit looked at her with interest, and plunging his ladle again into the great cauldron filled her jar to the brim.

"Where do you live, my daughter?" he asked. The child timidly indicated a house situated in the neighborhood of the convent, and then, bowing gracefully to the kind monk, turned her steps homeward without noticing the jealous looks called forth by the double rations she had received.

The little girl had told the truth, there were three to share the Thursday's soup—a widow and her two children.

Formerly a willing prisoner at Niort, where her husband had been long kept in confinement, the mother of the little girl had embarked for America with him and her daughter, born in prison, when he was at last set at liberty.

There her son first saw the light, and a few years after, left a widow, she returned to France with her two children, and fell into such poverty that the alms of a meal of soup a week became a matter of importance to her.

The child had, however, no need to present herself at the gate of the monastery on the second Thursday. The distributor, who had been interested by her evident poverty and simple words, "There are three of us," sought them out, and placed them on the list of the outdoor pensioners of the order.

Forty years later—in 1685—an old schoolmaster clad in the garb of an ecclesiastic met in the park of Versailles a great lady who walked there, followed at a respectful distance by two footmen in rich livery. Struck at the same time by the same memory, the great lady and the schoolmaster stopped and looked curiously at each other. After an instant's hesitation, and while the old man still sought to call to mind where he had previously seen the lady, she spoke:

"You once inhabited Rochelle?"

"I had the honour to belong to the Jesuit convent there."

"Where they formerly made such good soup for the poor?" added the lady.

"It was I who distributed it," said the old man with visible pleasure in the remembrance.

"I remember it, and I also remember," continued the lady smiling, "that though you were charitable to all, you had your favorites to whom you gave more than to others."

"That only happened once for one person, and even then I cannot reproach myself with injustice; since our habitual pensioners only asked for themselves, I owed at least a double portion to the poor little girl who said timidly, when she held out her jar a second time, 'There are three of us,'" said the old man, thus proving to his companion that he had recognized her. The short conversation had already attracted attention; and the lady turned in the direction of the château and requested the old schoolmaster to accompany her. On the road she questioned him about his position and state of fortune, which he acknowledged was anything but satisfactory, and as he talked he found himself continually interrupted by numerous and respectful salutations. Almost at every step they took, gentlemen removed their hats and bent humbly before them, and ladies closing their fans made their most graceful curtsies. A stranger at Versailles, he fancied that these marks of politeness were obligatory on those who entered the royal park, but his astonishment knew no bounds when on entering the vestibule of the palace the sentinels presented arms.

"It is impossible that such marks of respect should be intended for me," he said to himself, "they are then for the lady. Who can she be?"

Too discreet to question her, he accompanied her up the wide staircase, and the further they penetrated into the interior of the palace the more profound grew the marks of respect. They arrived at the end of a gallery, when a door was thrown open, the red-uniformed officers of the household appeared, the gallery filled with courtiers, and a voice announced "The king!" At this word the old man, uneasy and troubled, drew back, but the lady took his hand and said to the king, who advanced towards her, "I have spoken to your Majesty of the Thursday's soup, may I be permitted to present my father almoner?"

The lady who spoke had borne several names. First they called her Mlle. D'Aubigné, then Madame and eight years later the widow Scarron, then she became Marquise de Maintenon, and she who in her childhood had begged at the door of a monastery had just seen her union with Louis the Great blessed by the Church.

It will easily be imagined that the old schoolmaster did not return to his village without having received a large recompense for the soup he had bestowed so many years before.

DANIEL HADSON.

MAHRATHA MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

By B. VENAYECK SHASTREE, Esq.*

THE rougher sex in India marry at all periods of life except extreme old age, or where there are cogent physical reasons against the performance. These marriages do not depend, as in advanced civilized communities, on the pleasure of the parties concerned, or depend but rarely or too little. Most marriages among the upper classes take place when the parties are very young, on the choice of their elders. When the bridegroom is a grown-up person he exercises some discretion, though his freedom of choice is considerably limited by caste, by usage, by the customs of a community in which social regulations have become religious institutions, and by the great respect paid in a patriarchal society to parents and elders. Under any circumstances the bride, who, indeed, is always young, never makes a choice of her husband, nor has any voice in the manner of her wedding. The preparations are always on a scale commensurate with the pecuniary circumstances of the people marrying.

When a marriage is once determined upon after investigation of the claims of each side regarding purity of descent, &c., a party of the bridegroom's relations and friends of both sexes take kunku (turmeric powder watered with lemon juice to give it a bright red color) to the bride's house, where the ladies accompanying the procession apply it to the forehead of the bride. On the same or any other convenient day the bride's party in return take saffron powder slightly liquefied with water to the bridegroom's house, and apply it in the same manner to the forehead of the bridegroom. This is tantamount to what plighting the troth, first engagement, or betrothal, amongst nations of European origin or following European customs, is known to be.

After the kunku-tila ceremony of the betrothal, both sides cause a certain quantity of turmeric and about five seers' weight of wheat to be ground and then after boiling together made into balls or cakes, for distribution to the women who attend the next or the "Hállad" ceremony. This ceremony takes place after both parties have given, in separate processions with tomtoms, &c., an invitation for the marriage to the protecting gods of their own families and the Ganapati† or elephant-headed god, whose temple may be situated in the town of their residence, and is nothing but applying, a day or two before the marriage, a little quantity of powdered and liquefied turmeric to the body of the bride at the time of bathing, and then retaking the used Hállad or turmeric powder to the bridegroom and doing the same to him. The auspicious day for the nuptials is selected by the Joshi or astrologer of the family; the hour is very often that of the evening twilight. On the appointed day, a sufficient time before the particular moment, the bridegroom is made to sit upon a wooden daïs, which

* This article appeared in "Mookerjee's Magazine" for November 1872, from which it is reproduced by permission of the author.

† The temples dedicated to Ganapati are to be found almost always in Hindu towns and villages in Central and Western India.

is covered by a piece of red broadcloth ornamented with figures and border work formed of unhusked wheat and rice. A laundress, specially the one who may be doing the work of the family, is here told to dip an arrow* or a pointed stick into common or scented oil of sesamum and made to drip it in a few drops upon the ornament called the Bashing, duly made for the occasion, gracing his head. This over, the bridegroom mounts a fully caparisoned horse and starts to go to the bride's house. On the way thither he stops at the Márutí, † or monkey-god's temple, to rest and pay his devotions. A brother or some very near relation of the bridegroom now carries in procession to the bride jewelry, sári, and choli or bodice, and is dismissed after being feasted. On his return he is accompanied by some persons from the Márutí, or monkey-god's temple, the bridegroom meets them and is invested with the Poshákh or dress of honor. Together with the bridegroom mounted on a charger or elephant, as may be available on the occasion, the whole cavalcade then reaches the bride's house at the proper moment.

Here commences the actual marriage ceremony, uniting the pair forever before God and man.

The bride and bridegroom are made to stand in baskets‡ filled with unhusked wheat, with the maternal uncles of each or any other fit person, naked sword§

* This has a remarkable appearance of old Kshatriya custom.

† For instance, His Highness the Guikwar is in the habit of halting at Rájrájeshwar, a well-known Mahádeva's temple in the city of Baroda, where there is also a temple consecrated to Maruti, the monkey-god. These temples to Maruti, or the monkey-god, are in all villages in Western India domineered by the Hindu priesthood. After reading M. DuChaillu's wonderful accounts of the Gorilla, though he does not ascribe divine powers to the creature, one thinks it not improbable that the monkey who served Ráma with such distinction in his campaigns in India and Ceylon did belong to some extinct species of the Gorilla which was endowed with more extraordinary powers than the animal described by the African traveller.

‡ The true origin of the custom of making the pair stand in baskets cannot be known at this distant day, but some people believe it to be a relic of old Kshatriya forms. The basket is conjectured to be the Earth, and the pair standing on it the conquerors of that Earth, that is to say, none should marry who are not able to maintain their wives and protect them at the point of the sword.

§ After extensive inquiry it has been ascertained that this custom has been in vogue from time immemorial, though no mention of it could be found in the work on Shudra religious ceremonies by Kamalákar Bhat, the son of Rámchandra Bhat, going by his name as "Shudra Kamalákar." The fact of its existence is, however, undisputed, but no one can tell how it came into use. Old people, notwithstanding, say that when the real Kshatriya or the warrior caste became extinct, and the Máhráthás, truly the Shudra caste, began to assume royal state and Kshatriya pretensions at the dawn of Máhráthá sovereignty and in the person of the great Shivájí, they inherited and improved upon Kshatriya customs. Not only this, but Shivájí is made to trace his lineage from the Ranas of Odeypoor, who call themselves the highest in the Rajpoot race (see Mr. Secretary Aitchison's famous letter of rebuke to the Ránájí of Jodhpur on the dispute between him and the Ráná of Odeypoor regarding the antiquity of their respective royal houses arisen in a Darbar held by Lord Mayo, the late Viceroy and Governor-General of India)—Rajputs being supposed to be descendants of the Kshatriyas—in a Maráthí book called "A Genealogical Account of Shrimant Chhatrápat Shivájí MaHáraj and his Eight Ministers of State, including the Pratinidhi, by Vishnu Gopal Bhide, Chitnis or Secretary to the Pant Sachiva, another Sirdár of the Sattara Ráj, and printed at Bhore, 1866. We may now say that this custom also came

in hand standing behind, surrounded by the bridesmaids and the friends of the bridegroom. Of course the father of the bride, or in his absence any very near relation of the bride, waits there to give her away. Then a shawl or some cloth for a screen is held as a covering over the vis-à-vis pair, who are desired to put garlands of flowers round each other's necks, which done, the screen is withdrawn. The subsequent procedure in the marriage ritual is very similar to that of all civilized nations of the world, except some slight variations in accordance with Oriental custom and religion, and therefore needs no detailed notice here. Herein-after a thread is wound round and round the pair, to make known to them and to the public the importance of the step taken and that the tie is now indissoluble, while appropriate mantras or verses from the Hindu marriage ritual are read.

After the marriage rites are completed, the bridegroom, who has come to the bride's house, does not return home, but is entertained at the place until the Zál ceremony is over. During the interval that the Zál ceremony time is fixed by the Joshí or astrologer, the mother or any near elderly female relation of the bridegroom holds a reception to see her daughter-in-law formally and introduce her to the ladies invited. On this occasion cash or jewelry presents, similar to the European trousseau, are made to the bride, and they are of great value in the aggregate. In return sáris, &c., are also given to the ladies who attend. Either before or after this reception, as convenience will permit, the ladies on both sides, headed by the mother or some elderly female relation of the bride and another of the bridegroom, meet in state on some particular road of the town, in a place specially prepared for the occasion, and there also presents are distributed by the ladies of the bride's family.

On the day, and shortly before the time, fixed for the Zál ceremony, the people in the bride's house procure a large yet sufficiently portable and light bamboo basket and fill it with a quantity of cooked rice, seven sweet cakes called *polias*, seven *laddoos*, seven lamps formed of uncooked wheaten flour with oil and wicks, combs, toothpicks, looking-glasses, &c., each seven* in number.

into use at the same time, for a legend is told by these old people that once there lived a certain Rájá (name not given) who was engaged in marriage ceremonies, when the evening before, Satwái, the goddess who presides over the destinies of new-born children, sat crying by his gateway. Upon this she was questioned by the Rájá for the reason of her so doing, when she replied a great danger threatened the pair who were to be united on the morrow, and advised him to take unusual precautions for the occasion. The Rájá accordingly stationed sentries around the marriage scene, but, as Fate willed it, the figure of a tiger which was painted upon a shield of some sepyot got supernaturally animated, and having leapt from the shield, instantly killed the pair before any one could interfere. This story clearly shows that the persons with the naked sword were made to stand behind the pair since that time to ward off all sorts of evils, such as any sudden catastrophe like the one detailed in the legend, or carrying away the bride by force of arms by a rival suitor, or the 'mooth' or spell which goes whizzing through the air to kill the person against whom it may be directed by bursting his or her blood-vessels, so much practised in those unsettled Puranic times.

* Everything seven in number betokens that the numeral seven, in this instance at least, is the mysterious and magical cipher amongst Hindus that some of its sister ones are amongst European and other nations.

This basket they put on the head of the mother of the bridegroom, or in her absence on that of the lady acting for her, with the married pair, where they are young, sitting on her knees. This finished, some one takes the basket in his charge, and then both the parties, formed into a cortège, with the married couple in a palki or on a horse or an elephant (as may be procurable on the occasion) heading them, move forward slowly, while tomtoms play and fireworks are let off before them. At the proper time they contrive to reach the bridegroom's house, and the whole ceremonial concludes with the worship of Lakshmi, the goddess of fortune.

The finale of the whole is a grand dinner given by the bridegroom's family, and another in return by the bride's family, with visits in state to the temples of the town of their stay, such, for example, as Khandobá (the family god), and Bechráji (a goddess), which are frequented by His Highness the Guikwar on marriage and other such occasions.

Such is marriage among the great Máhráthá families of the fourth or Shudra class.

A perusal of the preceding will no doubt make the readers think that the wedding customs and ceremonies of the Máhráthás are an admixture of ancient Kshatriya, Shudra, and aboriginal—that is, local—forms. They are interesting enough for information, but, for the present at least, they lead to nothing more, for they are unintelligible, and their origin is enveloped in impenetrable mystery. Hereafter, no doubt, as other customs in other parts of the country are collected, light may be thrown on them.

AN ANSWER.

The wind was murmuring among the branches,
The moon had hid its light;
I threw my window open to the darkness,
And looked out on the night,
And thought of all the dear old times together,
Days sweet for her sweet sake,
And all I lost in losing her; till, thinking,
My heart seemed like to break.

And O, I said, if I might have some token
She is, and yet is mine—
Though but a wind-tossed leaf, my soul would
take it,
And bless it, for the sign.
And lo! a little wind sighed through the branches,
The moon shone on the land,
And, cool and moist with the night dew, a leaflet
Fluttered against my hand!

INA D. COOLBRITH.

A WEAK mind is like a microscope, it magnifies small things but cannot receive large ones.

"CULCHAR" has broken out among the Boston "daubsters." A house painter now tells his customer who wants his house "restored" that he can. "give a harmony in green and white, or a symphony in lavender and brown, or nocturne in yellow and blue." Serene refinement in New York is nothing to this.

JAMES ALBERY, the dramatist, was one day descending in a great hurry from the Savage Club, when a stranger—in a state of anxiety which defied punctuation—addressed him thus: "I beg your pardon but is there a gentleman in this club with one eye of the name of L—?" Alberly looked at him eagerly for a moment as he said: "Stop a moment. What's the name of his other eye?"

SCRAPS.

CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING.

"Together let us beat this ample field,"—POPE.

It is from foolish and eccentric advertisements that the world has ever derived most entertainment. Many of the most ridiculous specimens no doubt have been manufactured by ingenious writers to meet the demand. The inquiry after "a green lady's parasol," and "a brown silk gentleman's umbrella," and the Dissenter's advertisement for a "young man to look after a horse of the Methodist persuasion," and a host more of the same stamp, perhaps never had any existence in the columns of a newspaper. Some, however, quite as curious may be vouched for as authentic, such as "One pound reward.—Lost, a cameo brooch representing Venus and Adonis on the Drumcondra Road about ten o'clock on Tuesday evening ;" and "Ten shillings reward.—Lost by a gentleman, a white terrier dog except the head, which is black." A third advertisement is also worth quoting for the benefit of those who know neither when to speak nor when to keep silence; it is that of a governess, who, after enumerating several qualifications, says that "she is perfect mistress of her own tongue."

Swindling advertisements are well worthy of attention. Of these the "Home employment" and "Leisure time" advertisements, it is to be feared, still wile many shillings from those who can ill afford to lose them. Of the same class are those advertisements which promise a large income in return for an inconsiderable outlay, for example :—"How to make ten pounds a week by the outlay of ten shillings." This appeared a few years ago in one of the London weekly papers, with a note appended that thirty stamps must be sent for the information. It certainly was not much to pay for being put on the highroad to fortune. And what really was the direction given to the anxious inquirer? To purchase one cwt. of large-sized potatoes, a big basket, and some flannel blanketing; get the potatoes baked, and then sally out into the street and sell them for a penny apiece.

Many of the advertisements of the American papers are characterized by rough and ready humor. Who has not heard of the attractive announcement by a large upholstery firm?—"Their parlor furniture is elegant; their coffins are comfortable." And equally well known is the advertisement of a Pennsylvanian grocer, who inscribed, in large white letters, on the fence of a graveyard, "Use Jones's bottled ale if you would keep out of here." Nothing would go beyond an advertisement of a Yankee auctioneer. He offered for sale a "sweet and pensive retirement" on the banks of the Hudson, and after describing the "streams of sparkling brightness," and the "fruits of the tropics in golden beauty," mentions that "the stables are worthy of the steeds of Nimrod or the stud of Achilles, and its heronry was built expressly for the birds of Paradise, while sombre in the distance, like the cave of a hermit, glimpses are caught of the dog-house."

QUOTATIONS AND CRITICISMS.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (*continued*).

THE fever called 'Living' was conquered at last, and let us hope that the smile that settled on his wan features was a true indication of the peace that had come after so many storms, of the rest that crowned his troubled life. Yet misfortune and slander followed him even into the grave. Dr. Rufus Griswold obtained from Mrs. Clemm the papers of the deceased, and constituted himself—for it does not appear that Poe had authorized the step—the literary executor of the dead poet. His first step in this capacity was to preface an issue of the works of Edgar Poe with a memoir so scandalously and maliciously false and cruel, that several literary men, and among them Mr. Wm. F. Gill, wrote spirited and indignant protests against the statements contained therein. It was the old story of the live jackass insulting the dead lion, but the revengeful slanders produced their effect nevertheless, and "unmerciful disaster" followed the Byron of America beyond a point where even just animosities should cease.

Mr. Gill says—and he is borne out by the strongest of documentary evidence—"Had Griswold lived in Othello's time no one could have disputed with him the title of 'mine ancient, honest Iago.' From a correspondence with Mrs. Clemm, who, there can be no reasonable doubt, is correctly described by Willis as 'one of those angels upon earth that women in adversity can be,' we find the most positive testimony that Dr. Griswold's association with collecting the works of Poe, and of writing a memoir of the author, was purely voluntary and speculative. It presents simply the fact of a designing and unscrupulous man, prompted by hatred and a greed of gain, taking advantage of a helpless woman, unaccustomed to business, to defraud her of her rights, and gratify his malice and his avarice at her expense."

Poor Edgar Poe! in the hearts of many of his fellow-countrymen his memory is still green and cherished, but until quite lately no monument marked his last resting-place, close to which Mrs. Clemm was interred some twenty years after his death, she having died, aged eighty, in the same hospital that saw the end of her much-loved Eddie. Not until some six years ago was the just tribute of a monument paid to the memory of this true poet and most unfortunate man.

One short extract from the *New York Herald* of October 1875 proves that Poe's renown has stood the test of time, and will live and grow:—

"BALTIMORE, Oct. 27, 1875.

'Forty-two years Edgar A. Poe has slept in a nameless grave at the corner of Fayette and Green streets, in this city. A mound covered with green turf—the velvet he so beautifully describes in some of his prose poems—is all that marks his resting-place; and were it not for the love of a few friends, and the curiosity and admiration of those who have read his works, it would long since have been so confounded with others in its immediate vicinity as to be undistinguishable. To-morrow, however, this long-neglected duty will be fulfilled by the dedication of a very fine monument.

“THE MONUMENT.

“The first attempt was made by one of the poet’s own family. A handsome headstone was carved out for the green mound in Old Westminster graveyard, but Fate decreed it should remain without a monument until one worthy of the dust it covered should be chiseled. A train of cars crashed down the railroad near which the stone was placed, bounced off the track and shattered it to atoms. At length the public school teachers, by no means the wealthiest class of this community, weary of the idle protestations of those who were clamorous with their mouths but chary with their pockets, determined that this blot upon Baltimore should no longer remain. The monument is completed. The writer has seen it a number of times. The first impression was one of disappointment. After hearing so much one is apt to expect something colossal; but this is a plain Grecian pedestal, formed of Italian marble, with a granite base. The base is about a foot high, and the pedestal from seven to eight. But, like every good thing, it improves upon acquaintance. The means for its completion were limited. Mr. Frederick, having this in view, proposed to make it simple, chaste, and dignified, to strike more by graceful outline than by crowding with unnecessary ornamentation,—like the writings of him it is proposed to commemorate,—and his intention has been faithfully carried out. By degrees its beauty grows upon the spectator, and its diminutive proportions fade from the mind. Only two of the blocks will be used at present, one for the bas-relief of the poet, and the other for a simple inscription recording his name and the dates of his birth and death. Mr. Henry Steinhausen, the veteran of Mr. Sisson’s workshop, to whom the task of making the bas-relief was entrusted, has produced, so the friends of Poe say, the best likeness of the poet extant. We often hear of ‘speaking marble,’ but seldom realize its meaning. The beautifully chiseled features and wavy hair, the melancholy but refined and intellectual expression, and the deep eyes of the poet, all are there, and look as though at any moment the tongue might utter

‘Never, nevermore!’

Indeed, the marble is a far more faithful likeness than the model, and would reflect credit upon sculptors of ‘fair renown.’

“The monument will be unveiled on Thursday, with imposing ceremonies, in the rear of Westminster church, where now repose the remains of Poe.”

Poe celebrations and memorial meetings appear to be the order of the day at present in New York, and his merits are meeting an enthusiastic, if a tardy, recognition.

Alas, that more appreciation and a little solid help did not come to cheer the life of the struggling and sensitive poet, and allow his genius to soar as it should have done, unfettered by poverty and anxiety!

Our space this month will only allow us to give a short extract from his prose works, but the passage we have chosen strongly illustrates his power of graphic writing, and the ability with which he used his scientific knowledge to adorn and deepen the interest of his fiction.

“‘The Literary World’ speaks of Von Kempelen confidently as a native of

Presburg (misled perhaps, by the account in the 'Home Journal'), but I am pleased in being able to state *positively*, since I have it from his own lips, that he was born in Utica, in the State of New York, although both his parents, I believe, are of Presburg descent. The family is connected, in some way, with Mäelze, of Automaton-chess-player memory. [If we are not mistaken, the name of the *inventor* of the chess-player was either Kempelen, Von Kempelen, or something like it.—Ed.] In person, he is short and stout, with large, *fat*, blue eyes, sandy hair and whiskers, a wide but pleasing mouth, fine teeth, and I think a Roman nose. There is some defect in one of his *feet*. His address is frank, and his whole manner noticeable for *bonhomie*. Altogether he looks, speaks and acts as little like 'a misanthrope' as any man I ever saw. We were fellow-sojourners for a week, about six years ago, at Earl's Hotel, in Providence, Rhode Island; and I presume that I conversed with him, at various times, for some three or four hours altogether. His principal topics were those of the day; and nothing that fell from him led me to suspect his scientific attainments. He left the hotel before me, intending to go to New York, and thence to Bremen; it was in the latter city that his great discovery was first made public; or, rather, it was there that he was first suspected of having made it. This is about all that I personally know of the now immortal Von Kempelen; but I have thought that even these few details would have interest for the public.

"There can be little question that most of the marvelous rumors afloat about this affair are pure inventions, entitled to about as much credit as the story of Aladdin's lamp; and yet, in a case of this kind, as in the case of the discoveries in California, it is clear that the truth *may be* stranger than fiction. The following anecdote, at least, is so well authenticated, that we may receive it implicitly.

"Von Kempelen had never been even tolerably well off during his residence at Bremen; and often, it was well known, he had been put to extreme shifts in order to raise trifling sums. When the great excitement occurred about the forgery on the house of Gutmuth & Co. suspicion was directed towards Von Kempelen on account of his having purchased a considerable property in Gasperitch Lane, and his refusing, when questioned, to explain how he became possessed of the purchase money. He was at length arrested, but, nothing decisive appearing against him, was in the end set at liberty. The police, however, kept a strict watch upon his movements, and thus discovered that he left home frequently, taking always the same road, and invariably giving his watchers the slip in the neighborhood of that labyrinth of narrow and crooked passages known by the flash name of the 'Dondergat.' Finally, by dint of great perseverance, they traced him to a garret in an old house of seven stories in an alley called Flätplatz; and, coming upon him suddenly, found him, as they imagined, in the midst of his counterfeiting operations. His agitation is represented as so excessive that the officers had not the slightest doubt of his guilt. After handcuffing him they searched his room, or rather rooms; for it appears he occupied all the *mausarde*.

"Opening into the garret where they caught him was a closet, ten feet by eight, fitted up with some chemical apparatus, of which the object has not yet been

ascertained. In one corner of the closet was a very small furnace, with a glowing fire in it, and on the fire a kind of duplicate crucible—two crucibles connected by a tube. One of these crucibles was nearly full of *lead* in a state of fusion, but not reaching up to the aperture of the tube, which was close to the brim. The other crucible had some liquid in it, which, as the officers entered, seemed to be furiously dissipating in vapor. They relate that, on finding himself taken, Von Kempelen seized the crucibles with both hands (which were encased in gloves that afterwards turned out to be asbestic), and threw the contents on the tiled floor. It was now that they handcuffed him; and, before proceeding to ransack the premises, they searched his person, but nothing unusual was found about him excepting a paper parcel, in his coat pocket, containing what was afterwards ascertained to be a mixture of antimony and some *unknown substance*, in nearly, but not quite, equal proportions. All attempts at analyzing the unknown substance have, so far, failed, but that it will ultimately be analyzed is not to be doubted.

“Passing out of the closet with their prisoner, the officers went through a sort of antechamber, in which nothing material was found, to the chemist's sleeping-room. They here rummaged some drawers and boxes, but discovered only a few papers, of no importance, and some good coin, silver and gold. At length, looking under the bed, they saw *a large common hair trunk, without hinges, hasp, or lock*, and with the top lying carelessly across the bottom portion. Upon attempting to draw this trunk out from under the bed, they found that, with their united strength (there were three of them, all powerful men), they ‘could not stir it one inch.’ Much astonished at this, one of them crawled under the bed, and looking into the trunk, said:

“‘No wonder we couldn't move it—why, it's full to the brim of old bits of brass!’

“Putting his feet, now, against the wall, so as to get a good purchase, and pushing with all his force, while his companions pulled with all theirs, the trunk, with much difficulty, was slid out from under the bed, and its contents examined. The supposed brass with which it was filled was all in small, smooth pieces, varying from the size of a pea to that of a dollar; but the pieces were irregular in shape, although all more or less flat—looking, upon the whole, ‘very much as lead looks when thrown upon the ground in a molten state and there suffered to grow cool.’ Now, not one of these officers for a moment suspected this metal to be anything *but* brass. The idea of its being *gold* never entered their brains, of course; how *could* such a wild fancy have entered it? And their astonishment may be well conceived when next day it became known all over Bremen that the ‘lot of brass’ which they had carted so contemptuously to the police office, without putting themselves to the trouble of pocketing the smallest scrap, was not only gold—real gold—but gold far finer than any employed in coinage—gold, in fact, absolutely pure, virgin, without the slightest appreciable alloy!

“I need not go over the details of Von Kempelen's confession (as far as it went) and release, for these are familiar to the public. That he has actually realized, in spirit and in effect, if not to the letter, the old chimera of the philosopher's stone,

no sane person is at liberty to doubt. The opinions of Arago are, of course, entitled to the greatest consideration ; but he is by no means infallible ; and what he says of *bismuth*, in his report to the Academy, must be taken *cum grano salis*. The simple truth is that up to this period all analysis has failed ; and until Von Kempelen chooses to let us have the key to his own published enigma it is more than probable that the matter will remain for years *in statu quo*. All that yet can fairly be said to be known is that '*pure gold can be made at will, and very readily, from lead in connection with certain other substances, in kind and in proportions, unknown.*'

"Speculation, of course, is busy as to the immediate and ultimate results of this discovery—a discovery which few thinking persons will hesitate in referring to an increased interest in the matter of gold generally by the late developments in California ; and this reflection brings us inevitably to another—the exceeding *inopportuneness* of Von Kempelen's analysis. If many were prevented from adventuring to California by the mere apprehension that gold would so materially diminish in value, on account of its plentifulness in the mines there, as to render the speculations of going so far in search of it a doubtful one, what impression will be wrought *now* upon the minds of those about to emigrate, and especially upon the minds of those actually in the mineral region, by the announcement of this astounding discovery of Von Kempelen?—a discovery which declares, in so many words, that beyond its intrinsic worth for manufacturing purposes (whatever that worth may be) gold now is, or at least soon will be (for it cannot be supposed that Von Kempelen can *long* retain his secret), of no greater *value* than lead, and of far inferior value to silver. It is indeed exceedingly difficult to speculate prospectively upon the consequences of the discovery ; but one thing may be positively maintained—that the announcement of the discovery six months ago would have had material influence in regard to the settlement of California.

"In Europe, as yet, the most noticeable results have been a rise of two hundred per cent. in the price of lead, and nearly twenty-five per cent. in that of silver."

BARON S., who served as a private in the Franco-Prussian war, recently met on the boulevard a heavy rustic who fought in the battle of S. beside him. Wishing to delight and astonish the ploughman, his brother in arms, he invited him to dine at Bignon's swell restaurant in Paris, where he ordered a dinner wildly regardless of expense.

At the first mouthful of turtle soup the rustic made up a face, but swallowed it nevertheless. At the second he made up another face and pushed back his plate, refusing to take more.

He did the same with the oysters, the truffles, the pheasants, every dish set before him.

"Hasn't there been a hog killed lately in Paris?"

"Then you are not enjoying the dinner," said the Baron, regretfully.

"Oh ! it does not matter," said the peasant patronizingly, "I am sure we would have been glad enough of such stuff during the siege."

TEACHING HIM THE BUSINESS.

From the New Orleans Times.

"Herman," said a Poydras street merchant clothier, addressing his clerk, "haf ve sold all uf dose overgoats vat vas left over from last vinter?"

"No, sir; dere vas dree of dem left yet."

"Vell, ve must sell 'em right away, as de vinter vill not last, you know, Herman. Pring me one uf de goats und I vill show you somedings about de pisness. I vill dell you how ve vill sell dem oud, und you must learn de pisness, Herman; de vinter vas gone, you know, und ve hav had dose goats in de store more es seex years."

An eight-dollar overcoat was handed him by his clerk, and smoothing it out he took a buckskin money purse from the show case, and stuffing it full of paper dropped it into one of the pockets.

"Now, Herman, my poy," he continued, "vatch me sell dot goat. I hat sold over dirty-fife uf dem shust de same vay, und I vant to deech you de pisness. Ven de nexd gustomer comes in de shop I vill show de way Rube Hoffenstein, mine broder in Detroit, sells his cloding und udder dings."

A few minutes later a negro, in quest of a suitable pair of cheap shoes, entered the store. The propriotor advanced smiling and inquired:

"Vat is it you vish?"

"Yer got any cheap shoes hyar?" asked the negro.

"Blenty uf dem, my frent, blenty; at any brice you vant."

The negro stated that he wanted a pair of brogans, and soon his pedal extremities were encased in them and a bargain struck. As he was about to leave the propriotor called him back.

"I ain't gwine ter buy nuffin else. I'se got all I want," said the negro sullenly.

"Dot may be so, my dear sir," replied the propriotor, "but I shust vants you to look at dis goat. It was de pure Russian vool, and dis dime last year you doan got dot same goat for dwenty-five dollars. Mine gracious, clothing vas gone down to noding, and dere vas no money in de pisness any longer. You vant someding dot vill keep you from de vedder, und make you feel varm as summer dime. De gonsumption vos going round, und de doctors dell me it was de vedder. More den nine beobles died round vere I lif last veek. Dink of dot. Mine frent, dot goat vas Russian vool, dick und hevvy. Vy, Misder Jones, who owns de pank on Canal streed, took dot goat home mit him yesterday, und vore it all day; but it vas a leedle dight agross de shoulders und he brought it pack shust a vile ago. Dry it on, my dear sir. Ah! dot vos all right. Misder Jones vas a rich man and he liked dot goat. How deep de pockets vas, but it was a leedle dight agross de shoulders."

The negro buttoned up the coat, thrust his hands in the pockets and felt the purse. A peaceful smile played over his face when his touch disclosed to his mind the contents of the pockets, but he choked down his joy and inquired:

"Who did you say wore this hyar coat?"

"Vy, Misder Jones vot owns de pank on Canal streed."

"What yer gwine to ax fur it?"

"Dwendy dollars."

"Dat's pow'ful high price fur dis coat, but I'll take it."

"Herman, here, wrap up dis goat fur de schentleman and drow in a cravat; it vill make him look nice mit de ladies."

"Nebber mind, I'll keep de coat on," replied the negro, and pulling out a roll of money he paid for it and left the store.

While he was around the next corner moaning over the stuffed purse Hoffenstein said to his clerk:

"Herman, fix up anudder von of dose goats de same vay, und doan forgot to dell dem dot Mister Jones vot runs de pank on Canal streed vore it yesterday."

THE HIGHWAY COW.

From the Countryside.

The hue of her hide was dusky brown,
Her body was lean and her neck was slim,
One horn turned up and the other turned down,
She was keen of vision and long of limb;
With a Roman nose and a short stump tail,
And ribs like the hoops on a home-made pail.

Many a mark did her body bear:
She had been a target for all things known;
On many a scar the dusky hair
Would grow no more where it once had grown;
Many a passionate, parting shot
Had left upon her a lasting spot.

Many and many a well-aimed stone,
Many a brickbat of goodly size,
And many a cudgel swiftly thrown,
Had brought the tears to her loving eyes,
Or had bounded off from her bony back
With a noise like the sound of a rifle crack.

Many a day had she passed in the pound
For helping herself to her neighbor's corn;
Many a cowardly cur and hound
Had been transfixed on her crumpled horn;
Many a teapot and old tin pail
Had the farmer boys tied to her time-worn tail.

Old Deacon Gray was a pious man,
Though sometimes tempted to be profane
When many a weary mile he ran
To drive her oot of his growing grain.
Sharp were the pranks she used to play
To get her fill and to get away.

She knew when the Deacon went to town;
She wisely watched him when he went by;
He never passed her without a frown,
And an evil gleam in each angry eye;
He would crack his whip in a surly way,
And drive along in his "one-hoss shay."

Then at his homestead she loved to call,
Lifting his bars with crumpled horn;
Nimbly scaling his garden wall,
Helping herself to his standing corn;
Eating his cabbages, one by one,
Hurrying home when her work was done.

His human passions were quick to rise,
And striding forth with a savage cry,
With fury blazing from both his eyes,
As lightnings flash in a summer sky.
Redder and redder his face would grow,
And after the creature he would go.

Over the garden, round and round,
Breaking his pear and apple trees;
Tramping his melons into the ground;
Overturning his hives of bees,
Leaving him angry and badly stung,
Wishing the old cow's neck was wrung.

The mosses grew on the garden wall;
The years went by with their work and play;
The boys of the village grew strong and tall,
And the gray-haired farmers passed away
One by one as the red leaves fall,
But the highway cow outlived them all.

HOW TO DYE TURKEY RED—FAST COLOR.

TURKEY RED, which is distinguished by its great brilliancy and stability, is produced by a very singular process. It is a madder color, differing from all other colors produced by this root by being not only much brighter, but also by being less readily attacked by acids and by bleaching powder. *

The methods which are used for producing this remarkable color are more or less complicated, the first process, however, in all cases, being to saturate the cloth well with a vegetable oil. Generally *Gallipoli oil* is used; this is a common olive oil. It contains extractive matters, and possesses the property of forming readily with a weak solution of pearl-ash or caustic soda a perfect emulsion, *i.e.*, a milky liquid, in which, by the naked eye, no oily drops can be seen. With this emulsion the goods are thoroughly saturated, and then exposed to the air for twenty-four hours in a room, which formerly was only heated in winter. The oiled cloth absorbs oxygen so rapidly that it becomes hot, and even sometimes takes fire. The higher the temperature gets during the oxidation the more brilliant will be the color; and therefore dyers prefer now to hang the oiled goods in a room having a temperature of 60° to 65° C., of course great care being taken to avoid combustion taking place. The same operation is repeated, according to the required shade, several times. It appears to be of advantage to add to the last bath some sheep's manure. The excess of oil, or rather that portion that has not been changed by oxidation or the action of the alkali, is now removed by washing.

The next process is galling and aluming, which is sometimes done by separate treatments. The cotton is passed through a bath containing sumach or nut-galls and aluminum acetate, then dried and aged, and now passed through chalk and water, in order to fix the alumina completely. The dyeing, which follows next, is done in a bath containing ground madder, garancin, or artificial alizarin. The cotton acquires now a heavy brown color, which changes into a brilliant red by two or three soapings, or by a passage through an acid. Some dyers add to these baths pearl-ash or tin crystals.

Since the introduction of artificial alizarin the dyers prefer to treat the goods before soaping with caustic soda, to dissolve any excess of alizarin, which thus can be easily recovered, a process which would be more difficult in the presence of soap.

Turkey red consists chiefly of a peculiar compound of alizarin and fatty acids, which is soluble in ether and petroleum naphtha. On evaporating these solutions a splendid scarlet fatty mass is left behind, consisting of alizarin and fatty acids, which may be separated by dissolving in hot spirits of wine, and precipitating the fatty acids by the addition of a little water. The yarn or cloth after being exhausted with the naphtha loses all its brilliancy, and retains only a dull shade, resembling that which madder dyes on tin mordant.

The single thread of cotton dyed with Turkey red contains the color only on the surface, the oil preventing the alizarin from penetrating the fibre. This is undoubtedly the cause of the great brilliancy of this color, because all colors appear

much brighter when they are fixed on a white ground; while if the whole color is absorbed by the fibre it appears dull. The presence of a fat is also the cause of the greater stability of Turkey red, when compared with other madder reds. As the color exists only at the surface, the quantity of alizarin required is but small, a piece of 60 yards taking up only 5 to 6 oz. of alizarin paste of 10 per cent., while to obtain a similar shade on cloth not oiled 2 lbs. would be necessary.

The quantity of alumina fixed in dyeing Turkey red is always very small; some have even doubted that it plays a part in the process, while others believe that its presence is essential, the variations in shade being dependent on the quantity of the alumina, and not on that of the oil.

The following facts will show why this point is not easy to settle. An imitation of Turkey red is now obtained by impregnating the cloth with red liquor, drying and passing it through a soap solution, in order to obtain a compound of alumina with fatty acids. The cloth thus prepared assumes on dyeing with madder or alizarin a very bright red.

In this process a piece of 60 yards requires only about $\frac{2}{3}$ gal. of red liquor at 7 Tw., containing 200 grains of alumina; but of this quantity only a fraction is fixed.

This is shown by the fact that when alizarin is fixed by steaming, the same shade requires only about one-fifth of that quantity of alumina, and this is only partially fixed, most probably not more than one-half of it remaining in combination with the alizarin.

From these numbers, and the quantity of alizarin which is fixed in dyeing, we come to the conclusion that a piece 1 yard long and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide contains about $\frac{1}{600}$ grain of alumina, and $\frac{1}{200}$ of pure alizarin, while the ash of the piece weighs about $\frac{1}{6}$ of a grain.

A very good imitation of Turkey red is also produced by dyeing goods mordanted with a strong solution of acetate of alumina, with anthrapurpurin.

Brazil wood and the other red woods are used for dyeing common reds. The goods are mordanted by steeping them in hot sumach liquor and then passing them through red spirits (stannic chloride). After washing they are dyed in a bath containing Brazil wood and some fustic or quercitron. The latter are added in order that the yellow which they impart may brighten the crimson, produced by the red woods, into a scarlet.

Inferior reds are obtained by simply saturating cotton with a solution of Brazil wood extract in tin spirits and passing through water; or they may be obtained by first fixing an alumina mordant and then dyeing.

EXAMPLES.—*Common red.*—Steep in a hot decoction of sumach and allow to cool, wring, and pass in tin spirits at 2° Tw. Wash, and pass for half an hour in a hot decoction of 3 lbs. of Lima wood and 1 lb. of fustic.

Crimson.—3 lbs. of sumach.

Tin spirits at 20° Tw.

3 lbs. Brazil wood.

1 lb. logwood.

Proceed as above.

CONSOLATION FOR PARTED LOVERS.

From the Congregationalist.

Through the long day we walked alone together,
Under the sunny, perfect August sky,
Silent or talking as the mood commanded,
And well content to let all memory die.

Behind was sorrow and before a warning—
The stern sad voice we both had learned to heed,
“Near as you are to-day comes separation,
You walk alone from henceforth, and your need,

“Strong as it is, and eager for fulfilment,
Binding you both within its iron chain,
Must wait a future far beyond all vision,
And know that here its strongest link is pain.”

Over the river in the gathering twilight,
Sunshine above but heavy clouds below,
We passed to where the parting moment waited,
And knew the hour had come and one must go.

Only a word, a look—and then a turning
To the long path that each must walk alone,
And the fair river widening between us
Seemed but a gulf filled with an answering moan.

Yet, dearest heart, remembering all the sweetness
Filling long days that you and I have known,
And sure that love is strong and faith unfaltering,
How can I say that we must walk alone?

Over us both one summer sunshine quivers,
And in the darkest day that earth can own,
Love, pure and fadeless, shines behind the curtain,
And God will never let us walk alone.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

THE SORCERER.

Who harbors Love within his breast,
Though born to toil and low estate,
Is, by the glamour of his guest,
Beyond the rich and high born, blest,
And greater than the great!

Nay, Love within a bramble patch
Hath grander realm than ancient Rome;
The humblest roof of tile or thatch
Beneath his sorcery will match
Saint Peter's mighty dome!

It was Artemus Ward who said that there are two things in this world for which no one is ever prepared—namely, twins.

Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.

THE burning of sulphur, recommended by Dr. Tuson as a disinfectant and destroyer of the germs of cholera in the air, has been tried, and with apparent success, as a remedy for the disease itself after its development in the individual. Sulphur burnt in saucers in the patient's room till the fumes were as strong as could be breathed safely has been reported to have worked wonderfully in well-developed cholera cases. If sulphurous acid will really kill the germs—whatever they may be—that produce the symptoms of cholera in the human being when floating in the air, it is natural to suppose that the same powerful agent may even follow them after they have been received into a man's system, and have effect on them there. If so, the discovery of this simple remedy will rank with the remarkable cure of hydrophobia lately reported by the *Madras Athenæum*. In Madras a case, stated to have been a well-developed one, of hydrophobia in a European, was cured by bold use of the lancet. Seventy-two ounces of blood, taken from the patient in two days, had the effect of saving the life of a person in whom madness was so fully developed as to lead him to bite at all the people and objects around him.—*Lahore Tribune*.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE Indian topics that have recently awakened public interest are the much-to-be-regretted death of Mr. Adams; the Sibpore College affair, now, let us hope, permanently terminated; the marriage of the couple who bravely resolved to be 'happy, whether their marriage displeased the opponents of widow remarriage or not; the fate of another and less happy widow, who, if anything can excuse such a crime as hers, has certainly the maximum of excuse to plead; and last, not least, at any rate to the citizens of Bombay, the danger at present involved in eating meat, which almost persuades many, not naturally so inclined, to become vegetarians. Fortunately the Municipal Commissioner appears fully alive to the importance of the question, and Mr. P. Ryan deserves the thanks of the public for the severe sentence he passed on a grossly offending butcher the other day.

THE late Mme. Rachel of enamelling fame, or rather the executors of the late Mme. Rachel, threaten the world with the publication of an autobiographic narrative and diary written by the deceased heroine of *Beautiful for Ever*; and the threat is said to have caused dismay to more than one noble family, and to numerous ladies who move in good society. The chances are that the memoirs, if such memoirs really exist, will be bought up by some former patroness of Mme. Rachel's before they reach the hands of the printer, and perhaps, in the interests of peace and good morals, it is well it should be so.

No change for the better in the state of things in Ireland, and the unfortunate landlords themselves will perhaps be willing to endorse the desire of the Irishman who wished that his country might henceforth number among its inhabitants "no more landlords, but only tenants."

JOHANN MOST, editor of the *Freiheit*, is convicted of inciting to murder; but it is hardly likely that any punishment inflicted on him can compensate for the evil done by drawing the man from his obscurity, and giving wide publicity to his pestiferous letter.

IN the matter of European fashions the violent and eccentric seems to prevail far too much, but fortunately persons of quite good taste can still array themselves in garments that do not challenge attention. After all, variety has its charms, and the elaborate toilets in vogue furnish occupation to numerous work-people. Perhaps nowhere do people habitually dress in better taste than in the U. S., America, and fashion notes, according to the *New York Sun*, inform us that —

Box-pleated waists are revived.

Almond color is very fashionable.

Full fraises of lace are much worn.

Jabots of lace grow longer and fuller.

Small figured satinetts will be much worn.

Ladies' satchels are large, flat, and square.

The coal scuttle shape is the favorite poke bonnet.

Bridegrooms and their "best men" do not wear gloves.

Glacé shot Surah is a new form of this popular fabric.
 Rough straw poke bonnets are *de rigueur* for travelling wear.
 Spanish blonde is the darling lace of fashion at the moment.
 Shirred sleeves grow more and more in fashionable favor.
 Sleeves are made demi-long for morning, afternoon, and evening toilets.
 Cords and tassels form part of the decorative effects of most dressy costumes.
 Chamois mousquetaire gloves for travelling are *de rigueur* at the moment.
 The nearer the bangs come to the eyebrows the more fashionable is the wearer.
 Black and white checked silk neck handkerchiefs are worn with travelling suits.
 The less of the neck that is seen the prettier does the face of a pretty woman look.
 Plain stuff polonaises are worn over skirts of Bayadère stripes or brocaded materials.
 Poke bonnets have brims longer in front and shorter in the back as the season advances.
 Mob caps for bonnets will be worn by "little people," with "Kate Greenaway" costumes.
 Cheviot and flannel travelling suits are most suitable for long journeys, even in midsummer.
 Gloves reaching above the elbow are *de rigueur* with very short sleeves or sleeveless corsets.
 Sleeveless corsets, with Henri Deux puffs on the shoulders, appear among late imported suits.
 Cream-white hemstitched handkerchiefs are worn either in the neck or peeping from the pocket.
 Half-high shoes, laced, buttoned, or with open bars over the instep, will be much worn with garden and house toilets.

Sleeves puffed from the armhole to the wrist appear on some of the sheer muslin and silk tissue dresses for midsummer wear.

Glacé or twilled shot Surah in two shades of color will be used to combine with and trim figured foulards, delaines, and challies.

Wide ombre sashes, three yards long, are worn *en panier*, either straight or diagonally tied around the hips with a looped bow in the back.

Large embroidered mull shawls, pure white, not tinted or cream-colored, will be the wrap of high ceremony for afternoon wear at Saratoga.

While hats and bonnets grow larger on this side of the water, English and French fashion journals say they grow smaller on the other side.

Lisle thread gloves, with long, closed, loose, wrinkled wrists, come in all shades of écarle, tan, brown, gold, gray, and cream shades, and in black and white.

Young girls "in society" wear their hair falling in curls in the back, looped together with a bow or long clasp or a puff of hair, and banded and frizzed in front.

Three-pronged combs for the back hair frequently have a long clasp top, set with jet jewels, or gold or silver balls, which encircle the chignon or back hair like a fillet.

Colored undershirts are no longer fashionable on the other side of the water. Neither are white skirts worn, except the short petticoat. The correct long undershirt is of black silk or black cashmere.

"Sets," composed of a collarette, pocket, and fan of colored Surah silk, trimmed with Spanish lace of the same color, and a bunch of flowers on each piece, are used to enliven black, white, and sober-tinted summer costumes.

PART OF THE SONG OF THE SENAPES (RED INDIANS) SUNG ON THE EVE OF THEIR DEPARTURE FOR WAR.

Translated by HECKEWELDER.

"Oh, poor me—who am just about to depart to fight the enemy—and know not if I shall return—to enjoy the embraces of my children and wife!"

"Oh, poor creature—who cannot order his own life—who has no power over his own body—but who tries to do his duty—for the happiness of his nation!"

"Oh, thou Great Spirit above—take pity upon my children—and upon my wife—keep them from sorrowing upon my account—grant that I may succeed in my enterprise—that I may kill my enemy—and bring back trophies of war!"

MUSHROOM CULTURE IN FRANCE.

From the Garden.

ON arriving at Arcueil one is prepared to find some unusual industry carried on; the large tracts of undulating ground, uncultivated and unfenced, covered with a scant growth of grass and weeds, with, dotted here and there, peculiar wooden air-shafts, looking like dismantled windmills, make up a picture of desolation and neglect that is unique in the neighbourhood of Paris. One's first impression on alighting at the station is that the place is ownerless.

Scrambling along the muddy tract that did service for a pathway from the station, I struck the road on which was the house of the "champignonist" to whom I had been directed. Behind the neatly kept house and garden was a yard, with some heaps of hot manure being turned by several men, one of whom was the proprietor. On reading my introduction he politely expressed his willingness to help me, and explained the mode of preparing the manure (the same as among us). He then led me to the door in the middle of the yard, that apparently opened into nothing.

When this door was opened there came out a rush of confined air laden with the musty smell of mushroom spawn, bringing the conviction that a stay below to be pleasant would have to be short. On a shelf just inside were some small spirit lamps fixed to straight wooden handles about one foot long, two of which monsieur lighted. Taking one for himself and giving one to me, he bade me follow him down a steep incline, damp and slippery from the water trickling down the walls on both sides.

At the bottom of the incline which terminated in some steps, was a chamber about ten feet square from which branched off galleries about six feet wide, to all appearance winding like a maze in all directions. In each gallery there were three beds, one against each wall and one in the middle, of the usual conical form, though only about eighteen inches or two feet high, cased with the white dust of the pulverized stone, which I concluded, together with the perfect darkness and the absence of any covering over them, serves to give the Paris mushrooms the beautiful white skins for which they are so remarkable. Never before have I seen mushrooms growing so thickly; they were literally on the top of one another, making it a difficult performance to step between the beds without knocking some off.

"DO YOU BITE YOUR THUMB AT ME?"—A surly-looking darkey skulked past the *News* office yesterday afternoon. A peculiar feature of his costume was a straw hat without any crown and very little brim. Old Mose, who was standing on the side walk, snickered right out. The sulky darkey clutches his stick, and walking right up to Mose said: "Was you a grinnin about dis heah hat?"—"What put dat ar in yer head? I wasn't studyin' no hat. It was de big hole in yer hat what made me smile."—"It was mighty lucky, old man, you wasn't reflectin' on de hat, bekase he niggah what 'sults dat hat is gwine to die. He is flingin' grave-yard dirt on heeself, suah."—*Galveston News.*

ANIMAL ELECTRICITY.

To establish the fact that *electricity* is indeed the *connecting link* between the MIND and the BODY, I would in the first place distinctly remark that mind cannot come in direct contact with gross matter. My mind can no more directly touch my hand than it can the mountain rock. My mind cannot touch the bones of my arm, nor the sinews, the muscles, the blood-vessels, nor the blood that rolls in them. In proof of this position, let one hemisphere of the brain receive what is called a stroke of the palsy. Let the paralysis be complete, and one-half of the system will be rendered motionless. In this case the mind may will with all its energies—may exert all its mental powers—yet the arm will not rise, nor the foot stir. Yet the bones, sinews, muscles, are all there, and the blood as usual continues to flow. Here, then, we have proof, the most irresistible, that mind can touch none of these; for what the mind can touch it can move. Our proof is so far philosophically conclusive.

I would now remark that it is equally certain my mind can touch some matter in my body, otherwise I could never raise my arm at all. The question then arises, What is that mysterious substance which the mind can touch, as its prime agent, by which it produces muscular motion? In the light our subject now stands the answer is most simple. It is that *very substance* that was disturbed by the paralysis, and that is the nervous fluid, which is animal electricity, and forms the connecting link between mind and matter.

* * * * *

All motion and all power originate in mind, and as the human spirit, through an electro-magnetic medium, comes in contact with matter, so the Infinite Spirit does the same, and through this medium He governs the universe.

Hence those who deny mesmeric power must, to be consistent with themselves, deny that there is any medium through which mind can come in contact with matter, or else deny that mind, abstractly considered, has any power to produce results.—*Dr. J. Bovee Dods.*

Answers to letters addressed to "THAUMA."

R. J. M.—You have taken no heed to what I have already told you, and I can be of no further use to you.

J. S., of Lucknow.—If you will turn to the third article of the series on "Magnetism," you will perceive that I attach little importance to books and manuals, and indeed I possess none of the sort you ask for. Nothing in your communication demanded a private answer, or I should have sent you one.

From your letter to the editor of the *Orient* you appear to have a desire for controversy. It is a desire I do not share, but I am ready to answer any questions or objections of yours that may obtain insertion in the magazine.

L. M.—You are on the right road. I shall be glad to hear from you again.

THAUMA.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE *Orient* has now completed its six months of existence and reached its seventh issue. Without either advertisement or ostentatious patronage, for we have never made the slightest parade of the many distinguished names that grace our subscription list, the magazine has steadily grown in popularity and circulation, partly, we believe, because its low price brings it within the reach of all, partly because it has conscientiously endeavoured to cater to all cultivated tastes, and has more than redeemed its early promise. Thus, although they formed no part of our programme, illustrations have been given in five of the numbers already issued. Articles that will be appreciated at their true value by all students and masters of that art have appeared on magnetism. Lithographic printing and drawing have been ably and clearly expounded, as have also apiculture and various other useful arts.

The *Orient* is progressive; it aims at growth, both in variety and extent, and from time to time additions and improvements will be introduced tending to make the work more and more interesting to Indian readers; a step is taken in this direction by the publication of "The Chief of Dhume," of which we this month offer the first instalment to the public.

WE have received the first number of a new magazine of general literature published in Bombay. The title of the publication is the *Orient*, and it is intended to be issued monthly. The first number is well printed, and contains an amount of interesting reading matter. We wish the *Orient* every success.

WE have received the sixth number of the *Orient* magazine, which promises to take a permanent position amongst Indian periodicals. Besides the fiction, there are interesting papers on Agriculture, Lithography, the Wisdom of the Aryans, the Bombay Towers of Silence (illustrated); a chapter of quotations and criticisms; a few pages of "Notes on Passing Events," and other contributions.—*Bombay Gazette*.

THE first number of a new monthly magazine of literature, science, and art, published in Bombay, made its appearance on New Year's Day. All the articles come up to a most respectable level of light reading, Miss Bates' own displaying considerable literary ability. Her "Stranger than Fiction" is in the Edgar Allan Poe vein, and is one of the best stories based on the Tichborne Case which we have seen. We hope that the venture will succeed as it deserves, for the annual subscription is modest in amount, and the first number of the *Orient* is very readable.—*Times of India*.

IF the first number of the *Orient* may serve as an index of what is to follow, we may predict from its contents that the magazine will be very acceptable. The contents will not fail to interest all persons who can appreciate a good English style, and those written by the editor proclaim her a talented and experienced writer. The venture ought to prosper also on account of the low price at which the magazine is offered.—*Bombay Native Opinion*.

WE welcome the appearance of the *Orient*, and in one of our recent numbers we quoted the *Bombay Review's* testimony as to its editor's literary ability. In what she has already attempted Miss Bates leaves an agreeable impression on the reader's mind. In these days, when so-called political and scientific discussions are choking up our breath with their mushroom growth, it should be this lady's endeavour to arouse in us some living interest in the genuine literature and history of our own and other countries. That she is desirous to lead her readers to some such wished-for goal is evident, and this deserves the highest praise that we are privileged to offer to our contemporary. She has our best wishes for her success.—*Indian Spectator*.

THE "ORIENT."—This very readable and neatly got-up publication, which purports to be "an Anglo-Indian monthly magazine of literature, science, and art," has been now before the public for some time; and we think we may safely congratulate its able and enterprising conductor (Miss R. BARRAS, of Girgaum, Bombay) on her having succeeded very fairly indeed in the capital attempt she

has made at supplying the reading public in this country with a monthly magazine deserving their approval and support.

WE again repeat that the *Orient* is an excellent monthly, well deserving the patronage of the Indian reading public, which we trust it will secure before very long.—*Madras Native Opinion*.

WE have to acknowledge the receipt of the April number of the *Orient*, an Anglo-Indian monthly magazine of literature, science, and art, published in Bombay. This publication has reached its fourth issue, and, to judge from the contents of the present number, it is likely—and we think it deserves—to have a long run of popularity. The matter provided is both varied and interesting. Under literature we have a serial tale entitled “A Fiery Ordeal” (a story of the siege of Paris), well written and full of interest. Next comes a serio-comic description of “Sibi, or the land of Kutcha,” which is really well worth reading, on account of the rich vein of humour that runs through the article. “I’ve allus paid my debts,” a contribution by the editor, promises to be a very readable story, with vivid descriptions of place and character. “Quotations and Criticisms” will be found useful to all who take any interest in studying the standard works of our language. People down South hear a great deal about the Towers of Silence, the God’s-acre of the Parsee community. They will find much interesting information concerning them both in this and the preceding numbers. Magnetism and lithography are dealt with in a popular and attractive manner. Those who wish to know whether they are “born magnetizers” or not will find a paragraph descriptive of the mental, moral and physical peculiarities that usually distinguish such persons. A few pieces of poetry, reviews of new books, and “Passing Events” complete the subject-matter of the number. Altogether we think the *Orient* meets an Anglo-Indian want. The matter is varied, the style is attractive, and its general get-up quite that of a first class magazine. It appears to be ably conducted, and we have no hesitation in recommending it to our readers.—*Bangalore Spectator*.

THE contents of the *Orient* are rich and varied, and the principal conductor is a graceful writer. * * * The journal reflects much credit upon its conductors, who, we hope, will meet with the support they want.—*Amrita Bazar Patrika*.

THE *Orient* is excellently got up, and contains matter which will be read with much interest by all classes of Indian readers. Every paper in the book is worth reading, and if the magazine secures the attention it deserves, we venture to predict that its popularity will be very great—much more so than any other magazine hitherto published in India.—*Bangalore Examiner*.

WE have to acknowledge with thanks copies of the first and second numbers of a new journal called the *Orient*, an Anglo-Indian monthly journal of literature, science, and art. It is published at Bombay under the conductorship of Miss R. Bates, and contains forty-eight pages of matter, original and select. The new journal appears, so far, to be decidedly above the average of such productions in India. The articles are very well written, and the selections well chosen, so that it should command a fairly wide circulation.—*Rangoon Times*.

THE *Orient* is dedicated to literature and useful knowledge. The editor deserves great credit for elevated style, learning and versatile talent.—*La Gasetta de Bardes*.

THE editor of the *Orient* has a very clever knack of telling stories, which we read with interest and delight.—*The East*.

THE *Orient* rises above the level of a journal devoted exclusively to light literature, and discusses matters of a more substantial nature. The papers headed “The Wisdom of the Aryans,” “Lithography,” and the “Towers of Silence” will amply repay perusal. The last-mentioned paper is published, and will, we understand, continue to be published, with illustrations.—*Indian Mirror*.

THE *Orient*.—The June number of this magazine loses nothing in interest, and is equal, if not superior, in the quality of its contents, to the preceding monthly issues. The serial tales show no falling off; whilst the miscellaneous

matter contained within the pages of the magazine is full of interest. Amongst the articles worthy of note is a short essay on apiculture, in which some entertaining facts are given with regard to the little insect which "improves each shining hour." Those who are desirous of making an attempt at bee-keeping in India will find in this article some valuable information as to the treatment of bees and the method by which the honey may be secured.—*Times of India*.

The Office of the "ORIENT" is removed from No. 107 to No. 2, Girgaum Back Road, opposite the bungalow of the late Hon. Morarjee Gokuldas.

"THE ORIENT."

JULY NUMBER.

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AUGUST, 1881.

Vol. I.

THE CHIEF OF DHUME.

By SHIVAJI.

[CONTINUED FROM NO. VII.]

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Rámabháu came up to me, "Well," said I, "Rámabháu, you have brought your boy with you. You call him Arjuna. He is really a very beautiful boy. Such luxuriance of beauty and health! What a servant you have got! When did you secure him?"

"Yes, there is great sensibility of look," Rámabháu replied. "Before I was employed in the Engineering Department of the British Government I had to study and pass examinations. I stayed, therefore, in Puna. One day as I stood in the veranda of my house this boy came up to me and begged food from me. I was struck with his beauty. I asked him to stay with me and he consented. Since then he has learnt English, and he assists me in my official work. I know he is a Bráhmaṇa, but I do not know what his clan is, nor who his parents are, nor what his native place is. I have often asked him about these things, and he says he does not know anything."

"Ah!" said I, "the beauty, the address, and the amiability of the boy show him to be a nobleman: Jamna often says that he would make a nice husband for our Tára. If I could know what his clan is I would accept him."

Rámabháu interrupted me. "King," said he, "there are no means of ascertaining this."

I sighed, and remained quiet for a short time. Rámabháu was of great use to me. Though not connected with me in any way, and a servant of the British Government, he often visited me, and his interviews with me gave me a great deal of aid in developing my plans for carrying on my correspondence with the Political Agent, and replying to him. Rámabháu did not like the Political Agent, because he often came in his way, and he told me that Commissioner John had come to Dhume, that he was an influential functionary of the British Government, that he had pitched his tent on the bank of the river, and that there was a great deal of

agitation in Dhume. It was a close and warm morning. My Minister, who knew the secret of politics, thought that he should turn to account the visit of the Commissioner, that he should see him, and flatter him and secure his good-will. I had seen the Commissioner John, who was a tall well-built gentleman with a soft affable countenance, his manners being those of a gentleman. I said to my Minister, "Go and see him, supply all his wants; he may want forage for his horses, he may require servants, he may call for some necessaries of life. Mind, the trick of politics is to make the most of circumstances in which one finds himself placed. A politician cannot make the circumstances under which he has to work: sometimes a show of power may achieve his object, sometimes submission may be necessary, sometimes flattery, and sometimes bribery. Day by day we are becoming weak, disunited, and jealous of each other, we princes of India. We have lost all political stamina. Of this the British rule takes due advantage. Well, we must make as complete submission as possible. Our loyalty then cannot be questioned. But I find Englishmen are determined to crush us by any means, fair or foul. Our submission does not avail us." Upon this the Minister said, "Sire, what you say is just and true. But I have something to lay before you. All Englishmen are not alike. Among them there are some Bráhmaṇas, and others are Shudras. Commissioner John is probably a Bráhmaṇa. Our Political Agent is a Shudra. I shall be able to enlist the sympathy of John. I must go now. I see Rámabháu and the Shástri have come."

I welcomed the Shástri and Rámabháu, whose presence might, I thought, throw some light upon the castes of Englishmen, who always assert that Englishmen have no caste. "Well, Rámabháu, have Englishmen caste like us?" Rámabháu said, "None, none. We have caste, and that is the real cause of our degradation, the cause of disunion and internal dissension and jealousy. All these are the effects of caste." Upon this the Shástri got excited. He emphatically remarked, "I dissent from Rámabháu. There is no nation in the world but has caste. Every nation has its Bráhmaṇas its Kshatriyas, its Vaishyas and its Shudras." I approved of all that our Shástri said, and asked Rámabháu to explain what the significance of the upper and lower classes among Englishmen is. I know that a rich and respectable merchant, an Englishman, was not admitted into a darbar, because he could not be allowed to mix with gentlemen. Upon this Rámabháu remarked, "It is true that there are social distinctions among Englishmen. Some are noblemen, some are gentlemen, some are merchants, and the rest are mere common people. But this social arrangement has nothing in common with our caste." This was listened to by the Shástri with that air of triumph which the defeat of an adversary in a controversy produces. "Listen," he said, "Englishmen have caste." I

was compelled now to remark, "It is a trick of these Englishmen to bethink themselves of the means by which they can constantly tell us that we are inferior to them in all matters—social, religious, political, and literary. And when they have any institution which has its origin in Nature, and which is exactly like ours, then they try to make artificial distinctions. I know from personal experience that some Englishmen are Bráhmaṇas, and others are Shudras. Probably Commissioner John is a Bráhmaṇa." While we were thus discussing a serious social question, my minister returned and reported as follows:—"Sire, I went to Commissioner John. Upon my being announced, I was admitted into his presence. I had taken care to put off my shoes. I felt disgusted, because I had to see my feet polluted as they touched the ground. Sire, you will see that these Englishmen smoke and spit about the room in which they sit. Except this, my interview is highly gratifying to the princes of Dhume. He carefully and politely inquired after your health, and thus introduced a subject in which he could not but be interested.

"His wife got a fainting fit as he entered her tent, and he took me to her. I carefully looked into her face and came to the conclusion that she suffered from biliousness, so common in warm days. I sent a servant home and immediately obtained some of our bile-allaying marmalade. I proposed to John that a little of this should be given to his wife and she would be immediately relieved. I said this so vehemently that he thought he might try it. Englishmen are always suspicious of us. He first tasted it himself and said that it was highly palatable. We sat silent and he reflected thus perhaps:—"As this marmalade has been brought at a moment's notice there can be no foul play. These natives are not honest; but in case of necessity their remedies cannot be dispensed with." At length he made up his mind. We went into the tent of his wife, who lay on a cot quite insensible. A dose of our marmalade was forced down her throat; and a little cold water was also given. As soon as the marmalade went down, Madam fell into a strange convulsion. I felt confused and agitated, because these symptoms I did not expect. John, as is usual with his race, began to suspect me, and to be impatient. He wired for a medical man. Just then his wife gaped, her convulsion passed away, her pulse returned, she became sensible and spoke one or two words with her husband. Her natural tone and turn of countenance were restored, and John was pleased and commended the power of my marmalade. His wife expressed thankful gratification. Upon this I thought I should act wisely by anticipating the symptoms likely to follow. But, strange to say, in this case the cure was rather protracted. I ascribed it to the large quantity of indigestible food these Englishmen take. In three hours the lady was completely cured, and

John extolled our marmalade. When the medical man came all was described to him. At first he was an unbeliever, but gradually he came round. He asked me to write down the receipt. John's good wife remarked that she had often suffered in this way, that many remedies and medicines prescribed by learned physicians had been tried, but she never obtained such relief as the marmalade gave. I said I could not write down the receipt. It was a secret which our Jamnabai Mahārāja alone knew, but being a princess of distinction she could not come to the tent. Upon this, and on the spur of the moment, John and his wife promised to pay us a visit at our palace. Commissioner John is a big man. He has much influence with Government, and his butler said that he would be soon a Councillor. I have come to ask you to prepare for his reception. Jamnabai should receive the lady and explain to her the secret of preparing the marmalade."

When this report was concluded, I commended my Minister's political wisdom. Grand preparations were made: the elephants were caparisoned; gold hangings were thrown over the horses. Our state carriage was sent to John. The darbar hall was adorned. Throughout the town of Dhume there was rejoicing: everybody believed that I was a great chief to whom officers like Commissioner John paid honors. The wife of John was received by Jamna at the palace gate and was led into her own parlor. Jamnabai's beauty and jewels made such an impression upon her visitor that she admired her the whole time, and particularly praised her taste. Her parlor was adorned by Jamna with pictures drawn by herself. One represented a luxuriant banian tree on which monkeys perched, and near which an elephant nodded, while a river abounding in fish flowed beneath. Another showed Sāmbha and Pārvati playing a game. A third a young lady fondly rocking the cradle of her child. These pictures were designed and executed by Jamna, with a taste which struck the English lady as marvelously correct and true to nature. The colours were at once glossy and simple. The wife of John asked Jamna, "Who has drawn these pictures, and what do they represent?" Jamna modestly replied, "Indian ladies have to draw pictures at different seasons of the year, when they worship them. The green banian tree and the elephant show the autumnal rain and the luxuriant vegetation when the rivers are full and the fish frolicsome. Sāmbha and Pārvati depict conjugal love. The young lady rocking the cradle represents motherly affection. This is our custom." The English lady remarked the taste and feeling manifested in the drawings, which she pronounced exquisitely designed. Jamna modestly smiled. "I am fortunate, and I possess what these pictures show; the gods have blessed me," she said, and presented the lady with a cloth enriched with variegated needlework.

It was accepted with the remark that English ladies were surpassed by Jamna in taste and needlework. I led John into my parlor. We talked about common matters. The receipt for the marmalade was given to him, but Jamna asked the lady to take it whenever she suffered, and to write to her if it did any good.

The darbar was concluded. John left Dhume, and in the course of the last six months I have received four letters from him stating that the marmalade has caused a marvelous improvement. John vows that if his wife is permanently cured he will repay the debt of gratitude by doing something for me. I learn that he has since become a Councillor ; he is therefore a Bráhmaṇa.

Do what you like to oblige the Political Agent, he is as crooked as the tail of a dog. Having found a friend in such an influential man as John, I could not sufficiently praise the political sense of my Minister, and I never felt so happy as after these events had transpired, but my joy was increased tenfold when the Shástri told me that he had discovered a suitable match for my Tára. The young Chief of Rámapur, in Northern India, was to be married. Tára at this conjuncture presented herself before me. Jamna followed her. Putalaji ran into my room. My old wife, for once at least in her life, said, "We are happy, our Tára will now be married. Though the madness of my son pains me, my son Ratna, who was so sensible, so obedient four years ago, yet I feel I am happy at the turn events have taken."

CHAPTER IV.

One day I sat in my room as usual, worshipping my gods, and Jamna cleaned flowers and made them into garlands, and Tára assisted her mother, while Pratáp, who had once seen the Political Agent in a full darbar, attempted to imitate his gestures and manner of talking. "Well," said he, with all the importance a child could assume, "I do not allow these things. Any irregularity will be noticed. Government takes a great interest in sanitation." Jamna fondly looked at him playing in this way, and Tára admired her brother's tall talk. My wife and I enjoyed this and smiled. Jamna modestly said, "I do not know when our Tára will be married. Though efforts are made to discover a bridegroom, we are not blessed." My wife upon this remarked that everything was predestined, and that as soon as the proper time came a suitable bridegroom would be discovered. "Madam," said my Minister ceremoniously, "when an act is accomplished, its proper time has come." I remarked to my Minister, "What you have said is quite right. We have been at great pains to do what we can to bring about the marriage of Tára, my wife deprives us of our credit and gives it to destiny." While I was talking thus the wife

of the Chief of Gote was announced. The Chief of Gote possessed a small estate and was a vassal of the throne of Dhume. He was a simpleton, but his wife took a great interest in administering the estate, paid off large ancestral debts, accumulated a considerable fortune, and aspired to some importance in my court. She not only visited me, but often made personal representations to the Political Agent himself, and had succeeded in ingratiating herself into the favor of his wife, carrying her point more by intrigues than straightforwardness. She first went to my wife and saluted her, and as soon as my wife had gone with her into another apartment she had a long talk with her, in which she flattered her vanity by praising her piety and deeds of devotion and charity. I heard my wife say to her, "Good lady, devotion and obedience to one's husband—the lord—is the essence of all piety. No good deed can produce more righteousness than this." She gently replied, "Madam, what you say is true. One must continually serve her lord, but there are different ways of doing this." I thought that the two ladies disagreed, and felt considerable uneasiness as to how their conversation should terminate, when Lady Gote came to me. I received her with great respect, and as I was just going to say something to her, Rámabháu and Arjuna came. Rámabháu took his seat at a respectful distance, and Arjuna joined Pratáp. Lady Gote was dressed rather fashionably. Her hair was artificially braided. The spot of red powder was too small for a respectable noble lady, and she wore a rich shawl. She smiled and said to me, "Your Highness will confirm the connection which my family has had with the royal family?" This said, she stood quiet and a cunning smile played on her face. Her son sat before me, and Pratáp and Arjuna sat by him. My minister discovered that I was a little puzzled, and whispered into my ear, "Lady Gote's grandmother was the daughter of your grand-uncle. It is to this connection she refers, and perhaps indirectly hints that Tára may be married to her son." I gently smiled and said, "I am willing to confirm the connection. You owe me allegiance and I owe you protection." Upon this she took leave. When she was gone my Minister commended the wisdom of my reply. Jamna and my wife understood what was said, and they laughed when my Minister said, "The Chief of Gote is a perfect simpleton who is entirely managed by his wife. He does not understand anything. I have heard a story about him, which I will narrate with your permission." I said, "Go on."

"One day the Chief of Gote sat in his parlor, and a clerk of his sat before him and adjusted his accounts. He added different sums such as these—895, 329, and 978. He went on thus—'8 and 9 and 5 are 22, write down 2 and carry 2; 7 and 2 and 9 are 18, write down 8 and carry 1,' and so on. The Chief became suddenly enraged at this, and thus vocifer-

ated—"You knave of a clerk, you carry so many sums for yourself even in my presence! I will kick you out." The clerk was sharp, and he immediately made a change in adding other sums; instead of using the phrase '*carry so many*,' he said '*so many belong to the Chief*' each time he carried, and the Chief, pleased with him for this, presented him with his own shawl."

The absurdity of this conduct was seen even by the children, and they all laughed. "What wonder," said I, "if such a chief be managed by his wife." Upon this my Minister explained to me that Lady Gote sought the hand of Tárá for her son, and how she had already secured the sympathies of the Political Agent in the matter. When Jamna heard this she forgot her natural modesty and graceful decorum. "Oh!" she broke forth, "the ugly boy who squints, whose countenance is so dull; such a boy, the son of the Chief of Gote, to be married to my Tárá!" and she hugged Tárá close to her bosom. Rámbhátú said, "Tárá is too precious a gem to be thus thrown away," and took leave. Arjuna followed him. Tárá observed, "How nice this Arjuna is! he is poor, but he can stay with us." Upon this my Shástri said, "Good lady, there is a serious difficulty. The clan of Arjuna is not known, and he therefore cannot be chosen. The scriptures cannot sanction such a proposal." Jamna was about to condemn the scriptures themselves, a circumstance which would have irritated my wife, when my Minister diverted our attention by presenting a letter. "I know," said he, "that the case of the succession to the estate of Para is decided in our favor." I felt elated at the result, and my feeling was particularly strong as I naturally contrasted in my mind the simplicity of Gote with my political aptitude. In the joy of my heart I said, "Minister, go on, explain the whole case from its beginning." It was now ten in the morning. My gods were worshiped and fed. The dinner was prepared. The Minister said, "Your Highness will excuse me for deferring the explanation of the case till noon." I consented. My wife chose morsels for me. Jamna served the dishes. Pratáp and Tárá sat by me, and the dinner was eaten with all the joy which the company of my children and the graceful manners of Jamna invariably produced.

At noon the Minister and the Shástri came, and the Minister explained the bearings and the different stages of the case of succession. He began: "The late Chief of Para had two wives and left behind him two sons; the son of his elder wife was younger than the son of his younger wife. The case was brought before us in the first instance, and was carefully examined in our court. The young boy of the second wife, being sharp, virtuous, and qualified to administer his estate, was adjudged to be the heir to the throne, and a life pension was settled upon the son of the elder wife. The latter was dissatisfied with our decision. The scriptures were ransacked by the learned to discover texts which favored his claim, while our

Shástri arranged the texts which supported our decision. The learning and the impartiality of our Shástri enabled him to upset the claim of the son of the elder wife. Nearly a fortnight was spent in hearing the case, for there were precedents according to the customs of Dhume which supported the claims of both, and in due course of litigation the case went up before the Political Agent. Amenable to influences which your Highness is aware of, the Political Agent set aside our decision, and put the son of the elder wife immediately in possession of the property and estate. The elder son of the younger wife applied to the Political Agent for an order to prevent his opponent from wasting the ancestral property, which was not granted. On this he sent in a petition to Government; and the papers were called for. Councillor John, who looked into these matters, has upheld our decision, and though the Political Agent has written to Government often, he has failed in this case. We have gained the day, and the whole town of Dhume admires our impartiality, our justice, and the learning of our Shástri.

"I have told your Highness that the Political Agent is amenable to other influences. Lady Gote exercises great influence over him. The intelligent native head clerk who often advised him has been recently transferred, and the Political Agent indulges his tendencies. Lady Gote is anxious to secure our Tárá for her son, and the Political Agent has promised her his support." "Ah!" said I, "I am an independent prince. The Political Agent cannot interfere in the administration of my estate, much less in my domestic affairs. The ugly son of the simpleton to be married to Tárá, unsurpassed in beauty and gracefulness! I won't allow it." Though I was vexed by this, I felt great pleasure that in the judicial contest the Political Agent was worsted, and my wisdom, foresight, and power of weighing evidence were necessarily contrasted with the folly, whims, and ignorance of simpleton Gote. Vexation succumbed to the feeling of elation, pain gave way to pleasure; the Chief of Gote was slandered; and in the joy of my heart, "Well," said I, "is there any one who is more powerful than myself to take care of his interests? The Political Agent cannot set up a woman against me. I will sap the foundations of her intrigues, and Tárá will secure a husband whose beauty and accomplishments will surpass her own. But, Shástri, why does man love scandals? and why is he pleased when he indulges in them?" My Shástri listened to my questions. "King," said he, "I will explain the philosophy of the tendency in man to indulge in scandal, and to be pleased with himself when others are blamed. All the world loves scandal. Woman and child and man are prone to it. Prince and peasant take to it; philosopher and fool are engrossed by it. Ask me what the whole world is doing just now, and

I say, without fear of contradiction, neighbor talking evil of neighbor. The secret of this tendency in man is simple. Man naturally loves self-aggrandizement. There are two ways of achieving it—a positive way and a negative one. The brave, the opulent, the learned adopt the first, and succeed but to a small extent. The negative way is in the power of everybody. Depreciate your neighbor, disparage your opponent, find fault with somebody, and one unconsciously contrasts himself with the one blamed and slandered. The contrast raises him in his own estimation. He is thus aggrandized without any cost, and when aggrandized is pleased with himself.” This learned discourse the Shástri was about to conclude formally, when a servant delivered him a letter, which he immediately began to read, and by which he was engrossed.

“Happy,” said I to myself, “I am happy. I have a Minister whose advice in revenue and judicial matters is invaluable. I take the credit of the succession-case to myself; but it duly belongs to my Minister and my Shástri, whose learning and disinterestedness are acknowledged. The philosophy of the Shástri often teaches me what human nature is, and affords me an insight into the tendencies of man. My wife accumulates righteousness by her devotion and piety. Jamna adorns my palace by her love and romantic pictures and her music, which fascinates my eccentric son, who is extremely happy in the society of his beautiful spouse. But Tára is not yet married. When her marriage is accomplished successfully my palace is heaven here below.” I was disturbed from these happy thoughts by Pratáp, who cried, “Papa, happy news for Tára. The Shástri has got a letter which proposes a nice bridegroom,” and as he spoke the Shástri approached.

(To be continued.)

INTERCESSION.

Once more

Look down upon me from Thy starry throne!
Save me from out this darkness darker grown!

Still let Thy Spirit move
With its redeeming presence as of yore,
Making the spells of peace, of love,
Return once more!

Once more,

After long years of exile, may I turn
Back to the land where ancient altars burn
And hallowed memories dwell;
Where, on the windings of a secret shore,
The murmuring surges sink and swell
For evermore!

Once more

Stretch Thy sustaining hands from heaven's high dome
Over the wanderer as he wanders home;
Let their far brightness gleam,
Making my life that lies before
A something better than a sultry dream;
Forgive once more!

JOHN NICHOL.

A FIERY ORDEAL.

A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

(Written expressly for the "Orient.")

CONTINUED FROM NO. VII.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NATIONAL as well as individual hopes which promise to soar high sometimes fall back to earth broken and dim. No longer in the streets of Paris was heard the cry "On to Berlin!" It was known now that Marshal MacMahon had lost a battle, and instead of news of triumph and victory the once sanguine Parisians saw themselves obliged to accept the Emperor's assurance, "*Tout peut se rétablir*," "All may yet be well," and to console themselves with a proclamation in which all strong arms and brave hearts were called upon to fight for the love of France and to remember the victories gained at Sebastopol. "If he were living I would not be the last to go. As it is, I must stay here," said Tony on the evening after his father's funeral. For poor Martin had taken up his station for the last time beneath the wide *porte-cochère*, and hundreds of friends and acquaintances had sprinkled his black pall with holy water. A long train had followed his hearse to the Madeleine and finally parted with him at the cemetery of Montmartre, leaving him in the city of the dead, he who had lately been so well beloved among the living. Mme. Martin had borne up pretty well so far, but when on the night after the burial she found herself in the upper room which she was henceforth to occupy alone, the full extent of her desolation rushed upon her with overwhelming weight. The previous night she had watched by the side of her dead, and the two days which had elapsed since her bereavement had been so filled up by a constant stream of would-be consolers, that she had hardly been able fully to realize her loss. He had ever been compassionate even to her imaginary griefs, ready to say a soothing and kindly word; and now, when her heart ached with a real and mighty trouble, and she was tortured by a horrible sense of the loneliness which was henceforth to be her lot, his voice was stilled for ever, and his ear deaf to her complaints. Few realize what it is for a wife who has loved and sympathized with her husband for a quarter of a century or more to find suddenly, when the dreary shadows of age are closing round her, that he has been taken and she is left. To her it is as if all the brightness and glory of life had vanished with him who shared her best joys. Many years passed together may weld even two unloving hearts into one; but when those hearts chose each other in youth, have felt themselves year by year growing more united and congenial, have been knitted closer by sorrow and by joy, have wept over the same open grave, watched

together by the cradle of their offspring, then imagine, if you can, what the wrench of parting must be, how every fibre of the heart, all the clinging tendrils of habit yearn for what can never come again.

Some of this great sorrow lay heavy on the heart of Mme. Martin, as she set her bougie on the mantel-shelf of her new apartment and saw her changed face in the glass. "If Martin were living," she thought, "he would be troubled to see me looking like this, but it matters little how I look now. Oh, if the good God had but taken us both together, or left him here with me a little longer, my dear husband, who has been so good to me!" The room looked dreary and bare in the dim light, with its great dark bed and armoire, and if Tony had been a daughter he would have seen the expediency of providing his mother with company, he would not have allowed her to find herself thus suddenly alone with her desolation. As it was, if he thought at all about it, he believed that two nights of watching would dispose her to sleep now, and that if she expressed no desire to have any one with her it was because she desired to be alone. He and his grandfather had exchanged rooms with her, and he himself had carried up her own especial pillow, and all the little possessions he thought she would like to have round her. There his foresight ended, and neither he nor his grandfather dreamed that Marie would be tormented by nervous terrors, as well as by her natural grief, on this the third night since her husband's death. So it was, however; Marie felt afraid to look behind her, and dared not analyze too closely the shadows that lurked in corners and out-of-the-way places. Her mind was really unbinged by grief and fatigue, and her unreasonable fears increased when the little insect known by the superstitious as the death-watch began its monotonous tick, tick. It was not that she feared to die: in her present state of mind, as she thought of her loss, and of the lonely "to-morrows and to-morrows" which stretched in endless perspective before her, she would have welcomed death as a friend; but the death-watch was one of the principal representatives not only of the unseen world, but also of the powers of darkness, and completing her preparations for bed with a throbbing heart, she hastened to gain the slight protection afforded by drawing the sheet over her head, and sobbed aloud, "Ah, Martin, Martin, how could you leave me? I cannot live without you!" words that have gone forth from many a wounded heart, which has yet found in time comfort and healing, if not forgetfulness.

The August days, hot and scorching, broken only by an occasional storm, crept slowly on. In the air was a nameless dread and oppression far more unendurable than that produced by the heavy sultry weather. It was as if the evil days that were coming cast their shadow before them, and the wind that hardly stirred the leaves whispered of war and terror,

of blood and grief, pestilence, hunger, and mourning. On the day of the Emperor's fête it became known that a great battle was imminent, and in spite of his assurance to the Empress that it would be a victory, and perhaps a decisive victory, for France, few could stifle a feeling of restless uneasiness.

It was now nine days since Maxime's seizure, and there was no sensible change or improvement in his condition. The daily bulletins that Aimée managed to obtain told her little except that he suffered greatly from nervousness, the usual result of excessive loss of blood. There had been no renewal of the bleeding, and the doctors looked upon that as an important point gained. They also pronounced the lungs to be sound, and did not appear to despair of effecting a cure. It was of course impossible to say how far their confidence was real, and how far affected to reassure Mme. D'Allaire, who was greatly alarmed by her son's illness, and assiduous in her attendance on him. The announcement, however, that a priest wished to speak with her sufficed to draw her from the sick room ; and even had she not already been disposed to look with exaggerated respect on all who filled the sacerdotal office the appearance of her visitor would at once have prepossessed her in his favour. She saw before her a frail figure and a refined face—a face bearing the stamp of habitual ill health, and in which natural timidity struggled with a sense of the grave dignity of the priesthood.

"I regret, Madame," he began, "to intrude upon you at a time when it appears that you are afflicted with illness in your family."

"Your visit can in no sense be termed an intrusion, *mon père*," said Mme. D'Allaire deferentially, "and I have left at my son's bedside a relative who will supply my place."

"Nevertheless I should not have insisted on seeing you if I had not been charged in a double sense with a commission from the dead. You are related, I think, to a lady named Céleste Moreau, who died a sudden and tragic death more than two years since?"

"No, I never had a relative, or even an acquaintance, who bore the name of Moreau. There must be some mistake."

"Am I right then in supposing that I have the honor to speak to Mme. Vve. D'Allaire, née Longvis, of Beauchamps, in Normandy?"

"Quite right," answered Mme. D'Allaire.

"Then I am compelled to think that Céleste Moreau was an assumed name, and that you knew the unfortunate woman under some other title. I have with me documents and trifles whose view may recall her to your memory," and removing the paper which enveloped a small oblong carved wooden box he offered it to Mme. D'Allaire.

The hesitation with which she opened the lid soon gave place to some deeper emotion ; she started, and her lips grew white and trembling.

"I see," said the priest, "that my supposition was correct, and that you recognize that handwriting and the articles herein contained."

"*Out, mon père*, and you, who know so many secrets, will easily understand that in every family there are black sheep."

"Hush, *ma fille*, she is dead, and whether her death was an expiation or a martyrdom it is not for us to say. There is no necessity that I should know more than I do now, and I think it needless to assure you that the seal which once guarded those papers was not violated by me, and that having ascertained for whom they were destined I examined them no further. It only remains then to inform you in what manner they came into my possession."

"You spoke of some peculiar circumstances attending the death of—that poor creature, what were they?"

"She was the victim of the man Pierre Gandin who paid the penalty of his crime a few days since."

"Ah! poor Céleste!" exclaimed Mme. D'Allaire with a shudder. "When Dr. Grégoire spoke of the execution I never dreamed she was the victim."

"You know Dr. Grégoire?"

"Yes, he is a great friend of my son's and is attending him now."

"I also have known him from a child and highly esteem him. We were together at the execution, I called, by circumstances which it is useless to relate, to minister to the unfortunate during his last moments, and he, in the hope of elucidating some of the medical problems which interest him so deeply. The criminal, anxious to make some small reparation for his offences, begged me to procure this casket and deliver it into your hands. It was taken from the trunk of the unfortunate woman on the day of her death, and deposited at Montargis, and it was there I obtained it yesterday. You see I have lost little time, for the innocent wishes of the dead should be sacred to the living. I will intrude on you no longer, Madame. Your son, Grégoire's friend, shall have my prayers, and I trust God in His mercy will accord you a speedy end to your anxieties, or, if such is not His will, give you grace to bear your trials for His glory and your own spiritual advancement."

"Will you, *mon père*, add another favor to the one you have already done me, and permit me to seek your counsel and advice in case the contents of this box should place me in difficulty?" said Mme. D'Allaire.

The permission was readily and gracefully accorded, and this interview was destined to become the stepping-stone to further acquaintance.

In early youth Mme. D'Allaire had had a cousin, or rather adopted sister, to whom she had attached herself strongly. The two had been together from infancy, received their education at the same convent, and

shared each other's youthful confidences and illusions. Then her elders had found for the pretty portionless cousin what they considered an excellent matrimonial opportunity, calculated to rejoice the heart of any reasonable dowerless girl; and, still little more than a child in years, she was handed over to an old and violent-tempered husband, who was utterly unable to gain her heart for himself, or to shield it from those who were ready to attack beauty and innocence. There was a scandal; the young wife fled, and from that hour Mme. D'Allaire had endeavored to forget that she had ever had an adopted sister. True, Maxime's questions would sometimes wake the slumbering memories of the past, or golden hours of youth—with which Céleste was closely linked would rise before her, but she put them aside as best she could, for was not Céleste a blot and a stain on the otherwise untarnished family honor—a blot to be hidden from the prying eyes of the world, and even from Maxime? Still the sight of her cousin's handwriting, and of her portrait as she had been in her happy girlish days, had stirred some tender thoughts in Mme. D'Allaire's mind, and having made sure that her son had no immediate need of her services she fastened herself in her room and prepared to examine the contents of the box. First came the portrait, and she looked long on the well-remembered features, and the costume of thirty years ago. How different things had seemed to her when they had worn that obsolete attire, and life had stretched before them both a glamour of uncertain joy and splendor! They had thought then that the future held nothing but happiness, and now Céleste had ended in blood and terror a most unhappy life, and Naömi knew not if the blow impending over her head might not fall at any moment, and leave her childless and alone. Mme. D'Allaire dropped a tear as a tribute to her vanished youth, to what had once been hers and could be hers no more; then she laid the little oval frame face downward and continued her examination. Wrapped in silver paper was a hair bracelet of little value, but made of her hair, and her gift to Céleste on the first New Year's day after they left the convent. In it were none of the numerous white threads that streaked her locks to-day, and which in those days had seemed so far off; now the intervening space had passed like a dream, and age and its infirmities were close upon her, so close that she felt already their icy fingers twine around her life and her heart. The next object which attracted her attention was a package of letters written by herself to her cousin immediately ~~after~~ Céleste's marriage and their first separation, and she laid them aside for future examination, and opened a tiny cardboard box containing locks of hair labelled with the names of Céleste's parents, and a few dry and crumbling leaves, gathered perhaps from their graves in the cemetery at Beauchamps.

Other mementos there were (of small value or they would not have been respected by Pierre Gandin), and after glancing at them Mme. D'Allaire took up the letter addressed to her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It ran thus :—

“ My dear cousin Naömi, my adopted sister,

“ You will think perhaps that I have no right to give you this name, that I long ago by my fault severed all ties between us, and blotted out the memory of the days when we loved each other so well, and yet ere you receive this the grave will have drawn its veil of mercy over my errors. Whence comes the conviction I know not, but it is borne in on me that my life is almost over, and this it is that emboldens me to write a letter which will reach you only when I am beyond the reach of earthly blame ; where perhaps the long years of loneliness and regret by which I expiated my short madness will be allowed to count in my favor, and I shall know peace and love once more.

“ There were in me no vicious tendencies, Naömi. Under more favorable circumstances I should have been a virtuous and devoted wife. I loved honor, and I loved also the consideration of the world and my friends, and if I had possessed but one of the many safeguards vouchsafed to some women I should be to-day an honorable and respected matron.

“ A husband in whom I could have confided, a child, or a judicious friend to whisper a word of warning, would have sufficed to save me from the abyss into which I fell. Virtue is made so easy for some, so difficult for others, so many circumstances and weaknesses may concur to lead us into a false route, that we should imitate God, who, looking down from above the errors and prejudices which surround us, sees the secrets of all hearts, and deals with sinners more mercifully than we do.

“ My marriage was a most grievous error, Naömi, and from it I date all my misfortunes. Your dear parents thought they were acting for the best, but they would have done better to kill me than to give me to M. Rebour. Do you remember how eagerly we anticipated the day which was to be the turning point in my life ; how we tried on the white dress, and made our preparations for the marriage ? I have wished since, how many times ! that those snowy robes had been my shroud, and that I had long lain crumbling and at rest by the side of my parents.

“ A little place by ~~themselves~~ the refuge I have coveted for years, and I ask you, my cousin, by the holy memories of our childhood, by the kindness your father and mother once showed me, to lay my body there. You need raise no stone to my memory ; I only wish to sleep, forgotten and unknown, near my kindred, in the place where the only happy years of my life were

spent. The money enclosed will suffice to defray the expenses of my interment, and I leave you, as the only legacy I can offer, or that you would care to accept, these little memorials of our youth.

"One more request I have to make, and to do so I must go into some of the details of my life. You know that the companion of my flight was a young Englishman named Albert Harrison, but what you do not know is that though I had loved him long I had fought with all my strength against my love, and that my husband's harshness and misconception helped to drive me into flight and sin.

"Albert was not rich, the family estates would go to his elder brother, and he possessed only a moderate allowance. We lived quietly in London and various watering places for a few months, and then my husband died, and I, who had known no happiness in my sin, and fancied a more regular position would restore the peace I had lost, called on Albert to marry me. He had never really loved me, he was already tired of my dejection and complaints, and he positively refused; we had a bitter quarrel, and I left him and went into a convent.

"Useless step; the serenity that they say dwells in cloisters came not to me. The monotonous life, the uneventful days, soon became unendurable, and, refusing to take the vows, I obtained a post as governess, and supported myself in this way for three years. But I loved Albert, had loved him all along, and, finding myself free and possessed of a little money, the impulse to return to him was too strong. Life with him could not be very happy, but, demoralized as I was, I fancied it might be the nearest approach to happiness that I was likely to know. At any rate I would see him, would tell him that I blamed myself for our quarrel, that I was mad to expect him to marry me who had fallen, even though I had fallen for love of him. I came to London, sought him in his old haunts, and finally met him. He was friendly and affectionate in his manner, but there was a reserve about him, that I attributed to regret for his former violence, and fear that I should be unable to forgive him. I set myself with all my might to overcome this reserve, but it is doubtful if he would have been willing to renew our former relations had he not seen me unable to obtain work, and felt that I would accept all or nothing from him. He took for me a modest little house that I expected he intended to occupy, but which he only visited from time to time, pretending as his reason for our separation the fear lest his father should discover our relations, and that he should lose a clerkship he had obtained under Government. In spite of my inexperience and ignorance of English customs, I soon began to doubt his explanations and excuses, and was secretly suspicious; but this time I would not act hastily and repent it afterwards. I would endeavor to ascertain the

truth, and then calmly make up my mind as to the course it was best to pursue.

"I think Albert never suspected my uneasiness, for I was too well aware that any signs of ill-humor or jealousy would drive him from me to allow the real state of my feelings to become apparent during our interviews. One dreary drizzling winter's evening Albert rang at my door, and explained the unusual action by saying that he had lost his latchkey. We had not met for several days, I had been lonely and not very well, and giving him a warm welcome I drew him near the bright fire, and made him remove his wet overcoat. I always forgot in his presence some of my doubts and fears, and his visit was at least a respite from my sad thoughts. Albert was gay too, and jests and caresses were passing between us, when raising my head from his shoulder I saw, standing motionless against the half-open door, a pale young woman with dark eyes and hair, and raiment all dripping and dragged with rain and mud.

"'Who are you, and how did you come here?' I exclaimed, springing to my feet, and speaking, in my agitation, in French.

"'I came here, she said in the same language, 'by means of this latchkey, and that man is my husband.'

"I turned to Albert, longing for the contradiction I instinctively felt he could not give. He was already passing out by a second door, and springing forward I seized him by the sleeve. He slipped from my grasp, and snatching a hat as he passed through the hall he disappeared in the rain and darkness.

"'Let him go,' the woman said in the same passionless voice. 'Let him go. We can explain ourselves best without him. There should be no *rancune*, no jealousy between us, for we are both Frenchwomen, and both his victims. One of us may be his wife, the other is not. Tell me, Madame, the date of your marriage, that I may know whether it preceded or followed mine.'

"For an instant I bowed my head in shame before her, and then, obeying an impulse to hide part of the truth, and forgetful that she might learn it from Albert, I answered, 'I have been married but three months.' I had not the courage to lay bare my infamy, but, as God is my witness, I did try to find some excuses for her husband.

"'You are generous, Madame,' she said, still in the same measured tones; 'for he has injured you even more deeply than me, but you cannot reason away the fact that he has deceived me when I loved and trusted him implicitly, and has even removed from the place where I kept it my marriage certificate. I doubt everything now, even the legality of my marriage, and were it not for the sake of my innocent children that would trouble me but little. You are good and compassionate, you too have been deluded. It

is hardly possible that it should be here, still if he has any locked-up desk or bureau I ask you to break it open and search for the certificate.'

"I assured her that Albert had no *cachette* to which I had not free access; but the intensity of her grief made me for the moment almost forget my own, and in pity for her I searched his pockets and one or two drawers.

" 'I thank you,' she said, turning towards the door, when she was convinced that my search was hopeless; but I detained her to assure her that I should cross her path no more, and that the coming day would see me leave that house for ever.

" 'In view of your own honor you do well,' she answered, 'but as for me my heart is dead. I should die too if it were not for my little children, and under no circumstances whatever can his—Mr. Harrison's—future movements or conduct interest or affect me.'

"Firmly as she spoke I could hardly believe her, and having tried in vain to sleep or regain calm I set about my preparations for departure, and during them came across a little locked leather portfolio which I had completely overlooked in my search for the certificate. I knew that in it Albert kept the letters I had addressed to him at his club, and I was resolved to destroy or carry them away with me. I cut around the lock with my scissors, and soon found the packet I sought; there was nothing else of any consequence in the portfolio, and enveloping the letters I packed them up with my other possessions.

"After that morning, when, in the mist and rain, I left Albert and England for ever, left without even awaiting his return to bid him farewell, I spent many years, earning under a feigned name and in obscurity my bread, and little more. I need not give you the detail of those years, they were at once the consequence and the punishment of my offence. Thank heaven, they are passed and rest is at hand. I can give no reason for my presentiment, but it is there firmly fixed in my mind, and it has forced me to write to you, and to ask you not only to bury me at Beauchamps, but to fulfil a wish of mine which I may not live to carry out.

"Some days ago, for the first time during all the years that have elapsed since I left London, I unfastened the paper that enveloped them, and examined my letters to Albert, and from among them there fell a closely folded paper, which proved to be the lost marriage certificate. How it came there I cannot imagine, and I do not for one moment believe that Albert purposely removed it. Indeed he could have had no interest in doing so, for it appears to me that if she had only known it his wife might have proved her marriage without it; and Albert was not wicked, only weak and selfish—selfish when he first won my heart, and still more selfish when, rather than own that he was married, he renewed our connection.

"I have written to London to discover the address of Mrs. Albert Harrison. No reply has yet reached me, and I call on you, my cousin, if my end is really at hand, to continue the search, and restore to Mme. Harrison a document which she perhaps values more highly than it deserves. I will join to this letter the address of Albert's club in London, and the name of the family estate in Cheshire.

"I have recently discovered your address, and, myself unseen, have seen you more than once. Of your history since we parted I know only that you became Mme. D'Allaire, and the mother of several children, all gone but one. May God bless him and you, and enable you to remember me only as I was before my marriage!—Your cousin, who, in all the errors and loneliness of her life, has never ceased to love you,

"CELESTE."

Mme. D'Allaire certainly felt her heart swell with pity for the dead, yet she could hardly repress a sensation of relief at the thought that Céleste was already long since buried at Paris, and could not therefore be interred at Beauchamps. She shut her eyes to the possibility of an exhumation, unwilling to run the risk of recalling the almost forgotten scandal, and turning a flood of light on events which she told herself had better, even in poor Céleste's interest, remain in obscurity. About the certificate she would consult M. Magloire, and endeavor to carry out the wishes of the deceased. It would not, she thought, be very difficult to discover Mrs. Harrison, and the matter might be arranged without disclosing her own relationship to poor unfortunate Céleste.

FAIR VISIONS OF POETS.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

We'll cover Love with roses,
And sweet sleep he shall take.
None but a Fool supposes
Love always keeps awake.
I've known loves without number,
True loves were they and tried,
And just for want of slumber
They pined away and died.
Our Love was bright and cheerful
A little while ago;
Now he is pale and tearful,
And—yes, I've seen him yawn.
So tired is he of kisses
That he can only weep;
The one dear thing he misses
And longs for now is sleep.
We could not let him leave us
One time, he was so dear,

But now it would not grieve us
If he slept half a year;
For he has had his season,
Like the lily and the rose,
And it but stands to reason
That he should want repose.
We prized the smiling Cupid
Who made our days so bright;
But he has grown so stupid
We gladly say good-night.
And if he wakens tender,
And fond, and fair, as when
He filled our lives with splendor,
We'll take him back again.
And should he never waken,
As that perchance may be,
We will not weep, forsaken,
But sing, "Love, tra-la-lee!"

ELLA WHEELER.

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

[CONTINUED FROM No. VII.]

Some Parsees object to the vultures altogether, and maintain that Zoroaster intended the bodies of the dead to be desiccated by the rays of the sun; and several rich persons, setting aside the doctrine that the ashes of the rich and poor should mingle in death, have erected small private towers for the use of their own family. The tower of the Dady Setts, covered over with wire netting that the corpses therein deposited may be protected from all but atmospheric influences, still stands by the seashore in close proximity to several habitations—a gloomy and undesirable neighbor one would think.

Evidently the desiccation of the dead by sun and wind is all but impossible in Bombay, where the Parsee community numbers nearly 30,000 souls, for the process of desiccation occupies nearly six months, and the vultures remove all cause of corruption or offense in less than an hour. It is true that in one case there is no danger of premature destruction, whereas in the other the question presents itself, Has no body in which life still lingered been delivered over to the voracious vultures? The unanimous answer to this question is that these birds, true to their natural vocation, devour the dead, but will not destroy the living; that they are quicker than the most skilful physician in detecting a spark of life, and while that spark still lingers they invariably respect it. Whether this theory accords with facts, or whether it has been invented to console despairing relatives, it is difficult to say; but it is certain that escape from the towers is not considered quite an impossibility, since chains have recently been suspended to the interior of some of these vast charnel-houses, by means of which a person returning to life may raise himself above the level of the wall and attract attention.

It is a well-known fact that a man still lives in Bombay—undoubtedly a Parsee, since he is acquainted with certain secrets and formulas not known to other sects—who claims to have escaped from one of these dread prisons and from the guardianship of the hungry vultures. His real name, his birthplace, the place of his supposed death, and the manner of his escape are unknown. Some look upon him as a lunatic; some consider him unclean, so soiled by his forced stay in that unholy spot that he should have no part or lot among other men, and this would seem to be the view he himself takes of his case, since he has abandoned home and family and sought a refuge in a strange city. Poor outcast! who knows if the refusal of his family to receive him back from the dead, the feeling that his place can know him no more, has not really unsettled his reason?

The grounds are closed at night. The guardians and gardener live near, but no one enters the enclosure that contains the towers after sunset. The place is left during long hours to loneliness and the dead, to the sighing wind and the soft-footed mungoose, to the vultures roosting on the great stems of the palm leaves, to the dripping rain of the monsoon, or to the moonbeams touching



VULTURES

softly the relics of poor humanity, and falling in silvery glimmering brightness on the sea beyond.

R. BATES.

* * The best way of disposing of the dead is a question of ever-increasing importance to the living, and one that engages the attention of many minds both in the East and West. We have seen that the Parsee method—on sanitary grounds especially—compares most favorably with the custom of burial, and in taking leave of the *Towers of Silence* the *Orient* proposes, at no distant date, to discuss the Hindoo mode of burning, and to see what can be said for and against it.

JAMAICA RUM MADE FROM SHOES.

SPEAKING of the industry statistics, says a New York letter to the *Springfield Union*, reminds me that several curious businesses have been discovered by the census deputies, of which so far no newspaper has given an account. The Superintendent of Brooklyn Census was much puzzled some weeks ago upon discovering that there was some use made of old shoes which was not known to any of the deputies in his employ, and could not be discovered. It was found that old shoes were collected in large quantities by ragpickers and junkmen and sold to certain mysterious persons, for what purpose no one could divine. It was well known that Prussian blue is made of old leather, but the persons engaged in that business were perfectly willing to have their works inspected. After much inquiry and investigation, it was found that the old shoes were made into Jamaica rum. When they came from the ragpickers the good pieces were cut out and sold to small cobblers for patching purposes. The rest was distilled with spirits colored with burned sugar and sold as Jamaica rum, and the most singular fact about the business is that it is bought, not by saloon-keepers, but by druggists who pride themselves on the purity of their articles. Many industries were found in which, though the value of the product was considerable, no value was attributed to the raw material. One man who made tomato catsup acknowledged to making \$18,000 worth of catsup every year, but said that the raw material cost nothing. When pressed for an explanation, he said he sent to the factories where tomatoes are canned big tubs, into which the peelings and trimmings of the tomatoes were thrown by the man who prepared them for canning. This material he got for the trouble of carrying it away. He ground it up, flavored it, and sold it as catsup to the extent of \$18,000 a year.

MY FIRST CIGAR.

Ah, pallid was my noble brow,
The waning night was late;
My startled mother cried in fear,
"My child, what have you ate?"

I heard my father's smothered laugh,
It seemed so strange and far;
I knew he knew, I knew he knew.
I'd smoked my first cigar.

NAPOLEON IN SOCIETY.

BEFORE noting what Metternich has to tell us about the marriage of the French Emperor to the Archduchess Maria Louisa it may be well to look at that part of the memoir which offers "contributions to the portrait of Napoleon." Metternich had never seen Napoleon until the audience which the Emperor gave him at St. Cloud when he delivered his credentials. The Emperor was standing in the middle of one of the rooms, wearing the Guards' uniform, and having his hat on his head. This latter circumstance—improper in any case, for the audience was not a public one—struck Metternich as misplaced pretension, showing the *parvenu*, and the ambassador even hesitated for a moment whether he too should not cover. His attitude seemed to show constraint, and even embarrassment. His short, broad figure, negligent dress, and marked endeavor to make an imposing effect combined to weaken in the beholder the feeling of grandeur naturally attached to the idea of a man before whom the world trembled. "This impression," writes Metternich, "has never been entirely effaced from my mind; it was present with me in the most important interviews which I have had with Napoleon at different epochs in his career." Possibly it helped to show me the man as he was behind the masks with which he knew how to cloak himself. In his freaks, in his fits of passion, in his brusque interpellations, I saw prepared scenes, studied and calculated to produce a certain effect on the person to whom he was speaking." Elsewhere in his autobiography Metternich returns to the same subject. We are told that simple and even easy as Napoleon was in private life, he showed himself to little advantage in the great world. According to this memoir it would be difficult to imagine anything more awkward than Napoleon's manner in a drawing-room. He walked by preference on tiptoe. The pains which he took to correct the faults of his nature and education only served to make his deficiencies more evident. Metternich confirms one of Mme. De Rémusat's assertions by assuring us that "out of his mouth there never came one graceful or even well-turned speech to a woman, although the effort to make one was often expressed on his face, and in the sound of his voice. He spoke to ladies only of their dress, of which he declared himself a severe judge, or perhaps of the number of their children, and one of his usual questions, put in terms seldom heard in good society, was whether they had nursed their children themselves." He sometimes tried to catechise them touching their private relations, a proceeding which more than once exposed him to repartees which he was not able to return.—*Metternich Memoirs, crit. by M. W. H. in N. Y. Sun.*

"MIRTH and motion prolong life."

THE power of applying an attention steady and undissipated to a single object is the sure mark of a superior genius.—*Chesterfield.*

"No man who has reached the age of three score and ten would upon reflection be willing to rub out from his experience in life the sorrows which have softened his character, the mistakes which have taught him wisdom, or the wrong-doings."

which he has ever regretted, and which by their influence have made the golden threads which it is reasonable to suppose have been found in the texture of his moral character."

"THE discovery of what is true and the practice of that which is good are the two highest philosophies."

"We are never so well satisfied with the world as when we are satisfied with ourselves."

COMETS.

Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight ?
The illustrious stranger passing terror sheds
On gazing nations from his fiery train
Of length enormous.

—Young.

THERE are few objects in creation which excite more wonder and interest than those comets which are accompanied by long trains, or tails of luminous ethereal matter. In the early ages the most extravagant superstition was connected with the appearances of these visitors; whole nations seemed to feel as if they were under a terrible affliction from heaven, and an indescribable awe, which is a general attendant on ill-understood or misunderstood phenomena, prevailed on the subject. Though this feeling has now passed away, they are still objects of wonder to the uninstructed; and even those who are best informed on the subject have little better than conjecture to offer respecting them.

The principal reasons why comets do not admit of being considered as part of the solar system in the same rank as the planets is that they cannot be traced through their orbits with that certainty with which the planets can, and that their appearances vary so greatly at different times, and it has been even doubted by some whether a comet has any solid body at all. It would appear, according to early writers, that comets were once seen greatly exceeding in size those which have appeared of late years. In the year 130 B.C. a comet was seen so large that it appeared to have the same diameter as the sun. The comets which appeared in 1402 and 1532 are reported to have been bright enough to be seen in the sunshine of open day. In 1680 a comet appeared which had a nucleus, which is considered to be the real comet itself, and this was surrounded by an atmosphere which assumed the appearance of a *beard*, called the *coma*. The coma together with the nucleus made up the head. Many small comets have had immense tails, and many large and bright comets have had no tails. The comets of 1582, 1682, and 1763 had no tails. What may be the whole number of comets circulating round the sun we are totally ignorant; about 150 have been observed with sufficient attention to mark the rates of their motion, their obliquities to the ecliptic, and other particulars which come under the general name of the *elements* of a comet. Out of this number, however, there are but three whose returns after certain periods have been correctly predicted. These three are named after the astronomers who calculated the periods of their return—Halley, Encke, and Biela.

MAYFLOWER.

QUOTATIONS AND CRITICISMS.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (*continued*).

Perhaps in none of Poe's writings is the mystical and metaphysical bent of his genius more clearly shown than in *Mesmeric Revelations*.

The article is comparatively little known, and has hitherto hardly received the attention it merits; we quote it therefore without apology, for even those persons who differ most widely from the poet's views will accept it as an interesting record of his opinions and hopes in regard to the immortality of the soul.

MESMERIC REVELATIONS.

Whatever doubt may still envelop the *rationale* of mesmerism, its startling *facts* are now almost universally admitted. Of these latter, those who doubt are your mere doubters by profession—an unprofitable and disreputable tribe. There can be no more absolute waste of time than the attempt to *prove*, at the present day, that man, by mere exercise of will, can so impress his fellow as to cast him into an abnormal condition of which the phenomena resemble very closely those of *death*, or at least resemble them more nearly than they do the phenomena of any other normal condition within our cognizance; that while in this state, the person so impressed employs only with effort, and then feebly, the external organs of sense, yet perceives with keenly refined perception, and through channels supposed unknown, matters beyond the scope of the physical organs; that, moreover, his intellectual faculties are wonderfully exalted and invigorated; that his sympathies with the person so impressing him are profound; and, finally, that his susceptibility to the impression increases with its frequency, while, in the same proportion, the peculiar phenomena elicited are more extended and more pronounced.

I say that these—which are the laws of mesmerism in its general features—it would be supererogation to demonstrate; nor shall I inflict upon my readers so needless a demonstration to-day. My purpose at present is a very different one indeed. I am impelled, even in the teeth of a world of prejudice, to detail without comment the very remarkable substance of a colloquy occurring between a sleep-waker and myself.

I had been long in the habit of mesmerizing the person in question (Mr. Vankirk), and the usual acute susceptibility and exaltation of the mesmeric perception had supervened. For many months he had been laboring under confirmed phthisis, the more distressing effects of which had been relieved by my manipulations; and on the night of Wednesday the fifteenth instant I was summoned to his bedside.

The invalid was suffering with acute pain in the region of the heart, and breathed with great difficulty, having all the ordinary symptoms of asthma. In spasms such as these he had usually found relief from the application of mustard to the nervous centres, but to-night this had been attempted in vain.

As I entered his room he greeted me with a cheerful smile, and, although evidently in much bodily pain, appeared to be mentally quite at ease.

"I sent for you to-night," he said, "not so much to administer to my bodily ailment as to satisfy me concerning certain psychal impressions which of late have occasioned me much anxiety and surprise. I need not tell you how sceptical I have hitherto been on the topic of the soul's immortality. I cannot deny that there has always existed, as if in that very soul which I have been denying, a vague half-sentiment of its own existence. But this half-sentiment at no time amounted to conviction. With it my reason had nothing to do. All attempts at logical inquiry resulted, indeed, in leaving me more sceptical than before. I had been advised to study Cousin. I studied him in his own works as well as in those of his European and American echoes. The 'Charles Elwood' of Mr. Brownson, for example, was placed in my hands. I read it with profound attention. Throughout I found it logical, but the portions which were not *merely* logical were unhappily the initial arguments of the disbelieving hero of the book. In his summing up it seemed evident to me that the reasoner had not even succeeded in convincing himself. His end had plainly forgotten his beginning, like the government of Trinculo. In short, I was not long in perceiving that if man is to be intellectually convinced of his own immortality, he will never be so convinced by the mere abstractions which have been so long the fashion of the moralists of England, of France, and of Germany. Abstractions may amuse and exercise, but take no hold on the mind. Here, upon earth, at least, philosophy, I am persuaded, will always in vain call upon us to look upon qualities as things. The will may assent; the soul—the intellect—never.

"I repeat, then, that I only half felt and never intellectually believed. But latterly there has been a certain deepening of the feeling, until it has come so nearly to resemble the acquiescence of reason that I find it difficult to distinguish between the two. I am enabled, too, plainly to trace this effect to the mesmeric influence. I cannot better explain my meaning than by the hypothesis that the mesmeric exaltation enables me to perceive a train of ratiocination which, in my abnormal existence, convinces, but which, in full accordance with the mesmeric phenomena, does not extend, except through its *effect*, into my normal condition. In sleep-waking the reasoning and its conclusion—the cause and its effect—are present together. In my natural state the cause vanishing, the effect only, and perhaps only partially, remains.

"These considerations have led me to think that some good results might ensue from a series of well-directed questions propounded to me while mesmerized. You have often observed the profound self-cognizance evinced by the sleep-waker—the extensive knowledge he displays upon all points relating to the mesmeric condition itself; and from this self-cognizance may be deduced hints for the proper conduct of a catechism."

I consented, of course, to make this experiment. A few passes threw Mr. Vankirk into the mesmeric sleep. His breathing became immediately more easy, and he seemed to suffer no physical uneasiness. The following conversation then ensued (V. in the dialogue representing the patient, and P. myself):—

P. Are you asleep?

V. Yes—no ; I would rather sleep more soundly.

P. [*After a few more passes.*] Do you sleep now ?

V. Yes.

P. How do you think your present illness will result ?

V. [*After a long hesitation, and speaking as if with effort.*] I must die.

P. Does the idea of death afflict you ?

V. [*Very quickly.*] No—no !

P. Are you pleased with the prospect ?

V. If I were awake I should like to die, but now it is no matter. The mesmeric condition is so near death as to content me.

P. I wish you would explain yourself, Mr. Vankirk.

V. I am willing to do so, but it requires more effort than I feel able to make. You do not question me properly.

P. What then shall I ask ?

V. You must begin at the beginning.

P. The beginning ! but where is the beginning ?

V. You know that the beginning is God. [*This was said in a low fluctuating tone, and with every sign of the most profound veneration.*]

P. What then is God ?

V. [*Hesitating for many minutes.*] I cannot tell.

P. Is not God spirit ?

V. While I was awake I knew what you meant by “spirit,” but now it seems only a word—such for instance as truth, beauty—a quality, I mean.

P. Is not God immaterial ?

V. There is no immateriality—it is a mere word. That which is not matter is not at all—unless qualities are things.

P. Is God, then, material ?

V. No. [*This reply startled me very much.*]

P. What then is he ?

V. [*After a long pause, and mutteringly.*] I see—but it is a thing difficult to tell. [*Another long pause.*] He is not spirit, for he exists. Nor is he matter as you understand it. But there are gradations of matter of which man knows nothing, the grosser impelling the finer, the finer pervading the grosser. The atmosphere, for example, impels the electric principle, while the electric principle permeates the atmosphere. These gradations of matter increase in rarity or fineness, until we arrive at a matter *unparticled*—without particles—indivisible—one ; and here the law of impulsion and permeation is modified. The ultimate or unparticled matter not only permeates all things, but impels all things,—and thus is all things within itself. This matter is God. What men attempt to embody in the word “thought” is this matter in motion.

P. The metaphysicians maintain that all action is reducible to motion and thinking, and that the latter is the origin of the former.

V. Yes ; and I now see the confusion of ideas. Motion is the action of *mind*—not of *thinking*. The unparticled matter, or God, in quiescence, is (as nearly as

we can conceive it) what men call mind. And the power of self-movement (equivalent in effect to human volition) is in the unparticled matter the result of its unity and omniprevalence; how I know not, and now clearly see that I shall never know. But the unparticled matter set in motion by a law, or quality, existing within itself, is thinking.

P. Can you give me no more precise idea of what you term the unparticled matter?

V. The matters of which man is cognizant escape the senses in gradation. We have, for example, a metal, a piece of wood, a drop of water, the atmosphere, a gas, caloric, electricity, the luminiferous ether. Now we call all these things matter, and embrace all matter in one general definition; but in spite of this there can be no two ideas more essentially distinct than that which we attach to a metal and that which we attach to the luminiferous ether. When we reach the latter we feel an almost irresistible inclination to class it with spirit, or with nihility. The only consideration which restrains us is our conception of its atomic constitution; and here, even, we have to seek aid from our notion of an atom as something possessing, in infinite minuteness, solidity, palpability, weight. Destroy the idea of the atomic constitution and we should no longer be able to regard the ether as an entity, or at least as matter. For want of a better word we might term it spirit. Take now a step beyond the luminiferous ether—conceive a matter as much more rare than the ether as this ether is more rare than the metal, and we arrive at once (in spite of all the school dogmas) at a unique mass—an unparticled matter. For although we may admit infinite littleness in the atoms themselves, the infinitude of littleness in the spaces between them is an absurdity. There will be a point—there will be a degree of rarity at which, if the atoms are sufficiently numerous, the interspaces must vanish, and the mass absolutely coalesce. But the consideration of the atomic constitution being now taken away, the nature of the mass inevitably glides into what we conceive of spirit. It is clear, however, that it is as fully matter as before. The truth is it is impossible to conceive spirit, since it is impossible to imagine what is not. When we flatter ourselves that we have formed its conception, we have merely deceived our understanding by the consideration of infinitely rarefied matter.

P. There seems to me an insurmountable objection to the idea of absolute coalescence, and that is the very slight resistance experienced by the heavenly bodies in their revolutions through space—a resistance now ascertained, it is true, to exist in some degree, but which is nevertheless so slight as to have been quite overlooked by the sagacity even of Newton. We know that the resistance of bodies is, chiefly, in proportion to their density. Absolute coalescence is absolute density. Where there are no interspaces there can be no yielding. An ether absolutely dense would put an infinitely more effectual stop to the progress of a star than would an ether of adamant or of iron.

V. Your objection is answered with an ease which is nearly in the ratio of its apparent unanswerability. As regards the progress of the star, it can make

no difference whether the star passes through the ether *or the ether through it*. There is no astronomical error more unaccountable than that which reconciles the known retardation of the comets with the idea of their passage through an ether: for however rare this ether be supposed, it would put a stop to all sidereal revolution in a very far briefer period than has been admitted by those astronomers who have endeavoured to slur over a point which they found it impossible to comprehend. The retardation actually experienced is, on the other hand, about that which might be expected from the *friction* of the ether in the instantaneous passage through the orb. In the one case the retarding force is momentary and complete within itself, in the other it is endlessly accumulative.

P. But in all this—in this identification of mere matter with God—is there nothing of irreverence? [*I was forced to repeat this question before the sleep-waker fully comprehended my meaning.*]

V. Can you say *why* matter should be less revered than mind? But you forget that the matter of which I speak is, in all respects, the very “mind” or “spirit” of the schools, so far as regards its high capacities, and is, moreover, the “matter” of these schools at the same time. God, with all the powers attributed to spirit, is but the perfection of matter.

P. You assert, then, that the unparticled matter in motion is thought?

V. In general this motion is the universal thought of the universal mind. This thought creates. All created things are but the thoughts of God.

P. You say “in general.”

V. Yes. The universal mind is God. For new individualities *matter* is necessary.

P. But you now speak of “mind” and “matter” as do the metaphysicians.

V. Yes, to avoid confusion. When I say “mind” I mean the unparticled or ultimate matter; by “matter” I intend all else.

P. You were saying that “for new individualities matter is necessary.”

V. Yes; for mind existing unincorporate is merely God. To create individual thinking beings it was necessary to incarnate portions of the divine mind. Thus man is individualized. Divested of corporate investiture he were God. Now, the particular motion of the incarnated portions of the unparticled matter is the thought of man, as the motion of the whole is that of God.

P. You say that divested of the body man will be God?

V. [*After much hesitation.*] I could not have said this; it is an absurdity.

P. [*Referring to my notes.*] You *did* say that “divested of corporate investiture man were God.”

V. And this is true. Man thus divested *would be* God—would be unindividualized. But he can never be thus divested—at least *never will be*—else we must imagine an action of God returning upon itself—a purposeless and futile action. Man is a creature. Creatures are thoughts of God. It is the nature of thought to be irrevocable.

P. I do not comprehend. You say that man will never put off the body?

V. I say that he will never be bodiless.

P. Explain.

V. There are two bodies—the rudimental and the complete, corresponding with the two conditions of the worm and the butterfly. What we call “death” is but the painful metamorphosis. Our present incarnation is progressive, preparatory, temporary. Our future is perfected, ultimate, immortal. The ultimate life is the full design.

P. But of the worm’s metamorphosis we are palpably cognizant.

V. *We*, certainly, but not the worm. The matter of which our rudimental body is composed is within the ken of the organs of that body; or, more distinctly, our rudimental organs are adapted to the matter of which is formed the rudimental body, but not to that of which the ultimate is composed. The ultimate body thus escapes our rudimental senses, and we perceive only the shell which falls, in decaying, from the inner form—not that inner form itself; but this inner form, as well as the shell, is appreciable by those who have already acquired the ultimate life.

P. You have often said that the mesmeric state very nearly resembles death. How is this?

V. When I say that it resembles death I mean that it resembles the ultimate life; for when I am entranced the senses of my rudimental life are in abeyance, and I perceive external things directly, without organs, through a medium which I shall employ in the ultimate, unorganized life.

P. Unorganized?

V. Yes; organs are contrivances by which the individual is brought into sensible relation with particular classes and forms of matter, to the exclusion of other classes and forms. The organs of man are adapted to his rudimental condition, and to that only; his ultimate condition, being unorganized, is of unlimited comprehension in all points but one—the nature of the volition of God—that is to say, the motion of the unparticled matter. You will have a distinct idea of the ultimate body by conceiving it to be entire brain. This it is *not*; but a conception of this nature will bring you near a comprehension of what it *is*. A luminous body imparts vibration to the luminiferous ether. The vibrations generate similar ones within the retina. These again communicate similar ones to the optic nerve. The nerve conveys similar ones to the brain; the brain, also, similar ones to the unparticled matter which permeates it. The motion of this latter is thought, of which perception is the first undulation. This is the mode by which the mind of the rudimental life communicates with the external world; and this external world is, to the rudimental life, limited, through the idiosyncrasy of its organs. But in the ultimate, unorganized life the external world reaches the whole body (which is of a substance having affinity to brain, as I have said) with no other intervention than that of an infinitely rarer ether than even the luminiferous; and to this ether—in unison with it—the whole body vibrates, setting in motion the unparticled matter which permeates it. It is to the absence of idiosyncratic organs, therefore, that we must attribute the nearly unlimited perception of the ultimate life. To rudimental beings organs are the cages necessary to confine them until fledged.

P. You speak of rudimental "beings." Are there other rudimental thinking beings than man?

V. The multitudinous conglomeration of rare matter into nebulae, planets, suns, and other bodies which are neither nebulae, suns, nor planets, is for the sole purpose of supplying *pabulum* for the idiosyncrasy of the organs of an infinity of rudimental beings. But for the necessity of the rudimental, prior to the ultimate life, there would have been no bodies such as these. Each of these is tenanted by a distinct variety of organic, rudimental, thinking creatures. In all the organs vary with the features of the place tenanted. At death or metamorphosis these creatures, enjoying the ultimate life—immortality—and cognizant of all secrets but *the one*, act all things and pass everywhere by mere volition:—indwelling not the stars, which to us seem the sole palpabilities, and for the accommodation of which we blindly deem space created—but that *SPACE* itself—that infinity of which the truly substantive vastness swallows up the star-shadows—blotting them out as non-entities from the perception of the angels.

P. You say that "but for the necessity of the rudimental life" there would have been no stars. But why this necessity?

V. In the inorganic life, as well as in the inorganic matter generally, there is nothing to impede the action of one simple *unique* law—the Divine Volition. With the view of producing impediment the organic life and matter (complex, substantial, and law-encumbered) were contrived.

P. But again, why need this impediment have been produced?

V. The result of law inviolate is perfection, right, negative happiness. The result of law violate is imperfection, wrong, positive pain. Through the impediments afforded by the number, complexity, and substantiality of the laws of organic life and matter the violation of law is rendered, to a certain extent, practicable. Thus pain, which in the inorganic life is impossible, is possible in the organic.

P. But to what good end is pain thus rendered possible?

V. All things are either good or bad by comparison. A sufficient analysis will show that pleasure, in all cases, is but the contrast of pain. *Positive* pleasure is a mere idea. To be happy at any one point we must have suffered at the same. Never to suffer would have been never to have been blessed. But it has been shown that in the inorganic life pain cannot be; thus the necessity for the organic. The pain of the primitive life of Earth is the sole basis of the bliss of the ultimate life in Heaven.

P. Still there is one of your expressions which I find it impossible to comprehend—"the truly *substantive* vastness of infinity."

V. This probably is because you have no sufficiently generic conception of the term "*substance*" itself. We must not regard it as a quality, but as a sentiment: it is the perception, in thinking beings, of the adaptation of matter to their organization. There are many things on the Earth which would be nihility to the inhabitants of Venus—many things visible and tangible in Venus which we could not be brought to appreciate as existing at all. But to the

inorganic beings—to the angels—the whole of the unparticled matter is substance; that is to say, the whole of what we term “space” is to them the truest substantiality; the stars, meantime, through what we consider their materiality, escaping the angelic sense, just in proportion as the unparticled matter, through what we consider its immateriality, eludes the organic.

As the sleep-waker pronounced these latter words, in a feeble tone, I observed on his countenance a singular expression, which somewhat alarmed me, and induced me to awake him at once. No sooner had I done this than, with a bright smile irradiating all his features, he fell back upon his pillow and expired. I noticed that in less than a minute afterwards his corpse had all the stern rigidity of stone. His brow was of the coldness of ice. Thus, ordinarily, should it have appeared only after long pressure from Azrael’s hand. Had the sleep-waker, indeed, during the latter portion of his discourse, been addressing me from out the region of the shadows?

THE ETHICS AND ÆSTHETICS OF DRESS.

It is only among the nations of the West that the history and philosophy of the art of dress may be considered as a history of the development of the human mind, and of those social and economic changes which have through centuries taken place in human society. In India and other Eastern countries the style of dress, owing to the imperious dictates of caste, scarcely ever varies, and to make up for this deficiency brilliant colors are resorted to, the primaries claiming the preference. Where the mind of man has been free and unshackled in the selection of clothing for the adornment of his person, it has revelled in what appears to superficial observers every conceivable caprice and extravagance. And yet it can be shown that the changing fashions which mark the various periods in the history of nations are not the result of caprice and incorrigible vanity, but have proceeded from the operation of subtle laws having their source in the changing political and social aspects of the times. For instance the tall cylindrical hat which every English gentleman loves, but which Americans are disposed to ridicule, and to speak irreverently of as the “stove pipe hat,” would scarcely have suited the days of the Plantagenets and the Tudors, when the heads of citizens needed a covering that could protect them from the blow of a quarter-staff or the thrust of a sword. In fact nothing indicates more plainly the high state of internal security, and the absence of all probability of hurried flight, and of incertitude in locomotion than this portion of our attire. The cylindrical hat is a creature of the most advanced order of civilization, and where the arm of the policeman is powerless to act this description of hat ceases to be seen. It has been said that if it be conceded that it is natural for man to dress, it must also be perfectly reasonable that he should constitute it an art, and that the art should progress as other arts do. This is true, but it will only progress as the other arts of society progress. In a society where there are no arts, where there is absolute stagna-

tion, dress will not alter through centuries. The savage may admit the necessity for wrapping his body in the white sheet which is his only garment, but coats and trowsers have no attractions for him, nor could he be brought to admit that any necessity exists for wearing them, and there is every reason for supposing that the savage left to himself would never make any advance on his primitive style of dressing. He wears a woven garment because the industry and skill of civilized nations have provided him with it, but having obtained it he makes no further use of it than to cut off the length required and throw it around his otherwise naked body. Dress has a *raison d'être* other than the display of the folly and vanity of mankind. It is a powerful civilizing and reforming agency. As people dress so they generally act. The dress put on becomes a part of yourself. It is as it were another skin laid over the natural skin, and, making due allowance for the difference between the two integuments, our dress should adapt itself to the shape of the limbs and body just as well as our skin does. A badly fitting suit of clothes or dress excites ridicule, and if a person is conscious that he is wearing garments which fit him ill his manners will necessarily become awkward and confused. People do not like to disgrace their cloth. If a person is dressed as a lady or a gentleman, that person likes to *behave* as such; on the other hand, refined and gentle manners are thought to be inconsistent with rough and dirty clothes, and however much of error there may be in this belief it is certain that the costume worn will insensibly influence the manners. Religion has had much influence in modifying and shaping dress. *Ethics* as well as *Æsthetics* have exerted an influence. Decency and Modesty have raised their voices, and have sometimes stepped in and thrust aside at once and for ever some fashion. Unfortunately, on the subject of dress there are two opposing parties, as there are in politics. There are *Conservatives* and *Liberals*. The dogged persistency of the former is well shown in their retention of the crinoline after all prudent and sensible people had condemned it, and in their support of the tight-laced corset in spite of all that science and common sense had said regarding its enormity. Dress is a constant struggle between that which is demonstrated to be proper and that which has come to be thought necessary and indispensable by reason of constant use.

H. C. V.

URGENT REASONS FOR FURLOUGH.

AIR :—"Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye."

1

My cheeks do fade; my health is breaking,
I tremble like an aspen leaf;
I really must my Leave be taking,
Or else my life will be too brief.
What causes me such dread alarms?
Such awful pain in either eye?
I feel so weak about the arms—
I really think I'm going to die!

2

My liver aches; with pain I'm roaring—
That I must soon go home 'tis clear—
How all the doctors I've been boring!
Yet I am *here*; yet I am *here*.
Already I my will have made,
Because I feel my end is nigh;
And all my creditors I've paid:
So grant me furlough or I'll die.

MILKSAJ.

MARY ELIZABETH.

MARY ELIZABETH was a little girl with a long name, she was poor, she was sick, she was ragged, she was dirty, she was cold, she was hungry, she was frightened. She had no home, she had no mother, she had no father, she had no sister, she had no grandmother. She had no supper, she had no dinner, she had no breakfast. She had no shoes, she had no hood, she had no mittens, she had no flannels. She had no place to go to, and nobody to care whether she went or not. In fact, Mary Elizabeth had not much of anything but a short pink calico dress, a little red cotton and wool shawl, and her long name. Besides this, she had a pair of old rubbers, too large for her. They flopped on the pavement as she walked.

She was walking up Washington street, in Boston. It was late in the afternoon of a bitter January day. Already the lamplighters began to flash upon the grayness—neither day nor night—through which the child watched the people moving dimly, with a wonder in her heart. This wonder was as confused as the half-light in which the crowd hurried by.

"God made so many people," thought Mary Elizabeth. "He must have made so many suppers. Seems as if they ought to be one for one extra girl."

But she thought this in a gentle way—very gentle for a girl who had no shoes, no flannel, no hood, no home, no mother, no dinner, no bed, no supper. She was a very gentle little girl. All girls who hadn't anything were not like Mary Elizabeth. She roomed with a girl out toward Charlestown who was different. That girl's name was Jo. They slept in a box that an Irish woman let them have in an old shed. The shed was too cold for her cow, and she couldn't use it; so she told Jo and Mary Elizabeth that they might have it as well as not. Mary Elizabeth thought her very kind. There was this difference between Jo and Mary Elizabeth: when Jo was hungry she stole; when Mary Elizabeth was hungry she begged.

One night, of which I speak, she begged hard. It is very wrong to beg, we all know. It is wrong to give to beggars, we all know, too; we have been told so a great many times. Still, if I had been as hungry as Mary Elizabeth I presume I should have begged, too. Whether I should have given her anything if I had been on Washington street that January night who can tell?

At any rate nobody did. Some told her to go the Orphans' Home. Some said: "Ask the police." Some people shook their heads, and more did nothing at all. One lady told her to go to the St. Priscilla and Aquila Society, and Mary Elizabeth said: "Thank you, ma'am," politely. She had never heard of Aquila and Priscilla. She thought they must be policemen. Another lady bade her go to an office and be registered, and Mary Elizabeth said: "Ma'am?"

So now she was shuffling up Washington street—I might say flopping up Washington street—in the old rubbers and the pink dress and red shawl, not knowing exactly what to do next; peeping into people's faces, timidly looking away from them; hesitating; heartsick,—for a very little girl can be very heartsick; colder, she thought, every minute, and hungrier each hour than she was the hour before. Poor Mary Elizabeth!

Poor Mary Elizabeth left Washington street at last, where everybody had homes and suppers without one extra one to spare for a little girl, and turned into a short, bright, showy street, where stood a great hotel. Everybody in Boston knows, and a great many people out of Boston know, that hotel; in fact, they know it so well that I will not mention the name of it, because it was against the rules of the house for beggars to be admitted, and perhaps the proprietor would not like it if I told how this one especial little beggar got into his well-conducted house. Indeed, precisely how she got in nobody knows. Whether the door-keeper was away, or busy, or sick, or careless, or whether the head-waiter at the dining-room door was so tall that he couldn't see so short a beggar, or whether the clerk at the desk was so noisy that he couldn't see so still a beggar, or however it was, Mary Elizabeth did get in,—by the doorkeeper, past the head-waiter, under the shadow of the clerk—over the smooth, slippery marble floor. The child crept on. She came to the office door, and stood still. She looked around her with wide eyes. She had never seen a place like that. Lights flashed over it, many and bright. Gentlemen sat in it smoking and reading. They were all warm. Not one of them looked as if he had no dinner, and no breakfast, and no supper.

"How many extra suppers," thought the little girl, "it must ha' taken to feed 'em all!" She pronounced it "extry." "How many extry suppers! I guess maybe there'll be one for me in here."

There was a little noise, a very little one, strange to the warm, bright, well-ordered room. It was not the rattling of the *Boston Advertiser*, or the *Transcript*, or the *Post*; it was not the slight rap-rapping of a cigar stump as the ashes fell from some one's white hand; nobody coughed, nobody swore. It was a different sound. It was the sound of an old rubber, much too large, flopping on the marble floor. Several gentlemen glanced at their own well-shod and well-brushed feet, then up and around the room.

Mary Elizabeth stood in the middle of it, in her pink calico dress, and the red plaid shawl was tied over her head and about her neck with a ragged tippet. She looked very funny and round behind, like the wooden woman in Noah's ark. Her bare feet showed in the old rubbers. She began to shuffle about the room, holding out one purple little hand.

One or two of the gentlemen laughed; some frowned; more did nothing at all; most did not notice, or did not seem to notice, the child. One said:

"What's the matter here?"

Mary Elizabeth flopped on. She went from one to another, less timidly; a kind of desperation had taken possession of her. The odors of the dining-room came in, of strong, hot coffee, and strange roast meats. Mary Elizabeth thought of Jo. It seemed to her she was so hungry that if she could not get a supper she should jump up and run, and rush about, and snatch something, and steal like Jo. She held out her hand, but only said:

"I'm hungry!"

A gentleman called her. He was the gentleman who had asked "What's

the matter here?" He called her in behind his *New York Times*, which was big enough to hide three like Mary Elizabeth, and when he saw that nobody was looking he gave her a five-cent piece in a hurry, as if he had done a sin, and quickly said:

"There, there, child! go now, go!"

Then he began to read the *Times* quite hard and fast, and to look severe, as one does who never gives anything to beggars, as a matter of principle.

But nobody gave anything else to Mary Elizabeth. She shuffled from one to another hopelessly. Every gentleman shook his head. One called for a waiter to put her out. This frightened her and she stood still.

Over by a window, in a lonely corner of the great room, a young man was sitting apart from the others. Mary Elizabeth had seen that young man when she first came in, but he had not seen her. He had not seen anybody. He sat with his elbows on the table, and his face buried in his arms. He was a well-dressed young man, with brown, curling hair. Mary Elizabeth wondered why he looked so miserable, and why he sat there alone. She thought, perhaps, if he weren't so happy as the other gentlemen he would be more sorry for cold and hungry girls. She hesitated, and then flopped along and directly up to him.

One or two gentlemen laid down their papers and watched this; they smiled and nodded at each other. The child did not see them to wonder why. She went up and put her hand on the young man's arm.

He started. The brown, curly head lifted itself from the shelter of his arms; a young face looked sharply at the beggar girl—a beautiful young face it might have been. It was haggard now, and dreadful to look at—bloated and badly marked with the unmistakable marks of a wicked week's debauch. He roughly said:

"What do you want?"

"I'm hungry," said Mary Elizabeth.

"I can't help that. Go away."

"I haven't had anything to eat for a whole day, a whole long day!" repeated the child.

Her lips quivered but she spoke distinctly. Her voice sounded through the room. One gentleman after another had laid down his paper or his pipe. Several were watching this little scene.

"Go away!" repeated the young man, irritably. "Don't bother me. I haven't had anything to eat for three days!"

His face went down into his arms again. Mary Elizabeth stood staring at the brown, curling hair. She stood perfectly still for some moments. She evidently was greatly puzzled. She walked away a little distance, then stopped and thought it over.

And now, paper after paper, pipe after pipe, went down. Every gentleman in the room began to look on. The young man, with the beautiful brown curls and dissipated, disgraced, and hidden face, was not stiller than the rest. The little figure in the pink calico and the red shawl and big rubbers stood for a

moment silent among them all. The waiter came to take her out, but the gentlemen motioned him away.

Mary Elizabeth turned her five-cent piece over and over slowly in her purple hand. Her hand shook. The tears came. The smell of the dining-room grew savory and strong. The child put the piece of money to her lips as if she could have eaten it, then turned, and, without further hesitation, went back. She touched the young man—on the bright curls this time—with her trembling little hand.

The room was so still now that what she said rang out on the corridor, where the waiters stood, with the clerk behind looking over the desk to see.

"I'm sorry you are so hungry. If you haven't had anything for three days you must be hungrier than me. I've got five cents. A gentleman gave it to me. I wish you would take it. I've only gone one day. You can get some supper over it, and—maybe—I—can get some, somewheres! I wish you'd please take it!"

Mary Elizabeth stood quite still, holding out her five-cent piece. She did not understand the sound nor the stir that went all over the bright room. She did not see that some of the gentlemen coughed and wiped their spectacles. She did not know why the brown curls before her came up with such a start, nor why the young man's wasted face flushed red and hot with noble shame.

She did not in the least understand why he flung the five-cent piece on the table and snatching her in his arms held her fast, and hid his face in her plaid shawl and sobbed. Nor did she know what could be the reason that nobody seemed amused to see this gentleman cry, but that the gentleman who had given her the money came up, and some more came up, and they gathered round, and she in the midst of them, and they all spoke kindly, and the young man with the bad face, that might have been so beautiful, stood up, still clinging to her, and said aloud:

"She shamed me before you all, and she's shamed me to myself. I'll learn a lesson from this beggar, so help me God!"

So then he took the child upon his knee, and the gentlemen came up to listen, and the young man asked what was her name.

"Mary Elizabeth, sir."

"Names used to mean things—in the Bible—when I was as little as you. I read the Bible then. Does Mary Elizabeth mean angel or rebuke?"

"Sir?"

"Where do you live, Mary Elizabeth?"

"Nowhere, sir."

"Where do you sleep?"

"In Mrs. O'Flynn's shed, sir. It's too cold for the cow. She's so kind she lets us stay."

"Whom do you stay with?"

"Nobody, only Jo."

"Is Jo your brother?"

"No, sir. Jo is a girl. I haven't got only Jo."

"What does Jo do for a living?"

"She—gets it, sir."

"And what do you do?"

"I beg. It's better than to—get it, I think."

"Where's your mother?"

"Dead."

"What did she die of?"

"Drink, sir," said Mary Elizabeth, in her distinct and gentle tone.

"Ah—well. And your father?"

"He is dead. He died in prison."

"What sent him to prison?"

"Drink, sir."

"Oh!"

"I had a brother once," continued Mary Elizabeth, who grew quite eloquent with so large an audience, "but he died too."

"What did he die of?"

"Drink, sir," said the child, cheerfully. "I do want my supper," she added, after a pause, speaking in a whisper, as if to Jo or to herself, "and Jo'll be wondering for me."

"Wait then," said the young man; "I'll see if I can't beg you enough to get your supper."

"I thought there must be an extry one among so many folks!" cried Mary Elizabeth; for now she thought she would get back her five cents.

Sure enough, the young man put the five cents into his hat to begin with. Then he took out his purse and put in something that made less noise than the five-cent. piece, and something more and more. Then he passed along the great room, walking still unsteadily, and the gentleman who gave the five cents, and all the gentlemen, put something into the young man's hat.

So when he came back to the table he emptied the hat and counted the money, and truly it was \$40.

"Forty dollars!"

"It's yours," said the young man. "Now come to supper. But see this gentleman who gave you the five-cent. piece shall take care of the money for you. You can trust him. He's got a wife, too. But we'll come to supper now."

"Yes, yes," said the gentleman, coming up. "She knows all about every orphan in this city, I believe. She'll know what ought to be done with you. She'll take care of you."

"But Jo will wonder," said Mary Elizabeth loyally. "I can't leave Jo. And I must go back and thank Mrs. O'Flynn for the shed."

"Oh, yes, yes; we'll fix all that," said the gentleman, "and Jo too. A little girl with \$40 needn't sleep in a wood-shed. But don't you want your supper?"

"Why, yes," said Mary Elizabeth, "I do."

So the young man took her by the hand, and the gentleman whose wife knew all about what to do with orphans took her by the hand, and they all went out into the dining-room, and put Mary Elizabeth in a chair at a marble table and asked her what she wanted for her dinner.

Mary Elizabeth said, "'Most anything would do nicely." So all the gentlemen laughed, and she wondered why.

And the young man with the brown curls laughed too, and began to look quite happy. But he ordered chicken, and cranberry sauce, and mashed potatoes, and celery, and rolls, and butter, and tomatoes, and an ice-cream, and a cup of tea, and nuts, and raisins, and cake, and custard, and apples, and grapes, and Mary Elizabeth sat in her pink dress and red shawl and ate the whole; and why it didn't kill her nobody knows, but it didn't.

And the young man with the face that might have been beautiful—that might yet be so one would have thought who had seen him then—stood watching the little girl.

"She's preached me a better sermon," he said below his breath, "better than all the ministers I ever heard in all the churches. May God bless her! I wish there was a thousand like her in this selfish world."

And when I heard about it I wished so too.

And this is the end of Mary Elizabeth's true temperance story.

IF.

If life were never bitter,
And love were always sweet,
Then who would care to borrow
A moral from to-morrow?
If Thames would always glitter,
And joy would ne'er retreat,
If life were never bitter,
And love were always sweet.

If Care were not the waiter
Behind a fellow's chair
When easy-going sinners
Sit down to Richmond dinners,
And life's swift stream flows straighter—
By Jove, it would be rare
If Care were not the waiter
Behind a fellow's chair.

If wit were always radiant,
And wine were always iced,
And bores were kicked out straightway
Through a convenient gateway;
Then down the year's long gradient
'Twere sweet to be enticed—
If wit were always radiant,
And wine were always iced.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

DEFICIENCY IN IRISH CHARACTER.—Want of pay-rental feeling.—*Punch*.

LITTLE drops of water (in the milk) and little grains of sand (in the sugar) are what make the big fortunes of the humble milkman and the obscure grocer.

"Do you see that young lady stawnding there?" asked a gentleman. "Well," continued he, "she is a perfect prauidgy. She dawnces, and dawnces, and dawnces, and when she is not dawnoing she is promenawding. Awfter dawncing and promenawding she is careering through the mountains on horseback. She has more vetawlity than any young lady I have ever met. She is the most chawming young lady here. She fawscenates you at once with her enchawnting manners. But here comes her awnt, and I must awak you to excuse me."

ELECTRICITY AS A HOBBY.

THE MAGNETIC CURRENT MADE A USEFUL HOUSEHOLD ARTICLE
BY EDISON'S SCHOOLMATE.

Those who pass down Willoughby avenue, near Throop, in Brooklyn, are attracted by a complicated mass of nickel plated machinery in motion behind the plate-glass windows of the double brick house which is separated from the avenue by a terraced lawn. The house is one of the curiosities of the vicinity, from the fact that its owner, Dr. R. W. St. Clair, who was a classmate of T. A. Edison, has applied his inventive talent, with all the assiduity of his old school-friend, to demonstrate how electricity may be made a household servant, an efficient policeman, a scientific assistant, and pleasant companion. The police are never concerned about his residence, on account of the unprofitable experience of burglars who have attempted to enter it. There is a double wired burglar alarm, with secret springs at so many corners that a little bell sounds almost as soon as the thief begins to make headway. Some time ago some burglars made a second unsuccessful attempt to enter the house, but were frightened off by the tinkling of bells. They dropped, in their haste to get away, a roll of bills containing \$16, which Dr. St. Clair presented to his daughter Nellie. They returned to fasten to his door a note telling him that his — machines were too much for them, but that if he would return their money they would forgive him for having his house so well fortified. They told him to signify his acceptance of their terms by wearing a buttonhole bouquet, and for fear that the thieves might consider their terms some day accepted the doctor gave up his favorite *boutonnieres*.

"Yes," said Dr. St. Clair. "It is true that Edison and I began the study of electricity together. I won't admit that he has a greater passion for it than I have, but he has made more noise in the world. Now and then I have kept something to myself long enough to get it patented, but I have not labored for fame with electricity. It has been my pastime and hobby while I have practised my profession."

A turn of a tiny switch or two sets the doctor's whole office in motion. Batteries and electric engines are buzzing and whirring. A long pendulum of a clock on the wall run by electricity runs every clock in the house. A music box sets up a lively tune, and when its motive power is sought it is found in a tiny motor three inches square, run by electricity, on the bottom shelf of a table in the window. A ray of sunlight breaking through a mass of clouds strikes the bulb of a little glass case, and starts into motion a little instrument for measuring the heat of the light of the stars. Edison also has one of these. One side of the delicate fans composing a sort of windmill wheel is composed of platinized silver, while the other side is carbonized.

Upon the next shelf of the little ebony table is a nickel plated motor, 12 inches long and 4 inches wide, which, although almost noiseless, runs the sewing machine upstairs, and sets a small regiment of toys to dancing in the nursery. A

battery of three sulphate of copper cells runs the motor six months for household or other purposes, at a cost of ten cents a month. Attached to an exhaust-pump, which is used as an aspirator, the tiny machine that may be carried in an overcoat pocket does the work of two assistants, when it is needed to assist its owner professionally. A large Holtz machine sets a chime of six bells to ringing. The turn of a switch starts a self-feeding scroll saw by electricity.

Asked to pick up two innocent-appearing sponges swinging from a table, the visitor gets an electric shock from a machine in perpetual motion. Curious to look at a book, the visitor opened a door, and at once the burglar alarm sounded. A phonograph on the table will probably be some day produced in court as a witness. It has a better *vox humana* tone than Edison's, as the metal base is hollow, and therefore resonant, and the mouthpiece, which is adjusted by Edison to different voices with rubber, is by Dr. St. Clair regulated by a screw. Although Edison first invented the phonograph, he was neck and neck with his old schoolmate on the quadruplex telegraph machine. He, however, got his patent and a fortune. The model made by Dr. St. Clair is in his curious collection. There are forty-five batteries in the doctor's study, and nearly all of them have something to do. A curious instrument made in Paris, and only duplicated in this country, it is said, in the collection of Dr. W. A. Hammond, throws a stream of water so fine and strong that it penetrates the flesh like a knife. It is used in treatment of sciatica. There is a cautery battery, with \$500 worth of electrodes, by which platinum wire, heated to white heat, is used to remove excrescences; and there is a curious machine worked by a battery which is infallible in detecting curvature of the spine.

Perhaps the most attractive piece of mechanism in this curiosity shop is a double electric motor of eight magnets and sixteen armatures, with four shafts running to a common centre, where, by a complex system of wheels, they revolve two horizontal shafts one inside the other. Two six-inch wheels, one inch apart, revolve in an opposite direction over the shafts. The whole machine, which is of the physician's own manufacture, as are most of the things described, is constructed to produce constant currents passing in opposite directions. Its practical application is important in surgery, especially in the rapid removal of a cataract from the eye. A large nickel-plated motor on the doctor's table runs a lathe when he is at his mechanical work. He can turn out a screw for his watch while he is waiting for a meal.

By a wire from his burglar alarm Dr. St. Clair has made it easy to turn on the gas to each separate burner of his chandelier, and light it by electricity. As long as the shut-off cock is turned, a constant spark passes over the mouth of the burner, and it is impossible to blow the gas out.

Dr. St. Clair expresses the belief that electricity will yet produce a revolution in domestic economy, and that it can be made a more useful servant than it is. "There is no science," he added, "to which the inventive talent of the young can be turned that promises more. The city's lights, if not electric themselves, should be lighted and extinguished by electricity; fires should be announced by electricity to those who live in their vicinity, and not only to those whose duty it is to extinguish them; there should be underground cables, with which householders should have the privilege of connecting, for burglar alarm or other purposes, just as we connect with gas and water mains."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT FROM "PUNCH."

[A RECENT series of tableaux, or rather scenes, based upon drawings in the London "Punch," were so successfully presented by a party of ladies and gentlemen in a suburb of New York that, in the belief that the idea will be popular and feasible elsewhere, we have requested one of the ladies to give the readers of this department an account of the ways and means there adopted. The growing fame of Mr. Du Maurier's wholesome ridicule of the fashionable follies in certain London circles gives seasonableness to the happy thought which has suggested this new social resource for winter evenings.—Ed.]

This entertainment should be spoken of as "scenes," rather than "tableaux," from the fact that in the pictures, which were presented with faithfulness in every detail, the persons not only acted but spoke their parts. All that is printed in brackets under the cartoon in "Punch" was read by some one standing in the audience, before the rise of the curtain, after which the *dramatis personæ* delivered the dialogue there set down. For instance, in "Passionate Brompton" ("Punch," June 14, 1879) the scene is described in this way: "A fair young *Æsthete*, who has just been introduced to Mr. Smith, who is to take her down to dinner, is overheard to ask the following question," whereupon the curtain went up, and the character said, in her most appropriately affected tone: "Are you *intense*?" A little ingenuity in rearranging the bracketed words is sometimes necessary, in order to put the situation clearly before the observer; but if the actors have the advantage of personal familiarity with English society, or with "Punch," there will be good chances for dramatic effect, even within the narrow scope of a few sentences.

The subjects chosen were drawn from the types portrayed by George du Maurier, Charles Keene, and John Leech, the three affording an agreeable variety which no one alone would furnish. The most unction would perhaps be bestowed upon Mr. Du Maurier's *Æsthetes*, which, in later numbers of "Punch," have afforded the world so much amusement—those "intense" disciples of "high art," *Jellaby Postlethwait*, young *Maudie*, and their "supremely consummate" friends, the *Cimabue Browns*, who give to the world (represented by the *Colonel* and *Grigsby*) their ideas of what one should admire in "the truly great." In these scenes the setting of the stage must follow closely the drawings. One or two screens about six feet by two can readily be made, and covered with dull-colored cretonne or wall-paper. By turning one side or the other these screens can be made to present all sorts of effects, and any piece of antique drapery gracefully draped over the chintz will make an harmonious bit of color. Some blue china plaques, hung in conspicuous places, several small tables, wicker chairs, growing plants, and palm or India-rubber plants in pots, may be shifted about the stage, and turned into all sorts of uses. A person with a quick appreciation of the drawings themselves will, we fancy, seize the spirit of the decorations far better than they could here be described.

It is in the dressing of the characters that the effect of the scenes chiefly consists. Let us say at once that the young beauty with fresh and rosy cheeks must be warned that to look *æsthetic* she will have to sacrifice all vanity as to

personal adornment. Look at the opening scene in the lives of the *Cimabue Browns*, in the issue of "Punch" for February 14th, 1880. It is called "Nincompoopiana," or "The Society of the Mutual Admirationists." The *Colonel* (who is not a member of the aforesaid society) is being introduced by *Mrs. Cimabue Brown* (who is a member) to young *Maudle* and *Jellaby Postlethwait*, who are surrounded by a group of admiring friends. The dresses of the ladies in this picture are very funny, but certainly not becoming, as the faded colors and strange mode of making the gowns would cause even a pretty woman to look her worst. The melon-shaped sleeves, narrow skirts, low-cut bodies, and slim shapeless figures do not add to the ordinary prettiness usually considered necessary in tableaux. For these æsthetic scenes let us recommend ladies of slight girlish figures with long thin necks and prominent features. The faces of all must be whitened, not rouged, and a judicious application of black must be made under the eyes and about the nose and chin. Avoid light blues, purples, or greens, rather choosing for the dresses figured chintz, sage-green, dull yellow, and either pale pink or brick-dust-red Canton flannel. Flowers roughly embroidered on the skirts produce a remarkably good effect, and the traditional lily, sunflower, or poppy may be effectively introduced by a clever young lady fond of art embroidery. The expense of the material is so slight that a person appearing in more than one tableau can have two or three costumes. For instance, in another scene of the "Mutual Admirationists" (May 22nd, 1880), where the ladies wear cloaks and poke-bonnets, and again when *Mr. and Mrs. Cimabue Brown* listen to *Lord Plantagenet Cadbury's* comic song (May 15th, 1880), *Mrs. Brown* would here add to the effect by appearing in another dress. The male characters require long-haired wigs, smooth, beardless faces, but ordinary frock-coats are the only costumes necessary for *Maudle* and *Postlethwait*.

We have not space to enumerate all the tableaux that would be appropriate, but in looking over the back numbers of "Punch" one can find many from which to select. We would suggest, however, such as "The Six-Mark Teapot" (October 20th, 1880) as amusing and easy of execution. Then "Affiliating an Æsthetic" (June 19th, 1880) forms a good *finale* to the æsthetic series. This represents "an heroic group, modeled from memory by *Pilcox*, a rising young pharmaceutical chemist, and showing *Mrs. Cimabue Brown* as the Muse of the nineteenth century crowning *Maudle* and *Postlethwait* as its twin-gods of Art and Poetry." The group of statuary requires little practice to be made exceedingly funny. The posture is not difficult, and the dresses of the group may be copied in unbleached muslin, exactly like those in the picture. White wigs will save the trouble of using powder, and are, indeed, necessary for the men, as few have sufficiently long hair nowadays to copy the flowing locks of *Maudle* and *Postlethwait*. *Mrs. Brown* may be whitened and simply use powder, as that will remain in long hair.

Not less amusing or less clever is the series of pictures from the life of *Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyne*, showing how she climbed the social scale, and by her advice to her young friend *Georgius Midas, Esq., Jr.*, gave him the "straight

tip" on matrimony. Now comes a chance for the pretty girl with regular features, small, aristocratic head, and graceful air. *Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyns* is so essentially a type of English beauty that her American cousins will be obliged to look their prettiest when they undertake to fill her rôle. Here, again, the dressing must adhere closely to the print, though a large scope for taste is given, and all the friends of *Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyns* dress most becomingly and well. The character of *Georgius Midas, Esq., Jr.*, will have to be carefully studied. Wealth—and newly acquired wealth—is written over the man and his clothes, and the consciousness of innate vulgarity makes him shrink from expressing his opinions till drawn out by the clever *Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyns*. The "Advice on Matrimony" (May 22nd, 1880), and two scenes of recent issue also relating to marriage, form a group proving the remarkable insight into the weaknesses and foibles of London life and human nature, while in earlier numbers, in some of the scenes with the *Duchess*, Du Maurier admits us to the secrets of *Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyns's* advancement in society. Her drawing-room must be tastefully arranged, and the furniture previously used changed about the stage, the screens turned to different sides and color, making the scene into a modern mansion in Mayfair.

Some of the hunting sketches of John Leech form a good contrast to the modern drawings of Keene or Du Maurier, and the fashions of twenty years ago, of big hoops, ringlets, many flounces, and turbans, are sure to recall merry associations in the hearts of the elder portion of the audience. In fact, in choosing these subjects, the trouble seems to be not to know where to begin, but how to stop.

Of the drawings by Leech we may mention "The Briggs Series," depicting Mr. Briggs's trials and tribulations to get ready for the hunting-field (for one could not, of course, introduce horses and hounds into a drawing-room). Should the necessary "pink coat" of Mr. Briggs not be obtainable, some of the scenes from "Servantgalism" are inimitable, and will remind alike old and young housekeepers of their own experiences. These pictures may be varied by some of those from "Flunkeyiana," and none of the costumes are difficult or expensive to get up. Good effects may be produced by gay chintzes and red cotton, with a plentiful use of the flour-bag on the head of *Charles* or *James de la Pluche*.

The foregoing scenes were all represented in a drawing-room which was divided off by a curtain stretched on wires from cornice to cornice. A stage would of course add to the effect, could one have an elevation of eighteen inches with gas foot-lights and a drop-curtain. But our idea was informality and a jolly evening, so the first-mentioned plan was adopted. Two old red satin-damask window-curtains were fastened to the wire, leaving a space of about ten feet for a proscenium; rings were then sewed on to two other red curtains, which enabled the stage-manager to draw the curtains aside at will. Candles placed in tin sockets with reflectors (which may easily be made by any country tinsmith) gave an appearance of foot-lights, and added materially to the lighting of the stage. Ordinary lamps, fastened on to pieces of wood securely nailed to the wall or door, will answer the purpose, as these scenes do not require the strong effects of light and shade given in many such performances.

Outside these suggestions there are many admirable scenes to be copied, and we feel sure that anybody overlooking a file of "Punch" must be struck by the feasibility of many of the sketches, and find ample means for providing an amusing and novel entertainment.—*Scribner's Magazine*.

THE ANCESTOR OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.

OLD ROTHSCHILD, the head of the reigning dynasty, was an honest man, piety and good-heartedness itself. He had a benevolent face, with a small pointed beard, a three-cornered hat looped up; and his dress more than modest, almost beggarly. Like that he went about Frankfort constantly surrounded by a crowd of poor people, to whom he distributed alms or benefited with good advice; if one came upon a string of beggars in the streets looking pained and pleased, one knew at once that here old Rothschild had been passing. When I was still quite a boy, and was going one evening with my father through the Juden-gasse, we met old Rothschild just coming out of the synagogue; I remember that after he had spoken with my father he addressed a few kind words to me, and at last he laid his hand upon my head to give me his blessing. I am quite convinced I owe it to this blessing of Rothschild's that in after-times, although a German author, I was never quite without money in my pocket.

HEINRICH HEINE.

GRANDFATHER.

GRANDFATHER sits by the open door,
And around his feet the sunbeams play,
While his scant gray locks are gently stirred
By the breath of the mild October day.
His gaze is turned towards the distant hills,
Where the trees are yellow and green and gold,
And they seem to say to the old man's heart,
"See, we grow lovely as we grow old!"

Over the landscape far and near
Grandfather looks with tear-dimmed eyes,
For on the meadow, as on the hills,
The shadow of Summer's slow death lies.
But over it all, with restful calm,
There lingers a dreamful, tender haze,
And the breeze is fragrant with stolen sweets
In memory of the Summer days.

Grandfather thinks of the years gone by,
The Springtime first of his merry youth,
And then Summer of manhood's joys,
When his heart grew warm with love and truth.
'Alas!' he murmurs, "that time has passed,
And Winter comes for the year and me;
Who knows, as the chill of age creeps on,
How lovely I in my death shall be?"

Grandfather lies on the hillside brown—
Lies at rest—and the setting sun
Kisses the spot where loving hands
Laid him down when his life was done;
And over the meadows, over the hills,
The breeze goes sobbing the livelong day
For the fair sweet Summer, whose life went out
With the shadow of Winter chill and gray.

SONNET.

From the Academy.

"Where lies the land of which thy soul would
know?"

Beyond the wearied world, the songless dell,
The purple grape and golden asphodel,
Beyond the zone where streams baptismal flow.

"Where lies the land to which thy soul would
go?"

There where the unweary senses darkling dwell,
Where never haunting, hurrying footfall fell,
Where toil is not, nor builded hope laid low.

Rest! Rest! To thy hushed realm how one by one
Old Earth's tired Ages steal away and weep,
Forgotten or unknown, long duty done.

Ah God! when Death in seeming peace shall steep
Life's loud turmoil, and Time his race hath run,
Shall heart of man at length find rest and sleep?

T. HALL CAIN.

PASSING EVENTS.

DEAN STANLEY, the large-minded, learned, and genial Churchman, is dead. The Church could ill afford to lose him, and he will be regretted alike in the highest and lowest circles.

THE passing of the Bill for the legalization of marriage with a deceased wife's sister is indefinitely postponed. It seems a pity that a restriction that weighs hard on many persons and on their children cannot be more speedily dealt with, especially as it serves to embitter many such unions, and prevents comparatively few.

AMERICA, the country *par excellence* of innovation and progress, sets an enviable example in the amount of occupation she offers to women. Female ministers, lawyers, and doctors are not uncommon there, and female reporters, artists, writers, designers, telegraph and telephone operators abound. Hardly any career is closed to a woman who has the perseverance and capacity necessary to follow it successfully, and however agreeable it may be to find oneself by fortune placed above money cares, there is also no doubt a certain satisfaction in gaining an honorable independence, or in helping the male head of the family to sustain a burden that is often too heavy for him, and makes his life one of constant toil and anxiety.

ANOTHER terrible murder, of which an elderly gentleman travelling first-class on the London and Brighton line has been the victim, comes to prove the necessity for communication between the carriages.

Elderly and timid individuals, at least, would probably prefer to sacrifice some of the privacy so dear to the British heart rather than endure the unpleasant suspicion that the innocent-looking fellow-traveller sitting opposite may really be some desperate villain, waiting the first favourable opportunity to convert them into gory corpses, with a view to the appropriation of their portable property.

Could not privacy and security both be secured by means of rather high partitions so constructed as to be capable of being torn down in case of any very pressing emergency?

A NUMBER of Morristown (U. S. A.) girls have banded themselves together under the name of the Y. M. C. A., Young Maidens' Cooking Association. The members of the association hold a weekly meeting at the house of the mother of one of their number and there cook an elaborate supper, which they set out, eat, and clear away all by themselves. No doubt this culinary education is carried on at some cost of material, for it appears all the dishes are not usually a success, but as the young ladies, who now number thirty-seven, have money and time to spare, the experiment is laudable, and appears to be productive of much fun. The yearly ball is an especial success. At it the young cooks appear in cap and apron, each decorated with some emblem of her calling, if it is only a gravy spoon or a gridiron, and the ball-room itself is ornamented with huge bunches of kitchen utensils, garden produce, and cabbage roses.

May the members of the Y. M. C. A. get all possible enjoyment from their experiment,—which will certainly be copied in many another city in America and elsewhere,—and speedily find an opportunity for practising the lessons learned, in happy households of their own!

M. EDMOND ABOUT thus describes M. Dufaure:—"A rugged old willow held together only by the knots on its empty bark."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE first number of a new monthly magazine of literature, science, and art, published in Bombay, made its appearance on New Year's Day. All the articles come up to a most respectable level of light reading, Miss Bates's own displaying considerable literary ability. Her "Stranger than Fiction" is in the Edgar Allan Poe vein, and is one of the best stories based on the Tichborne Case which we have seen. We hope that the venture will succeed as it deserves, for the annual subscription is modest in amount, and the first number of the *Orient* is very readable.—*Times of India*.

If the first number of the *Orient* may serve as an index of what is to follow, we may predict from its contents that the magazine will be very acceptable. The contents will not fail to interest all persons who can appreciate a good English style, and those written by the editor proclaim her a talented and experienced writer. The venture ought to prosper also on account of the low price at which the magazine is offered.—*Bombay Native Opinion*.

We welcome the appearance of the *Orient*, and in one of our recent numbers we quoted the *Bombay Review's* testimony as to its editor's literary ability. In what she has already attempted Miss Bates leaves an agreeable impression on the reader's mind.—*Indian Spectator*.

THE "ORIENT."—This very readable and neatly got-up publication, which purports to be "an Anglo-Indian monthly magazine of literature, science, and art," has been now before the public for some time; and we think we may safely congratulate its able and enterprising conductor (Miss R. BATES, of Girgaum, Bombay) on her having succeeded very fairly indeed in the capital attempt she has made at supplying the reading public in this country with a monthly magazine deserving their approval and support.

We again repeat that the *Orient* is an excellent monthly, well deserving the patronage of the Indian reading public, which we trust it will secure before very long.—*Madras Native Opinion*.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of the April number of the *Orient*, an Anglo-Indian monthly magazine of literature, science, and art, published in Bombay. This publication has reached its fourth issue, and, to judge from the contents of the present number, it is likely—and we think it deserves—to have a long run of popularity. The matter provided is both varied and interesting. Under literature we have a serial tale entitled "A Fiery Ordeal" (a story of the siege of Paris), well written and full of interest. Next comes a serio-comic description of "Sibi, or the land of Kutch," which is really well worth reading, on account of the rich vein of humour that runs through the article. "I've allus paid my debts," a contribution by the editor, promises to be a very readable story, with vivid descriptions of place and character. "Quotations and Criticisms" will be found useful to all who take any interest in studying the standard works of our language. People down South hear a great deal about the Towers of Silence, the God's-acre of the Parsee community. They will find much interesting information concerning them both in this and the preceding numbers. Magnetism and lithography are dealt with in a popular and attractive manner. Those who wish to know whether they are "born magnetizers" or not will find a paragraph descriptive of the mental, moral, and physical peculiarities that usually distinguish such persons. A few pieces of poetry, reviews of new books, and "Passing Events" complete the subject-matter of the number. Altogether we think the *Orient* meets an Anglo-Indian want. The matter is varied, the style is attractive, and its general get-up quite that of a first class magazine. It appears to be ably conducted, and we have no hesitation in recommending it to our readers.—*Bangalore Spectator*.

The contents of the *Orient* are rich and varied, and the principal conductor is a graceful writer. * * * The journal reflects much credit upon its conductors, who, we hope, will meet with the support they want.—*Amrita Bazar Patrika*.

THE *Orient* is excellently got up, and contains matter which will be read with much interest by all classes of Indian readers. Every paper in the book is worth reading, and if the magazine secures the attention it deserves, we venture to predict that its popularity will be very great—much more so than any other magazine hitherto published in India.—*Bangalore Examiner*.

We have to acknowledge with thanks copies of the first and second numbers of a new journal called the *Orient*, an Anglo-Indian monthly journal of literature, science, and art. It is published at Bombay under the conductorship of Miss R. Bates, and contains forty-eight pages of matter original and select. The new journal appears, so far, to be decidedly above the average of such productions in India. The articles are very well written, and the selections well chosen.—*Rangoon Times*.

THE *Orient* is dedicated to literature and useful knowledge. The editor deserves great credit for elevated style, learning and versatile talent.—*La Gazette de Bardez*.

The editor of the *Orient* has a very clever knack of telling stories, which we read with interest and delight.—*The East*.

THE *Orient* rises above the level of a journal devoted exclusively to light literature, and discusses matters of a more substantial nature. The papers headed "The Wisdom of the Aryans," "Lithography," and the "Towers of Silence" will amply repay perusal. The last-mentioned paper is published, and will, we understand, continue to be published, with illustrations.—*Indian Mirror*.

THE "ORIENT."—The June number of this magazine loses nothing in interest, and is equal, if not superior, in the quality of its contents, to the preceding monthly issues. The serial tales show no falling off; whilst the miscellaneous matter contained within the pages of the magazine is full of interest. Amongst the articles worthy of note is a short essay on apiculture, in which some entertaining facts are given with regard to the little insect which "improves each shining hour." Those who are desirous of making an attempt at bee-keeping in India will find in this article some valuable information as to the treatment of bees and the method by which the honey may be secured.—*Times of India*.

We can but echo the general praises of our contemporaries regarding *The Orient*. It undoubtedly has many merits, not the least of which is variety in the subjects of the tales, articles,

selections, &c., it offers to its readers. * * * And altogether, we can truly say, *sans compliment*, that *The Orient* is one of the best of our Indian periodicals. In conclusion, we would say a few words about the first story, the "Chief of Dhume." Without any desire to be satirical, we must say that we suspect that this simple Indian story, *bond fide* by an Indian, appears itself to be intended as a satire upon the general course of policy pursued by the Indian Government in its relations with Native Princes and Chiefs, and also upon the "manners and customs of ye English" in our time. It is in such stories that "we see ourselves as others paint us."—*Madras Times*, July 15, 1881.

We have received and perused the seventh number of the *Orient* with as much relish and pleasure as we enjoyed in perusing the former numbers of that excellent magazine. We may, without exaggeration, say that there is very notable improvement in each successive number of the journal, a fact which shows the time, care, labour, judgment, and correct taste which are brought to bear before presenting the magazine to the public. In the number before us, an attempt, which promises to be a complete success, has been made to publish a serial story in English by an educated Hindu gentleman. The opening chapters of the novel, which is entitled "The Chief of Dhume," are full of interest, which we have no doubt will continue to increase as the story goes on. As the editor of the *Orient* aptly observes in introducing the story to the notice of the reader, in the chapters of the "Chief of Dhume" "Indians will find pleasure in reading of well-known scenes and customs, and Anglo-Indians will perhaps not be sorry to see themselves depicted from a new and unfamiliar point of view." A story of the siege of Paris, entitled "A Fiery Ordeal," is continued in the present number, and affords unabated interest to the reader. The rest of the contents of the number, original and select, both prose and poetry, is up to the mark of promise given in the earlier numbers of the *Orient*. In short, Miss Bates has been unflinching in her industry and diligence, in keeping the magazine up to the high standard which she marked out for it at the beginning, and she is worthy of all the success such literary labours merit. We wish the *Orient* continued prosperity.—*Bangalore Spectator*, July 16, 1881.

THE "ORIENT."—The July number of this magazine contains the first two chapters of a new story which promises to be of interest. * * * The rest of the original articles are up to the usual mark, and the selections have been judiciously chosen. The *Orient* has reached its seventh issue, and we are glad to see that the venture has been a success.—*Times of India*.

THE *Orient* is a novelty in many ways, and possesses sufficient intrinsic merit to deserve the support of the Indian reading public. In the first place it is edited by a lady, and, as such, has nothing like it in the whole of India. Then, unlike only too many so-called magazines in this country, its contents are almost entirely original; while the subjects treated of embrace a great variety, and are handled in a manner that reflects the greatest credit on the editress and her contributory staff. In the number of the *Orient* for the current month there is begun an Indian serial story entitled "The Chief of Dhume," which is contributed, we are informed, by "a Hindu gentleman of much learning and repute, writing under the *nom de plume* of 'Shivaji.'" The tale seems to be a rather cleverly written sort of running satire on the policy of the British Government towards the native princes and chiefs, with not a few thoroughly native hits at English manners and customs. * * * The story is a capital one, and ought to prove quite an attraction to all readers of the *Orient*, for the long life and prosperity of which periodical we will conclude by expressing our best wishes.—*Madras Native Opinion*, July 20, 1881.

THE seventh number of the *Orient* well sustains the reputation the magazine has acquired. The present number contains the commencement of a tale by "a Hindoo gentleman of much learning and repute," which is described as "an Indian serial story of exceeding interest and originality." The title of the tale is "The Chief of Dhume." The first two chapters purport to give a description of the life and feelings of an independent native Prince but with a Political Agent to look after him.—*Bombay Gazette*.

"THE ORIENT."—The July number of this popular magazine begins with an Indian serial story, "The Chief of Dhume," which will be continued through many issues, and is the production of a Hindu gentleman, who writes in a skilful and interesting manner on Indian life and customs. The other articles, not less than twenty in number, are as varied, interesting, and instructive as usual, and a tastefully executed lithograph illustrates the description of "The Towers of Silence." We have not the least doubt that under its distinguished editorial management *The Orient* will continue to prosper, and will soon command a very large subscription list, not only in India, but also in other parts of the world.—*Bombay Native Opinion*.

THE *Orient*, we see, is already vindicating its existence and the title it has taken to itself. "The Chief of Dhume" promises to be a first-rate little serial, and read between the lines is remarkable more for what it does not say than for what it does. What it says, however, is worth hearing. It is a genuine story, told by a genuine man, with a simplicity, point, and idiomatic grace extremely rare in a Hindu writer. We shall watch the progress of the story with very great interest.—*Indian Spectator*.

THE contents of the July number of this interesting monthly are both varied and readable. We are glad to see that Miss Bates is fast securing a good number of useful contributors. The present number begins an Indian serial story, styled "The Chief of Dhume," and throwing valuable light on the habits and customs which prevail in the courts and palaces of the native chiefs. There is a continuation in the present number of the very useful articles on the Parsee Towers of Silence.—*Indu Prakash*.

THIS periodical is replete with readable and interesting matter, and reflects much credit on the able editor. The present number, among other articles, contains an admirable tale, "The Chief of Dhume," of which the first two chapters only have yet appeared. Stern facts, gleaned from the eventful and miserable career of most of our native chiefs and princes, have been strung together, so to speak, and narrated in story form. The sixth instalment of "The Towers of Silence," which is set off with an illustration, surpasses others in vividness of description. "Quotations and criticisms" is a literary article of exceptional merit. We wish a long career to the useful monthly.—*Liberty*.

N. V. K.—The recipe is not from the compiler you mention, and was in all essential particulars public property before his time.

ERRATUM.—In the July number of the *Orient*, first chapter of "The Chief of Dhume," for *square miles* read *miles square*.

The Office of the "ORIENT" is No. 2, Girgaum Back Road, opposite the bungalow of the late Hon. Morarjee Gokuldas.

"THE ORIENT."

AUGUST NUMBER.

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The Orient,

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No. 9.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

Vol. I.

THE CHIEF OF DHUME.

By SHIVAJI.

[CONTINUED FROM No. VIII.]

CHAPTER V.

THE PLANS OF THE SHASTRI.

THE Shástri expressed great joy, which I could not at first understand, and until he showed me a letter from a friend of his I thought that he had a practical proposal to make. The letter was worded as follows:—“Most learned friend, star of knowledge, adorned with wisdom, and image of the Vedas and Shástrás. I bow to you and prostrate before you lie eight times touching the ground. I am an humble disciple, and I write something particular. I left my house four months ago. Since then I have been on my annual tour of begging (literally, being patronized), and I have visited my important towns beyond Narmadá. I have never forgotten the commission you have entrusted to me, and have seen many young rich Sardars, but only the Chief of Ramapura suits Tára, the granddaughter of the Maharaj of Dhume. His appearance is comely, his estate is not encumbered, his father is known for his great administrative power, and is a favorite of the Political Agent of the territory. The young Chief is twenty-two and intelligent, and the family belongs to a clan that can be called in wedlock to the Maharaja. I send you a copy of the horoscope. Nothing more to write. Show me your usual kindness is the prayer of —.”

I was gratified that Tára could be married now, for she was already fourteen, and her beauty, which a rapid growth heightened, showed that she must be married as early as possible. I told the Shástri that he should go to Ramapura in person and, accompanied by the Minister, make inquiries. No sooner was this said than the Minister answered that he was prepared to leave Dhume immediately. “There is,” said he, “no errand so important as negotiations for the marriage of our beloved Tára. I know where Ramapura is. When young I remember to have seen the Chief himself. I know the person is unmarried, and the wonder is that I should never

have thought of this. I believe that one of the ancestors of the Chief was connected with the Mahárajá's family on the mother's side, and I think no amount of money should be spared to consummate an alliance with this family. But I see Tárá and her mother come."

"Jamna," said I, "how would you like the young Chief of Ramapura beyond the Narmadá to be proposed for our Tárá?" Jamna sighed and replied, "I feel that a heavy weight is attached to my neck. It will be removed as soon as Tárá is given away. I know nothing about the Ramapura family. I will ask, I will beseech the big Vahini Saheb to tell us if she knows anything about it." My worthy wife just at this juncture came in. All plans were explained to her by Jamna, when she said that she knew the family, that she approved of the proposal, but that millions of money would be required, because the Chief of Ramapura was rich, and the Lady Ramapura would exact a large dowry in addition to the marriage perquisites. Addressing me she said: "You will be able to overcome this difficulty. Your political wisdom will remove every obstacle in the way, you boast of being able to turn all circumstances to account and to make capital out of an enemy." She counted a few beads on her rosary and sedately observed, "As is the stock of accumulated activity, such is its result. The activity is inherited and its fruit must be like it. We can only give birth to a child, but cannot give it a particle of this activity, which is unborn. Now is the time to know what Tárá stored up in her former lives." I listened to this serious discourse attentively, but I differed essentially from my worthy wife. I said: "True, this accumulated merit cannot be inherited, but it bears fruit according as it is watered, and so is often modified by activity in this life. I will, therefore, use my political cunning, and by managing our affairs diplomatically make a decent appearance, and remove the difficulty of money in the way of the settlement of the marriage of Tárá." Turning to the Minister, I said: "Do not say anything as to our power of making a dowry or of paying the marriage perquisites; say to the Chief of Ramapura that we are determined to give our daughter to his good son, and that I would do anything to gratify him, and if he sends an agent to me all details about the dowry and other matters will be settled in Dhume. Say this, however, when you are satisfied about the wealth of Ramapura, and the intelligence, appearance and health of the young Chief." The Shástri and the Minister promised to carry out carefully my instructions. Both of them consulted the calendar and fixed upon an auspicious day for departure. I said to my wife: "I will prevail upon the agent of the Chief of Ramapura. I will induce him to accept our Tárá. Pecuniary gratification is the grease which the car of politics requires. What cannot money accomplish?" My good wife smiled and said that when destiny—our accumulated activity—is unfavor-

able all politics must fail. I said that human success rides on a two-wheeled carriage—destiny is a wheel as well as our diligence and practical sense. The latter, however, keeps the former going even when it is broken. At this mysterious conversation Jamna was a little astonished, but Tárá said: “Papa, why do you not cure my brother, our small Mahárajá? He is rather eccentric and is sometimes violent. You see he is coming, and his eyes are red.” No sooner was this said than he stepped in and said: “I have vowed to drink the blood of the Chitnis. The dog! He once cast an evil eye upon my wife.” At this Jamna blushed and retired, and Ratna followed her. Putaláji said, “Though our small Mahárajá—Pratáp—is also violent, he always gives me crackers to fire, and there is none so affectionate as he. They say that there will be a great deal of fireworks when our Tárá is married. Oh, there will be such fun!” I moralized to my wife upon this: “You see, my beloved gold-piece, every one looks at what he sees from his own point of view.” My wife said, “So far true, the point of view is determined by his destiny, his accumulated activity or impetus.” I said, “No, it is determined by his age, circumstances, his social position, and pre-eminently by his education.” “No,” said she, “education itself is determined by his circumstances, which are determined by his destiny. See how well Arjun is educated. How beautiful, how amiable, and how prepossessing he is! But he cannot be selected as the bridegroom, because we do not know his family and his clan. This is his destiny.” Tárá understood what was said. She smiled and her silence expressed approval, but soon she boldly said, “Papa, is not one’s clan and family known from his appearance? Beauty and intelligence denote a high and worthy clan.” “No, child,” said I, “politics in the matter of clan and family fail. Clanship is inherited.” My wife triumphantly said, “You are once at least overcome. You recognize the power of destiny.” I was silent, because I felt the power of her argument. A series of reminiscences of my failures crowded my mind. All diplomatic wisdom and foresight often fails. It is true that we can explain our failures. Yes, we often say if we had not done this or that our failure would have been prevented. But an event has already come to pass. What is the use of an after-thought? A chill came over my mind. It was increased by the difficulties I had already encountered in the matter of Tárá’s marriage. So many bridegrooms were selected. They all disappointed us; some unforeseen difficulty cropped up. The marriage negotiations were broken off, but I mustered courage, and said to myself: “Now Tárá will be married to the young Chief of Ramapura.” The last words were audibly pronounced. Tárá, at this, asked me in confidence who Arjun was, and if he was already married. As I fondled Tárá and was often familiar with her, she at times boldly overcame her natural

modesty. He said: "Tará, Arjun would be a suitable husband for you but for his unknown clan. He is unmarried." Pratáp at this loudly exclaimed: "Arjun is a nice bridegroom, he always plays with me and teaches me athletic dodges; he is well versed in gymnastics. Besides, they say that Tará will go away when she is married. But if she is married to Arjun she will not go away. If she leaves us, who will kiss me, feed me, and play with me?" Surrounded by Tará and Jamna and talking to my wife, I felt that I was extremely happy, and that on the whole my politics often helped me.

CHAPTER VI.

One day the veranda was adorned, before it the servants had sprinkled water, laid the dust, cooled the air, and scattered rose flowers, which perfumed the air agreeably and softly. An elephant, trained to toss up a cocoanut high into the air with his proboscis and then break it when falling on one of his tusks, sported before me to the amusement of all my courtiers. Behind me in the gallery, my wife, Jamna, Tará, and the children sat on soft cushions witnessing the movements of the huge elephant. In another part of the open space in front of the veranda two rams butted against each other. Each time they struck their heads together the spectators shouted. On the veranda itself a party of courtiers played at chess. On a large sofa I reclined at ease. Putaláji stood before me. "Ah!" said I, "Ratna is incapable of all this enjoyment. He delights in hunting tigers, and takes pleasure in going up and down strong hills and rocky ways, preferring toil and fatigue to the soft, agreeable, and soothing luxuries of the palace. Yet Jamna is exceedingly devoted to him, and his son is attached to him and loves him. I do not understand how this is—how a rough sportsman, given to wild pursuits, inspires his romantic wife and lovely child with affection!" Putaláji promptly replied: "King, I accompanied Ratna some days ago on an excursion into the neighbourhood. It was a day when a dinner was arranged in the wilds, and when the Avali-plant was worshiped, as is customary among us. Jamna, Tará, Pratáp, Arjun, and myself witnessed how Ratna admires Nature, how he enjoys the company of his devoted wife and beloved child, and contrives the means of enjoying domestic life. If your highness permits me I will describe the excursion and the pleasure it elicited." "Go on, Putaláji," cried I. He continued: "The temple of Shiva, about five miles up the river, is romantically situated at the foot of a hill on which there is a charming tank fringed with thickets and plants, with birds perpetually singing, and from which the eye commands a view of the distant forests where Ratna often hunts. The ascent to the top of this hill is gradual and easy. Ratna took

the hand of his wife, Tárá talked with Arjun, and I followed them. 'Well,' said Ratna, 'you see how nice these wild flowers are.' He then plucked a flower of variegated hue and inserted it himself in Jamna's braid of hair near the pearl ornament at the crown of the head. He said, 'My Tárá unadorned by a flower looks nice. She is beauty herself,' and then turning to his wife observed: 'Elderly ladies prefer artificial ornaments to mere flowers, but this flower is more beautiful than the pearl ornament.' Meantime Jamna perspired from the fatigue of ascending. He wiped her face and asked her to sit down. 'Arjun,' he said, 'you are really a beautiful youth. How would you like Tárá to be yours?' Arjun bowed and said: 'Lord, I am a servant of Rámábhan, who has permitted me to accompany you at the request of your good wife. You jest, for a poor boy like myself cannot aspire to the hand of an angel like Tárá.' Jamna upon this said: 'Arjun, you are an angel. Your soft accents are music itself, your courtesy discovers you to be a nobleman, your amiability is unsurpassed, but what your clan may be we do not know. This is our only difficulty, or Tárá would be yours to-morrow. Pray tell us what your clan (*gotra*) is?' 'Madam,' said he, 'I am a poor Brahmana boy.' She smiled and said: 'A poor Brahmana has a clan surely. Say that you do not know what your clan is.' 'Madam,' replied he, 'I was separated from my parents when a child. I do not know it.' At this ignorance, so gracefully revealed, every one of us laughed. The cheeks of Arjun were suffused with blushes. Ratna intervened and said: 'If you are poor we can make you rich. We can settle upon you an estate and you will stay with us. Why do you conceal your clan? Every Brahmana youth of your age ought to know it. Don't you go through your daily oblations? What is your second name—your sacred name?' 'Sire,' said Arjun, 'a Brahmana preceptor has given me a sacred name which cannot be a clue to my clan. I go through my oblations as a formality.' Tárá saw the difficulty and looked puzzled. She went up to her mother and whispered into her ear something. Jamna smiled and kissed her. She asked Ratna to leave the place and walk up to the top of the hill. Tárá felt thirsty, and as soon as this was known to Arjun he ran to a mountain stream and fetched water in a moment. Ratna lifted up the silver vessel and helped Tárá in relieving her thirst, and then taking the water in the hollow of his hand threw it on the bosom of Jamna, who smiled and stood up and took the hand of her lord. In an hour we went to the brink of the tank on the hill. The breeze was soft, cool, and fragrant. 'Let us sit down for a while here,' said Ratna. Jamna and Tárá sat before him, and Arjun and I stood behind him. 'My love,' said he to Jamna, 'you see how the fish in the water frolic, they enjoy life as we do. See the two fishes pursuing each other. A male fish entreats a female fish to forgive him and

to talk with him perhaps.' In the mean time Tárá had gone into the shady thicket, and Arjun and I followed her to see that she was not hurt in any way. I overheard Jamna say : ' Lord, your conversation is very pleasant, but a fish cannot talk.' ' Well,' said he, ' it is the vanity of man makes him think so ; all Nature is full of love and the pleasure it inspires.' This said, he looked into the face of Jamna, and touched her lip. Tárá caught a butterfly and ran to her mother to show it, when Ratna said : ' Dear girl, you do not know what you have done. Perhaps you have separated a female butterfly from her mate. Let her go.' Tárá blushed and let the butterfly go. In this way an hour was passed. We all then came down the hill. It was about eleven in the morning. Behind the temple a purling stream forms a small reservoir where the water is so clear that the red sand is seen. Jamna and Tárá went to bathe together ; the Brahmana pronounced sacred mantras or verses. Ratna himself poured a little water on Tárá, and Jamna assisted him. Arjun stood on the bank with the clothes of Tárá in his hand. When Tárá came she lovingly said : ' It is Arjun's duty to clothe me, though I am fed by my parents.' Arjun smiled, and Jamna at this made a sign to Ratna. He said : ' My love, I clothe you, feed you, and now bathe you.' So saying he threw a little water which fell in a shower upon the face of Jamna. In the mean time the dinner was prepared. Arjun served the dishes. Jamna said to Tárá : ' My dear girl, you see Arjun feeds you and us.' Tárá understood what was said, and a subtle smile heightened the beauty of her features. She thought for a time and remarked : ' The food he offers is most pleasant and sweet, even though we are in a wilderness.' Ratna looked at his daughter and observed : ' My love, you see how intelligent and subtly humorous our Tárá is. She is prepared to follow Arjun, even if he should be a poor wanderer in a wilderness.' Jamna said : ' He deserves the devotion of Tárá. His personal beauty, which is unsurpassed, is cast into the shade by his noble bearing, amiability, and generosity.' At this Arjun said : ' I consider myself happy when I serve you. It is my good fortune to bear the clothes of Tárá, and to offer the food on these dishes. May I be permitted to do so for life !' And hearing him every one of us was gratified with his noble wit and sense.

"After dinner, Ratna sat down under a tree, Jamná prepared the *pán-supari*, and Tárá assisted her mother. ' Oh,' said I, ' my lord, his highness your worthy father always complains that Ratna does not know what domestic happiness is, and that you do not take any interest in the administration of Dhume. But I think such a complaint is totally unfounded.' At these words, humbly uttered by a privileged servant like myself, Ratna most soberly remarked : ' There is a variety of characters in the world. Some are high-minded and are ambitious, some love drudgery and

are content with the circumstances in which they are placed. No man can be happy and satisfied till he has attained to the condition which suits his temperament. So long as external circumstances, and conditions are not in adequate keeping with the condition of his mind he is constantly irritated : he appears eccentric to the world. Whatever he says or does seem to be out of joint with the customs of the world. My mind is irritable. I am dissatisfied with the circumstances of my life. To be constantly worrying myself with the petty matters which the Political forces on our attention, to be sitting in a Court, and working into files of papers, and then to state the judgment, to go through the details of revenue business—all these would be death to me. I should like to organize an army, to lead it against an enemy, and by bravery in the battle-field to demonstrate my loyalty to the British rule—all this suits me. But, unlike the Mogul emperors, our British rulers look upon us with suspicion, and watch our movements. We are most carefully shut out from a military career and all martial glory. This is simply wretched. The Political Agent advises me to attend his Court to learn judicial business, that when I work like a Judge I may be snubbed by his clerks. It is not the business of Princes to be Collectors and Judges. This business our British rulers seek to do. Hence everything is out of joint, and there is no room for us. I believe our circumstances are eccentric rather than ourselves.' When this speech, so intelligently and eloquently pronounced, was finished, I found that Ratna was moved, and that tears had started into his eyes. At this Jamna was affected, and Tárá and Arjun sympathised with them. Jamna softly and modestly attempted to soothe her husband, and proposed that they should ride together. Ratna exclaimed it was a nice proposal. Tárá mounted a horse, and a horse was given to Arjun, who was asked to ride by the side of Tárá. Another horse was given to me and I was asked to ride in advance and to take care of the whole party. As there were only four horses, Jamna had no horse ; upon this Ratna said : ' My love, come ; we two will mount the same horse.' Ratna mounted his horse and took Jamna before him. Ratna looked at Arjun and said, ' My boy, take care of Tárá, and, my girl, do as Arjun bids you.' ' We will,' said the two together. Then Arjun said, ' I will take care of my charge.' Tárá said, ' I will obey my guide.' And this conversation pleased us. I said : ' Go on, Putaláji, go on. Your description is really pleasant. I have discovered that my son is a treasure.' My wife, who had heard all that Putaláji said, exclaimed : ' Yes, Ratna is a treasure. His subtle humor and his political insight are really admirable.' I asked Putaláji to continue his description, and he began thus : ' Ratna rode fast and Jamna was alarmed when he said, ' My love, why are you alarmed when I take care of you? ' "

Then suddenly we were interrupted; a noise was heard at the entrance of the open space, a servant ran up to me and declared : "Ratna is brought in a palanquin back from his hunting excursion. He is dangerously ill." All our amusements were stopped at once. Jamna came down from the gallery. My wife began to weep. Tárá was confounded. My Minister ran to the palanquin. Ratna was taken into a room of the palace. He was insensible, a death-like pallor had settled on his face. His eyes were dimmed. He looked like death. Medical aid was immediately secured. For two hours his malady resisted all remedies. We were extremely sorry. My wife wept bitterly and cursed her destiny, saying that this was the first time that she had known grief, and that she was too old to bear it. Jamna did not stir from the place where she sat. From grief she was motionless, and her daughter hung about her neck, shed tears and entreated her to say a word. Arjun was prompt in going to aid in trying the remedies proposed. I thanked Rámábháu for sparing us the services of such an intelligent and active young man. He was now extremely useful. I sat by the bed of Ratna and watched the symptoms of his malady, and naturally felt that it was more painful to watch a sick man than to be sick oneself. Poor Ratna ! all his tall talk was over. His eyes closed, he lay senseless. The servants wept bitterly as they bestirred themselves and attempted to do what they could to relieve my son. He came to his senses in three hours and I rewarded the court physician. My wife felt encouraged and began to breathe more easily. Jamna gently moved from her place, and assisted by Tárá came to the bedside.

Ratna continued in this state for some days, not uttering a single word, and sometimes shaking in all his limbs as if in convulsions, and sometimes lying quiet as if insensible. Though he was out of danger, yet the cure was long delayed. At last he became mad and often violent. The court physician did what he could, but Ratna continued mad and months passed away.

When I inquired what the cause of his sudden illness was, a servant told me that when Ratna entered the forest, preserved as the royal hunting ground, he saw the Political Agent and an Englishman already pursuing a tiger. Ratna overtook them and joined them. The two Englishmen and Ratna fired at the tiger at the same time, and the tiger was brought down. All three approached, and the Political Agent said that he had killed the animal. Ratna pointed to the wound and said that his bullet had made it, because it exactly fitted the wound. All present agreed in what Ratna said. The tiger was really killed by him. The bullets of the Englishmen did not touch the animal at all. The measurements of the bores of their guns were taken, and it was proved that Ratna had successfully fired. At this the Political Agent was enraged. Ratna was insulted by a

horseman of the Agency, who said that Brâhmanaraja should give way, and that Brahmanas were imbecile. Upon this Ratna was irritated beyond measure. In a few minutes he became speechless and insensible; when he was put in a palanquin and brought to the palace, I said to myself: "Now-a-days there is no room for high-mindedness, and even poor horsemen take liberties with kings—kings whom they should serve. The times are altered. All power and prestige is gone. What wonder if we are insulted? But it is really foolish in my son to give way to irritability to this extent." I took heart, and asked Jamna and Arjun not to stir from the palace, and to soothe him when he got violent. Thus months passed away. The happiness of which I had boasted was disturbed by the madness of Ratna. But in time we became reconciled to it. My wife resumed her cheerfulness, and began to perform her religious rites. The Minister talked of politics. Jamna tried to entertain and soothe her husband, and once more to talk of the marriage of Tára.

(To be continued.)

ADVICE.

"I must do as you do?"—Your way, I own,
Is a very good way; and still
There are sometimes two straight roads to a town—
One over, one under the hill.

You are treading the safe and well-worn way
That the prudent choose each time,
And you think me reckless and rash to-day
Because I prefer to climb.

Your path is the right one, and so is mine,
We are not like peas in a pod,
Compelled to lie in a certain line
Or else be scattered abroad.

'Twere a dull old world, methinks, my friend,
If we all went just one way,
Yet our paths will meet no doubt at the end,
Though they lead apart to-day.

You like the shade and I like the sun;
You like an even pace;
I like to mix with the throng and run,
And then rest after the race.

I like danger and storm and strife;
You like a peaceful time;
I like the passion and surge of life;
You like its gentle rhyme.

You like buttercups, dewy sweet,
And crocuses, framed in snow;
I like the roses, born of the heat,
And the red carnations' glow.

I must live my life, not yours, my friend,
For so it was written down;
We must follow our given paths to the end,
But I trust we shall meet—in town.

ELLA WHEELER.

EMILE ZOLA thinks Dickens a good story-teller and nothing more. His admiration for George Eliot is unbounded. He pronounces her greatly superior to George Sand, and for wonderful perfection of phrase and reality of description compares her to Gustave Flaubert. Thackeray he admires, but considers his style too thoroughly English to be perfectly appreciated by a foreigner.

ANALYSIS reveals the fact that elephants' milk is as rich in nutritive qualities as it is pleasant and delicate in flavor. But milking the elephant, unless she accords her full and free consent, must be an operation of difficulty and danger, and that is perhaps one of the reasons why so little use has hitherto been made of the milk.

A FIERY ORDEAL.

A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

(Written expressly for the "ORIENT.")

CONTINUED FROM NO. VIII.

CHAPTER XXV.

LESS than a month after Mme. D'Allaire received such unexpected news of her cousin, the sisters sat alone in their little apartment, and discussed their plans for the future. It was known by this time that Paris might be exposed to a siege, and as Valentine had lost her situation Aimée was urging her to seek employment and safety in England.

"Is it likely," objected Valentine, "that I should be willing to leave you here alone, and go selfishly away to England? No, I can understand your unwillingness to leave Paris, and since you stay I stay too. Why, Mme. Lecompte told me, only yesterday, of a lady who wants a companion and amanuensis, one who is proficient in both French and English. I shall go to see her this very afternoon, and after all there may be no siege, it may prove a false alarm."

"Don't flatter yourself too much about its being a false alarm. The Bois de Boulogne is already full of cattle, and that shows the Government is sincere for once, however much the people may have been deceived in regard to the disasters to the army."

Day after day Aimée had hoped for the news of some real amendment in the invalid, and had as regularly been disappointed. She would hear sometimes that he had passed a better night, only to learn on the morrow that he was suffering severely from the nerves, and never once had the slightest hope been held out that he was about to rise from his sick-bed, and the effect of the continued anxiety on Aimée could be discerned in her colorless cheek and listless manner. To-day she was hoping a fuller account, for Mme. Martin, who had, until now, only been out since her widowhood to visit Montmartre and the church, had promised to go to the Rue de Seine, and gather all the information she could.

"*Voyons*, do cheer up," said Valentine, answering a sigh from her sister. "Maman Marie may be here in an hour or two with good news, and I have managed so well about breakfast. You know she is fond of *lapin sauté*, and my cookery already begins to smell good;" and she cast a triumphant glance at the little earthen stove outside in the gutter.

Aimée's interest in the preparations for lunch did not appear to be great, but Valentine continued, "I bought some Rochfort, too, that is her favorite cheese, and you must mix the salad, for you do it better than I

"Yes," said Aimée languidly; she was lounging in her usual chair by the window, and appeared more interested in watching the clouds sailing across the sky than in anything else.

"Won't you read to me?" asked Valentine.

"I can't, Titine."

"Well, sew, then. Alter that dress you wore yesterday and which fits you so badly," suggested her sister.

"I must get some more material first."

"Do something else, then."

"There is nothing else that requires doing."

"Oh yes, there are lots of things," said Titine, who in the intervals between her culinary cares was sewing diligently, and fancied occupation would relieve her sister's suspense. "Suppose you cover poor mamma's old pincushion. I have a beautiful piece of green brocade that would just do, and it is shame to see it in that neglected state."

"If I change the cover there will be little of the original pincushion left," objected Aimée.

"But you need only re-cover it, though if I were you I would add a little more stuffing to make it firmer," continued Valentine, simulating extraordinary interest in the poor old cushion, which she had already deposited with the brocade, needle, thread, and scissors, on her sister's lap.

"But I have no sawdust to add," said Aimée apathetically.

"That does not matter. Turn all the stuffing out and put some rag under the sawdust next to the leaden bottom. I am sure if you do turn it out you will be rewarded by finding at best a score of buried needles."

"Which will be rusty and consequently useless."

"Perhaps not; at any rate I want to see how many there are," answered Titine, returning to her stove as soon as she saw her sister fairly engaged in cutting the stitches. A few minutes later Aimée asked for rags and an old newspaper, and Valentine kneeling by her side watched her turn out the stuffing of the cushion. "There," she exclaimed, "I know there are twenty of them, and you see there was already paper at the bottom."

Aimée left to her sister the task of collecting and counting the scattered needles. She was examining a little scrap of writing on one of the papers that had fallen out with the sawdust. "Look, Titine," she said at last.

Valentine saw written in faded ink "Mrs. Albert Harrison," and above the name the word "paid." "I see," she said. "One of the names is the same as ours."

"I should not wonder if they are both ours," said Aimée. "It is strange I never thought of it before, but it has just come back to me all at once that when I was a little child some of mamma's linen was marked 'A. H.'"

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, and it seems probable that Albert was our father's first name. I wonder if there are many children who know as little about their father as we do. You remember how ill and agitated it made mamma once when I tried to question her about him?"

"Perfectly, and it is the remembrance of that that made me willing to remain in ignorance of who and what he was. It seemed like sacrilege to try to discover what she was so careful to keep from us."

"And yet," said Aimée, "I know there could be no shame in her secret. She was so proud and firm, and you know we both agree in supposing that she would have told us something if she had been aware of her coming death."

The sisters had forgotten cushion, needles, and cooking, and were talking together eagerly enough now; in both hearts the long repressed desire to know more of their parentage was fully awakened, and though they as yet formed no definite schemes to gratify this desire, it was there, ready to seize on every opportunity, and would certainly slumber no more.

"You are sure," asked Titine, who was sitting on the floor, and resting her fair head on the arm which lay across Aimée's knee, "that you can call nothing to mind of the time when we lived in London?"

"How should I? Why, mamma has told us many times that I was only eighteen months old when we came here. It is strange she never said our father was dead—only forbade us to mention him. Supposing he should be still living, old and poor perhaps, we could take care of him."

"Ah, if he had been only poor there would have been no separation between him and mamma! No, Aimée, I have always felt there was some fault or crime, and when my playmates boasted of their fathers I would go away to avoid hearing them. Depend on it, no trifle separated our mother from her husband."

Aimée was so deep in thought that she hardly heard the remark. She was balancing probabilities, and bringing all the weight of her slight experience to solve the problem which occupied her. She saw before her again a pale sad face, in which deep lines were worn, as much by overwork as by some ever-present sorrow. She strove in vain to recall one occasion on which her mother had spoken of her husband, and while her strong filial reverence and affection forbade a shadow of blame to rest on the parent she had known, she could not but acknowledge the possible presence of an irregularity, which might form another obstacle between herself and Maxime. She remembered in support of her fears a certain Mme. Jérôme who had come to live with her little son in the same house with them, and of whom she had overheard a sneering neighbor remark that when a lady took only the first name of her husband it was doubtful if the *extrait de mariage* would be forthcoming if it were called for.

"Well," said Valentine, tired of watching her sister in silence, "I am afraid our father, whoever he was, must have been greatly in the wrong."

"Don't let us condemn him unheard," answered Valentine, "but rather set on foot some quiet inquiries in England. Our position is already so strange that I do not despair of some still more romantic incidents turning up, and proving that after all no one has been to blame."

"At any rate," said Aimée, "we shall never by so much as an ungrateful thought reproach her whose life was one long series of toil and sacrifice for us."

"Never," responded Valentine heartily. Neither of Mme. Albert's daughters remembered now that she had sometimes been a little hard and stern in exacting obedience, even to her unspoken wishes, and had kept her children far from her when they both believed themselves old enough to comfort and sustain her, and earnestly desired to do so.

No other scrap of writing was found in the pincushion, and Aimée resumed her sewing, and Titine her preparations for breakfast, keeping meanwhile a watchful eye on the window. Presently she discerned Mme. Martin's black bonnet coming round the corner of the street, and rose hastily to go out.

"Where are you going?" asked Aimée.

"Only to see if the eleven o'clock post brought anything for us."

"The *conciérge* was on the landing five minutes ago. If there had been any letters she would have brought them up," said Aimée; but Valentine was already halfway down the first flight, her real object in descending being to meet Mme. Martin, and to warn her to hide any bad news or ill impression she might have received, until Aimée had breakfasted.

Mme. Martin readily promised, and Titine was delighted to see that in spite of Aimée's questions she had tact enough to keep her word.

"His appetite and spirits are good, and the doctors are well satisfied; that is the gist of my interview with the *conciérge*, which was but short, for she was called away, but you shall have it all word for word, as soon as I am a little cooler and have tasted Valentine's cooking," said Mme. Martin as she laid aside her bonnet and shawl, and revealed a furrowed face, and locks that looked thinner and grayer than they had ever done before.

"Come, Maman Marie," said Aimée, putting her arm round her, and feeling more touched by these silent signs of suffering than she had ever been by her foster-mother's complaints, "come and wash your face and hands, it will refresh you, and make you feel more like eating a good breakfast, and unless you do Titine will be bitterly disappointed." The unspoken sympathy called the tears to poor Mme. Martin's eyes, but she brushed them away. They were no longer with her the sign of a sentimental and morbid indulgence in slight or imaginary grief, but the ex-

pression of a sorrow which lay always there, a painful load that she would fain forget for a moment if possible.

"And how is *grandpère*?" asked Valentine, as having served her companions she placed a *bouillotte* of water over the little stove outside, that it might be boiling by the time the *café noir* was required.

"And Tony?" added Aimée.

"Both are well, and *grandpère* bears up wonderfully, but it breaks his heart, as it does mine, every meal we come to, to see Martin's empty place on one side of the square table, which we four just filled. Tony wanted to bring down the round one that is in my room, but I would not let him, for it seems like trying to forget poor Martin, and God knows I would be glad enough to go to him if only Tony had a good wife who would take care of grandfather."

"Maman Marie, what do you think of my stew?" interrupted Titine abruptly.

"Excellent," answered Mme. Martin, who refused to be turned from her subject. "Tony would not be a bad *parti*, and we intend to give up the *loge*, and buy him an *étude d'avoué*, as soon as things are a little more settled. Grandfather has money of his own, and inherited a good deal more from his brother Thomas, and between us we can do it and still leave enough to keep us till the end of our days—grandfather and me. Tony has been a good son, and will make an excellent husband and father, especially if he gains the wife he has set his heart on," said Mme. Martin, fancying she was delicately sounding her foster-daughters.

"Tony would be vexed if he thought you wished him to marry so soon after his father's death," remarked Aimée, coming to her sister's aid, and well aware that Valentine had no desire to marry poor Tony, whom she was yet loth to disappoint while he was still laboring under a heavy and recent grief.

Mme. Martin was a little vexed that her advances were not more readily met. Her son's marriage, and the possession of the daughter-in-law she desired, was the only bright spot she saw lying before her in the dreary future. She fancied that Martin's grandchildren would in some sort soothe her grief for his loss, especially if they were the children of the little girl he had loved so well. She told herself too that even if there were some slight difference in social position, Valentine, who earned her daily bread, and might be a little embarrassed if any one questioned her about her father, ought to be contented with a husband who was rich, tolerably educated, and just as perfect as a mother usually imagines her only son to be. She had, however, said enough to reveal her wishes on the subject, and was quite ready to allow the conversation to take another turn.

"I suppose you never found the paper, or whatever it was, that poor M. Martin wished to show us?" asked Aimée.

"Never."

"It could not have been anything of consequence."

"*Pardon*, Tony thought his father attached great importance to it, and he has made a thorough search for it, but entirely without avail."

The sisters looked at each other. They were both inclined to ask themselves if the paper, to which an unexpected importance was now given, had not something to do with the subject that had preoccupied them before Mme. Martin's arrival, and if it might not be a clue to the mystery they were so anxious to unravel. Mme. Martin, however, in spite of their sincere affection for her, was not the sort of person to whom they would have chosen to confide their perplexities.

The meal was hardly over when Aimée, who had waited its conclusion with impatience, called on Mme. Martin to give her the particulars of her visit to the Rue de Seine, while Valentine listened in dread for the bad news which she knew was coming, colored by Mme. Martin's usual gloomy views, and laid her hand on her sister's shoulder, resolved to weaken by her sympathy or incredulity the effect of the communication.

"*Franchement, ma pauvre enfant*," said Mme. Martin, looking with pitying eyes on Aimée, "you would do well to set your heart as little as possible on this young man, and to remember that a little girl beautiful and good as you are cannot fail to find, sooner or later, a good husband. The *concierge* seems to think there is little or no hope for your friend, and she appears to me an experienced mother of a family, well able to form an opinion."

Aimée said not a word, feeling instinctively that the best way to arrive at the truth was to allow Mme. Martin to tell her story in her own way, and Marie continued: "It is true the doctors do not give him up, but she thinks that is because they fear the effect on his mother, who is already desponding and in delicate health, rather than because they have any hope of saving him. The poor young man it seems is so much exhausted, and so weak and nervous, that he can hardly bear the rustling of a paper in his room or the touch of a hand on his bed, and he is liable to go off at any moment; but, my dear, you must not lose courage, you should remember that while there is life there is hope," she added, noticing Aimée's rigid face and compressed lips. Titine, frightened at the extent of a grief which she only half understood, had thrown her arms round her sister's neck and was sobbing aloud.

Mme. Martin felt she had said too much, and changing her views with marvellous rapidity expressed her opinion that the *concierge* might after all be an ignorant and inexperienced woman, there was no knowing, and finally broke down and cried in concert with Valentine.

CHAPTER XXVI.

When poor Marie had left, after confiding to them her conviction that the world was so full of sorrow and danger that it must be coming to an end, Aimée, still tearless and quiet, rose and began to dress quickly with an evident intention of going out.

"What are you going to do?" asked Titine, struck by the set look of resolution in her face.

"To see him again before he dies," she answered. Had Mme. Moreau been there, assuredly a pale still face she had seen long ago would have been recalled to her memory, for the strength of her despair gave Aimée a likeness to her mother which struck even Valentine, as she attempted a remonstrance that she felt would be in vain.

"His mother does not even know you. Under what pretext you possibly present yourself?" she asked.

"What is his mother to me? I must and will see him, and find out if they are doing all that is possible to save him. See him once before—before—"

She did not complete the phrase, and Titine, hoping she saw in her hesitation a sign of faltering, renewed her persuasions. "You will lose your good name. They will suspect all sorts of things that are not, and the sight of you may agitate and injure him."

"I shall not agitate him, and my good name was dear to me principally for his sake. If he dies what matters it what becomes of me?"

Valentine, persuaded that her intervention would be useless, had dressed herself with wonderful celerity, and putting on her hat as she went she closed their apartment behind her, and followed her sister down the stairs and into a *voiture*. Poor despairing Aimée was hardly aware of her presence at the time, but she remembered it gratefully in years to come, as one of those things that knitted her sister closer to her heart than the tie of blood alone could have done.

Arrived at their destination, with a brief "Pay the coachman and wait in or near St. Sulpice," Aimée drew her veil over her face and hastened up the staircase. She knew on which floor the apartment she sought was situated, and felt that she should have no difficulty in finding it. At the first floor, however, the *portière* stopped her to inquire where she was going. "Chez Mme. d'Allaire," she answered hurrying on. "Do you know where it is?" inquired the woman, anxious to obtain a glimpse of the visitor's face. "Yes, yes," said Aimée without turning round, every delay was to her a torture, and she rang the bell without pausing to consider in what way she should announce herself.

It so chanced that the little maid servant was absent, and Mme. D'Allaire herself opened the door, and revealed to Aimée a slight elderly

woman whose heavy eyes and swollen lids told of recent weeping. One moment Mme. D'Allaire read the shrinking anxious face before her, and then, obeying the impulse of her heart, she said, "You are Mlle. Albert?" and opened her arms to the motherless stranger who loved her dying son.

Aimée needed no second invitation, she warmly returned the embrace of her newly found friend, and wept at last, tears which, mingling as they did with those of Maxiine's mother, seemed to give her some relief. A few minutes later, when Mme. D'Allaire had led her visitor into the little *salon* and seated herself on the couch beside her, Aimée raised her swimming eyes, and, as the only excuse for her presence, said simply, "They told me he was dying."

"No, my poor child, he is little if any worse than he was yesterday, and he is not supposed to be in danger of death either to-day or to-morrow, but of his ultimate recovery, unless God interposes in a special manner, I have very little hope. Join your prayers with mine, *chère enfant*, it is all we can do."

"And the doctors?" asked Aimée.

"M. Monnier, a man of great repute, whom I have called in, is evidently discouraged, but my son's friend, M. Grégoire, hopes still. He positively asserts that the lungs are still sound."

"Does he suffer much, madame?"

"There is no acute suffering, but he is a constant prey to the most distressing restlessness and weakness."

"Have the doctors no hope that he will soon be able to leave his bed?" she asked.

"Oh, he is far too weak to rise even for half an hour."

Aimée had spoken in subdued tones, as if even through the wall her voice could reach the invalid, who, his mother assured her, had dropped into a doze. It seemed to her like a dream to find herself once more under the same roof with Maximo, and sitting near Mme. D'Allaire, who was so much kinder than she had dared to hope --so kind indeed that Aimée felt emboldened to ask if she might see him.

"Not to-day," answered Mme. D'Allaire. "I must first ask M. Grégoire what would be the effect of agitation on Maxime in his weak state, but you may feel assured, my daughter, that I will refuse him now no gratification which he can safely enjoy. Come back to-morrow, and if Grégoire consents you shall see him. I promise this the more readily because I am not quite without hope that your presence may soothe him."

"You are weary and worn out with fatigue and watching," said Aimée. "*Chère madame*, by the kindness you have already shown me, let me help you to nurse and care for him."

"A young girl cannot watch by a young man's sick-bed, it would be improper," answered Mme. D'Allaire, a little shocked by the proposal.

"At what hour to-morrow will you allow me to come?" asked Aimée, who did not renounce her point, but saw it would be imprudent to press it at present. She must first twine herself around the heart of this woman, whom she already felt inclined to love, and the rest would be easy.

"I shall see M. Grégoire to-night, come at ten in the morning," she said, as Aimée, resolved not to wear out her welcome, rose to go. "God bless you, madame," she said, "for your indulgent kindness to me. I shall never, never forget it." Mme. D'Allaire responded by another embrace, and Aimée descended the stairs with a lighter heart than she had mounted them, and told her story to the wondering Valentine.

Youth ignores almost always its great power over the heart of age. A little deference, a little real respect and affection, will generally win for young people the love of their elders. It would be well if their gray locks and bent forms appealed as strongly to youth as youth's bright strength does to them. Mme. D'Allaire really felt drawn to Aimée. There was something frank and sincere, at once affectionate and firm about her, which was unlike anything she had ever seen in the young girls she knew. Even as the clinging arms encircled her she had thought that Aimée might some day make her desolation less desolate, and love her for Maxime's sake. Something too in the stranger recalled Maxime, but she was more effusive and more tender than his mother believed him to be, and Aimée's pleading looks and caressing words returned continually to her mind during the rest of that day.

Still it is doubtful if she would have been willing to engage herself as far as she had done, if she had not considered her son's doom sealed, and thought that there could be no harm in giving all possible consolation to his last hours.

Aimée was not destined to be Mme. D'Allaire's only visitor that day, and she had hardly been gone ten minutes before the low sound of the muffled bell again called the lady of the house to the outer door. This time the arrival was M. Magloire, who came to give an account of the result of some inquiries which he had made at Mme. D'Allaire's request, with a view to the restoration of the lost certificate. The whole of the story of the poor unfortunate was known to him, and had called forth his ready sympathy. The family too, whose acquaintance he had made in such a strange manner, interested him, and at Mme. D'Allaire's request he had already paid several short visits to Maxime, who utterly abhorred and refused to see his mother's spiritual adviser, but gladly welcomed M. Magloire, Grégoire's friend and patient.

"He thinks he is going the wrong way, and he is ill, but I shall save him yet. The Church can't spare such men as he is," the sanguine young doctor was in the habit of saying, as he passed his hands through his curly locks and pushed them back from his ample brow.

"I bring you news, madame," said the priest when he had informed himself of the state of the sick man, "though not the address of Mme. Harrison."

"How shall I thank you, *mon père*, for all the trouble you have taken in this affair."

"My trouble has been very slight. I simply wrote to an old acquaintance of mine now settled in London, who, being on the spot, had little difficulty in obtaining information of a family so well known and high placed as the Harrisons."

"But I thought you said you had been unable to obtain the address."

"Of Mrs. Albert Harrison yes, for it seems she left her husband twenty years ago, no doubt at the very time she discovered his infidelity, and has never been heard of since. His family were not aware of his marriage until his death, which occurred some months since. He was wild and reckless, and sank into intemperate habits when his wife left him, which perhaps accounts for his having made no successful effort to discover her; for, being the mother of two little children, she is not supposed to have destroyed herself. The family know far less of the real motive for the separation than we do, and were at first inclined to doubt the legality of the marriage. Investigation has, however, placed that beyond dispute, and a search has already been set on foot in France to discover the wife and her two children."

"Strangest part of it all, Mr. Albert Harrison inherited just before his death a fortune of half a million, which goes to this poor woman and her children if they are alive, to M. Harrison *frère* if they are all dead. Think of it, half a million!" repeated the good priest, who saw in half a million of francs (only £20,000) something colossal, his simple way of life, and small means, out of which he was always trying to pinch an extra franc for the poor, having disposed him to narrow views on the subject of money.

"Yes," said Mme. D'Allaire, who also knew something of poverty, "it is a vast sum, especially when it comes suddenly to those who do not expect it."

"A great blessing, but a snare also," observed the priest gravely. Mme. D'Allaire thought she would like to risk the snare, and M. Magloire continued: "The affair has been placed in the hands of M. Paschard, 61, Rue Montorgeuil, and on my way here I entered his office. He was courteous, inclined to learn all he could from me, and able to give me little information in return. He has only just undertaken the researches, and with the aid of a reward of 1,000 francs which he is about to offer for information of Mme. Albert Harrison and her daughters, or satisfactory proof of their death, he is very confident of success, and believes that the failure of a previous advertisement which it seems the English lawyers inserted in

Galignani's Messenger was owing to no reward being promised, and I am inclined to think he is right."

"Then all we have to do is to wait patiently the result, and as the marriage is proved and acknowledged on every hand the certificate sinks into utter insignificance."

"Precisely. Can I be admitted to see our dear *malade* to-day?"

Mme. D'Allaire rose to ascertain if Maxime was awake, and the priest going to the cage which contained the pet bird pressed his face against the bars and whistled softly. He loved God, and all God's weak creatures, and as the little prisoner chirped and fluttered in response to his advances there passed before his mind a vision of the green fields, dewy glades, and ripe summer berries hidden among their leaves, from which the bird was for ever cut off. He saw the delicate wings dobarred from soaring amid the misty glories of the morning light, the free heart confined within the bars of a narrow cage, and he said softly, "How often do we men use our superior strength and wisdom to inflict a martyrdom on God's little ones! Father, forgive us, for we know not what we do!"

Comparatively few hours elapsed between Aimée's first and second visit to Mme. D'Allaire, yet those few hours were not uneventful. Valentino had seen Miss Wetherall, the lady who required a companion, and accepted the position offered her. She was to enter on her new duties at once, but had absolutely refused to begin her residence under Miss Wetherall's roof at present, though she had promised to do so before long. Valentino could not bear to be absent from Aimée if trouble was in store for her, and was not rich enough to feel justified in refusing the offer of employment; so she compromised the matter by agreeing to sleep at home and join Miss Wetherall every morning.

"What are your duties?" asked Aimée.

"I am to read, translate, and write for her, for it seems she is an authoress though she does not look like one, and her sight is failing rapidly, besides which her knowledge of French is very imperfect, and she frequently requires translations made."

"Does she impress you as a pleasant person to live with?"

Valentine shrugged her shoulders. "She appears good-natured, is highly respectable, and an authoress—that ought to be sufficient; besides she offers me a hundred francs a month, and board and lodging as soon as I am able or willing to accept them—not a position to be despised, you see, especially now such bad times may be coming. And now what had we better do about laying in a stock of provisions? According to Maman Marie, *grandpère* has insisted on their doing so, and he is not likely to take alarm without good cause, and of course the longer we wait the dearer things will be."

"Time enough for that," said Aimée, who was preparing for her visit and could give her mind to little else. "You are already provided for, and I shall not want much."

"Ah, *par exemple!* So you think I shall allow you to run the risk of starvation; besides I may lose my situation and have to come home at any moment. I wonder how long sieges generally last."

"The siege of Troy lasted ten years, and I can think of no other just now," responded Aimée apathetically.

Valentine determined to say no more until after Aimée's return. Her heart was heavy for more than one reason, and she found it difficult to keep up an appearance of her usual easy gaiety. Her sister and her country both lay under a heavy and portentous cloud; and her mind was filled with perplexity and self-reproach as she thought of her own position in regard to Tony. She must marry him without a shadow of love for him or desire for the connection, or grieve one who during the years of her childhood had been to her as a brother. There were but these two alternatives, and against the first Aimée, now fully aware of her sister's state of mind, exerted all her influence. It would be doing Tony no kindness, she urged, to marry him under such circumstances; and the act would be suicidal to Titine's happiness and peace of mind. No, if she had been to blame in not sooner and with more firmness discouraging his hopes, she could not and ought not to repair her fault by the sacrifice of herself—a sacrifice which Tony himself would refuse to accept if he were aware of the true state of the case. Valentine resolved then to make her new engagement the pretext and the means of avoiding him as much as possible, and she flattered herself that she might thus at any rate stave off the evil day for a time, but anxiety for herself and others slightly dimmed the roses in her cheek, and drew from the once light-hearted Valentine not a few sighs and tears.

As for Aimée, she had soon completed her careful but simple toilet, and was in the omnibus on her road to the Rue de Seine, her heart torn between eager desire to look once more on Maxime, and fear lest the doctor should forbid her to see him. She was conscious of a timidity which she had been too over-wrought to think about yesterday, as she remembered the ill-defined relations in which she stood towards Maxime and his mother. The kindness of Mme. D'Allaire's greeting did something to diminish this, but still it was with a fluttering heart and changing color that she asked how Maxime was, and if she might see him. The answer to both questions was satisfactory, and Mme. D'Allaire left her to prepare her son for the coming interview, to which Grégoire had given his unqualified approval, declaring that it might rouse Maxime and do him a world of good. Little preparation was needed. Maxime, whose sense of hearing seemed to have

gained in acuteness since his illness, had already recognized Aimée's voice, and as Mme. D'Allaire entered greeted her with the words, "Mother, if you send her away now you will kill me."

"I am not very likely to send her away, my son, since I come to ask you if you feel equal to seeing her."

Maxime inclined his head, his momentary vehemence had exhausted him, and he lay silent and breathing heavily, while his mother, with the infinite precautions which his weakness necessitated, washed his face and hands, and passed a comb through his dishevelled hair. It is doubtful if Maxime would have insisted on these preparations, but there mingled a shade of unconscious maternal coquetry in Mme. D'Allaire's desire that Aimée might see her son as little disfigured by his illness as possible. Still, when all was done, she judged it necessary to beg the trembling girl to avoid shocking Maxime by manifesting any great surprise at his altered appearance, and then discreetly allowed the lovers to meet without a witness to their interview.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PAPAYA.—The papaya grows luxuriantly on the Malabar Coast. This is what the German *Illustrirte Zeitung* says about it:—"A piece of fresh meat that had been kept for 24 hours wrapped up in some papaya leaves at a temperature of 15 degrees was boiled with another piece of meat which had been packed as long in a piece of paper. It appeared then that by the time the former piece of meat had rapidly become done enough and tender the latter was still uncooked and raw. Afterwards a piece of fresh lean meat was boiled in water mixed with one-twentieth part of its volume of juice from the unripe fruit of the papaya; at the end of five minutes the meat fell to pieces in small fibres, while a similar piece of meat boiled in pure water was still quite hard. Hard-boiled white of egg was put into a strongly diluted quantity of juice from unripe papaya fruit at a temperature of 26°. At the end of 24 hours it became transparent, and on the fourth day it was almost all dissolved. Minced meat was mixed with papaya juice dried by evaporation, and afterwards warm water was poured over it. The meat became quite fluid quickly by great heat, but more slowly so at lower temperatures. From these and many other experiments the conclusion may be drawn that the juice of the papaya contains a substance resembling the *pepsine* found in the stomach of animals, which has a very solvent effect on nitrogenous substances. Like pepsine, immeasurably small quantities of papaya juice cause the coagulation of relatively large quantities of milk without its becoming sour."

The above paragraph quoted from the *Madras Native Opinion* appears to us very suggestive. The papaya grows rapidly and is easy of cultivation, and might possibly become of importance as an Indian article of export. Its properties should render the preserved fruit a palatable and salutary remedy for diseases of the digestive organs, and the juice of the leaves and stalks, expressed and solidified, or put up in any other convenient form, might prove a very useful culinary agent, which would soon be appreciated by the housekeepers of Europe and America, as it already is by the Parsees and some Anglo-Indians.

QUOTATIONS AND CRITICISMS.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (*concluded*).

It would hardly be fair to take leave of Edgar Allan Poe without giving an extract from "The Gold Bug," that marvel of ingenious construction, which more than anything else he ever wrote contributed to Poe's fame as a prose writer.

The tale is written in the form of an autobiography, and the writer commences by stating that many years ago a Mr. Legrand, a friend of his, and a man of ruined fortunes, had established himself, with one negro servant, in a lonely hut on Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina. There the writer, who inhabited Charleston, visited him occasionally, and having noticed in him a growing excitement, which dated from the finding of a gold-coloured bug of great beauty and rarity, supposed his mind to be giving way. Visiting Mr. Legrand one day by special request, he finds him prepared to start on some mysterious excursion into the woods, and wildly declaring the gold bug to be the index of his fortune.

With a view of humoring his caprice, the writer consents to accompany him, and to assist him in digging for buried treasure, first in one spot and then in another. They are finally rewarded, to the intense amazement of the negro servant and the visitor, by finding a coffer filled with old coin, jewels, and gold, to the value of a million and a half of dollars, buried deep in the earth just beneath the bones of several human skeletons.

Mr. Legrand's description of the manner in which he was enabled to discover the existence of the treasure and its exact locality is perhaps one of the most marvellous examples of careful and constructive writing existing in the English language, and certainly worthy of very careful perusal:—

When, at length, we had concluded our examination, and the intense excitement of the time had in some measure subsided, Legrand, who saw that I was dying with impatience for a solution of this most extraordinary riddle, entered into a full detail of all the circumstances connected with it.

"You remember," said he, "the night when I handed you the rough sketch I had made of the *scarabeus*. You recollect also that I became quite vexed at you for insisting that my drawing resembled a death's-head. When you first made this assertion I thought you were jesting; but afterwards I called to mind the peculiar spots on the back of the insect, and admitted to myself that your remark had some little foundation in fact. Still the sneer at my graphic powers irritated me,—for I am considered a good artist,—and, therefore, when you handed me the scrap of parchment I was about to crumple it up and throw it angrily into the fire."

"The scrap of paper, you mean," said I.

"No ; it had much of the appearance of paper, and at first I supposed it to be such, but when I came to draw upon it I discovered it at once to be a piece of very thin parchment. It was quite dirty, you remember. Well, as I was in the very act of crumpling it up, my glance fell upon the sketch at which you had been looking, and you may imagine my astonishment when I perceived in fact the figure of a death's-head just where, it seemed to me, I had made the drawing of the beetle. For a moment I was too much amazed to think with accuracy. I knew that my design was very different in detail from this—although there was a certain similarity in general outline. Presently I took a candle, and seating myself at the other end of the room proceeded to scrutinize the parchment more closely. Upon turning it over I saw my own sketch upon the reverse, just as I had made it. My first idea now was mere surprise at the really remarkable similarity of outline—at the singular coincidence involved in the fact that unknown to me there should have been a skull upon the other side of the parchment, immediately beneath my figure of the *scarabæus*, and that this skull, not only in outline, but in size, should so closely resemble my drawing. I say the singularity of this coincidence absolutely stupefied me for a time. This is the usual effect of such coincidences. The mind struggles to establish a connexion,—a sequence of cause and effect,—and being unable to do so suffers a species of temporary paralysis. But when I recovered from this stupor there dawned upon me gradually a conviction which startled me even far more than the coincidence. I began distinctly, positively, to remember that there had been *no* drawing upon the parchment when I made my sketch of the *scarabæus*. I became perfectly certain of this ; for I recollected turning up first one side and then the other, in search of the cleanest spot. Had the skull been then there, of course I could not have failed to notice it. Here was indeed a mystery which I felt it impossible to explain ; but even at that early moment there seemed to glimmer faintly within the most remote and secret chambers of my intellect a glow-worm-like conception of that truth which last night's adventure brought to so magnificent a demonstration. I arose at once, and putting the parchment securely away dismissed all further reflection, until I should be alone.

"When you had gone, and when Jupiter was fast asleep, I betook myself to a more methodical investigation of the affair. In the first place I considered the manner in which the parchment had come into my possession. The spot where we discovered the *scarabæus* was on the coast of the main land, about a mile eastward of the island, and but a short distance above high-water mark. Upon my taking hold of it it gave me a sharp bite, which caused me to let it drop. Jupiter, with his accustomed caution, before seizing the insect, which had flown towards him, looked about him for a leaf, or something of that nature, by which to take hold of it. It was at this moment that his eyes, and mine also, fell upon the scrap of parchment, which I then supposed to be paper. It was lying half buried in the sand, a corner sticking up. Near the spot where we found it I observed the remnants of the hull of what appeared to have been

a ship's long-boat. The wreck seemed to have been there for a very great while, for the resemblance to boat timbers could scarcely be traced.

"Well, Jupiter picked up the parchment, wrapped the beetle in it, and gave it to me. Soon afterwards we turned to go home, and on the way met Lieutenant G—. I showed him the insect and he begged me to let him take it to the fort. Upon my consenting he thrust it forthwith into his waistcoat pocket, without the parchment in which it had been wrapped, and which I had continued to hold in my hand during his inspection. Perhaps he dreaded my changing my mind, and thought it best to make sure of the prize at once—you know how enthusiastic he is on all subjects connected with Natural History. At the same time, without being conscious of it, I must have deposited the parchment in my own pocket.

"You remember that when I went to the table for the purpose of making a sketch of the beetle I found no paper where it was usually kept. I looked in the drawer, and found none there. I searched my pockets, hoping to find an old letter, when my hand fell upon the parchment. I thus detail the precise mode in which it came into my possession; for the circumstances impressed me with peculiar force.

"No doubt you will think me fanciful, but I had already established a kind of *connexion*. I had put together two links of a great chain. There was a boat lying upon a sea-coast, and not far from the boat was a parchment—not a paper—with a skull depicted upon it. You will, of course, ask 'where is the connexion?' I reply that the skull, or the death's-head, is the well-known emblem of the pirate. The flag of the death's-head is hoisted in all engagements.

"I have said that the scrap was parchment, and not paper. Parchment is durable—almost imperishable. Matters of little moment are rarely consigned to parchment, since for the mere ordinary purposes of drawing or writing it is not nearly so well adapted as paper. This reflection suggested some meaning—some relevancy—in the death's-head. I did not fail to observe also the *form* of the parchment. Although one of its corners had been, by some accident, destroyed, it could be seen that the original form was oblong. It was just such a slip, indeed, as might have been chosen for a memorandum—for a record of something to be long remembered and carefully preserved."

"But," I interposed, "you say that the skull was *not* upon the parchment when you made the drawing of the beetle. How then do you trace any connexion between the boat and the skull, since this latter, according to your own admission, must have been designed (God only knows how or by whom) at some period subsequent to your sketching the *scarabæus*?"

"Ah, hereupon turns the whole mystery; although the secret, at this point, I had comparatively little difficulty in solving. My steps were sure, and could afford but a single result. I reasoned, for example, thus: When I drew the *scarabæus* there was no skull apparent upon the parchment. When I had completed the drawing I gave it to you and observed you narrowly until you returned it. You, therefore, did not design the skull, and no one else was

present to do it. Then it was not done by human agency. And nevertheless it was done.

"At this stage of my reflections I endeavored to remember, and *did* remember, with entire distinctness, every incident which occurred about the period in question. The weather was chilly (oh, rare and happy accident!), and a fire was blazing upon the hearth. I was heated with exercise and sat near the table. You, however, had drawn a chair close to the chimney. Just as I placed the parchment in your hand, and as you were in the act of inspecting it, Wolf, the Newfoundland, entered, and leaped upon your shoulders. With your left hand you caressed him and kept him off, while your right, holding the parchment, was permitted to fall listlessly between your knees, and in close proximity to the fire. At one moment I thought the blaze had caught it, and was about to caution you, but before I could speak you had withdrawn it, and were engaged in its examination. When I considered all these particulars I doubted not for a moment that *heat* had been the agent in bringing to light upon the parchment the skull which I saw designed upon it. You are well aware that chemical preparations exist, and have existed time out of mind, by means of which it is possible to write upon either paper or vellum so that the characters shall become visible only when subjected to the action of fire. Zaffre digested in *aqua regia* and diluted with four times its weight of water is sometimes employed; a green tint results. The regulus of cobalt dissolved in spirit of nitro gives a red. These colors disappear at longer or shorter intervals after the material written upon cools, but again become apparent upon the reapplication of heat.

"I now scrutinized the death's-head with care. Its outer edges—the edges of the drawing nearest the edge of the vellum—were far more *distinct* than the others. It was clear that the action of the caloric had been imperfect or unequal. I immediately kindled a fire, and subjected every portion of the parchment to a glowing heat. At first the only effect was the strengthening of the faint lines in the skull; but upon persevering in the experiment there became visible, at the corner of the slip, diagonally opposite to the spot in which the death's-head was delineated, the figure of what I at first supposed to be a goat. A closer scrutiny, however, satisfied me that it was intended for a kid."

"Ha! ha!" said I, "to be sure I have no right to laugh at you—a million and a half of money is too serious a matter for mirth—but you are not about to establish a third link in your chain—you will not find any especial connexion between your pirates and a goat—pirates, you know, have nothing to do with goats; they appertain to the farming interest."

"But I have just said that the figure was *not* that of a goat."

"Well, a kid then—pretty much the same thing."

"Pretty much, but not altogether," said Legrand. "You may have heard of one *Captain Kidd*. I at once looked upon the figure of the animal as a kind of punning or hieroglyphical signature. I say signature, because its position upon the vellum suggested this idea. This death's-head at the corner diagonally

opposite had, in the same manner, the air of a stamp, or seal. But I was sorely put out by the absence of all else—of the body to my imagined instrument—of the text for my context.”

“I presume you expected to find a letter between the stamp and the signature.”

“Something of that kind. The fact is I felt irresistibly impressed with a presentiment of some vast good fortune impending. I can scarcely say why. Perhaps, after all, it was rather a desire than an actual belief;—but do you know that Jupiter’s silly words, about the bug being of solid gold, had a remarkable effect upon my fancy? And then the series of accidents and coincidences—these were so *very* extraordinary. Do you observe how mere an accident it was that these events should have occurred upon the *sole* day of all the year in which it has been, or may be, sufficiently cool for fire, and that without the fire, or without the intervention of the dog at the precise moment in which he appeared, I should never have become aware of the death’s-head, and so never the possessor of the treasure?”

“But proceed—I am all impatience.”

“Well; you have heard, of course, the many stories current, the thousand vague rumors afloat, about money buried somewhere upon the Atlantic coast by Kidd and his associates. These rumors must have had some foundation in fact. And that the rumors have existed so long and so continuous could have resulted, it appeared to me, only from the circumstance of the buried treasure still *remaining* entombed. Had Kidd concealed his plunder for a time and afterwards reclaimed it the rumors would scarcely have reached us in their present unvarying form. You will observe that the stories told are all about money-seekers, not about money-finders. Had the pirate recovered his money, there the affair would have dropped. It seemed to me that some accident—say the loss of a memorandum indicating its locality—had deprived him of the means of recovering it, and that this accident had become known to his followers, who otherwise might never have heard that treasure had been concealed at all, and who, busying themselves in vain because unguided attempts to regain it, had given first birth, and then universal currency, to the reports which are now so common. Have you ever heard of any important treasure being unearthed along the coast?”

“Never.”

“But that Kidd’s accumulations were immense is well known. I took it for granted, therefore, that the earth still held them; and you will scarcely be surprised when I tell you that I felt a hope, nearly amounting to certainty, that the parchment so strangely found involved a lost record of the place of deposit.”

“But how did you proceed?”

“I held the vellum again to the fire, after increasing the heat, but nothing appeared. I now thought it possible that the coating of dirt might have something to do with the failure; so I carefully rinsed the parchment by pouring warm water over it, and, having done this, I placed it in a tin pan, with the skull downwards, and put the pan upon a furnace of lighted charcoal. In a few minutes, the pan having become thoroughly heated, I removed the slip, and, to

my inexpressible joy, found it spotted in several places with what appeared to be figures arranged in lines. Again I placed it in the pan, and suffered it to remain another minute. Upon taking it off the whole was just as you see it now."

Here Legrand having re-heated the parchment submitted it to my inspection. The following characters were rudely traced, in a red tint, between the death's-head and the goat:—

53†††305))6*:4826)4†)4†);806*:48†8†60))85;1†(:;†*8†83(88)5*†;46(;88*96*?;
8)*†:(485);5*†2:*†(4956*2(5*—4)8†8*;4069285);6†8)4††;1(†9;48081;8:8†1:
48†85;4)485†528806*81(†9;48;(88;4(†734;48)4†;161;:188;†?

"But," said I, returning him the slip, "I am as much in the dark as ever. Were all the jewels of Golconda awaiting me upon my solution of this enigma, I am quite sure that I should be unable to earn them."

"And yet," said Legrand, "the solution is by no means so difficult as you might be lead to imagine from the first hasty inspection of the characters. These characters, as any one might readily guess, form a cipher—that is to say, they convey a meaning; but then, from what is known of Kidd, I could not suppose him capable of constructing any of the more abstruse cryptographs. I made up my mind, at once, that this was of a simple species—such, however, as would appear to the crude intellect of the sailor absolutely insoluble without the key."

"And you really solved it?"

"Readily; I have solved others of an abstruseness ten thousand times greater. Circumstances and a certain bias of mind have led me to take interest in such riddles, and it may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma of the kind which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve. In fact, having once established connected and legible characters, I scarcely gave a thought to the mere difficulty of developing their import.

"In the present case—indeed in all cases of secret writing—the first question regards the *language* of the cipher; for the principles of solution, so far especially as the more simple ciphers are concerned, depend upon, and are varied by, the genius of the particular idiom. In general there is no alternative but experiment (directed by probabilities) of every tongue known to him who attempts the solution, until the true one be attained. But with the cipher now before us all difficulty was removed by the signature. The pun upon the word 'Kidd' is appreciable in no other language than the English. But for this consideration I should have begun my attempts with the Spanish and French, as the tongues in which a secret of this kind would most naturally have been written by a pirate of the Spanish main. As it was, I assumed the cryptograph to be English.

"You observe there are no divisions between the words. Had there been divisions, the task would have been comparatively easy. In such case I should have commenced with a collation and analysis of the shorter words, and had a word of a single letter occurred, as is most likely (*a* or *I*, for example), I should have considered the solution as assured. But there being no division my first

step was to ascertain the predominant letters, as well as the least frequent. Counting all, I constructed a table, thus :

Of the character 8 there are 33.			Of the character † 1 there are 8.		
;	„	26.	0	„	6.
4	„	19.	9 2	„	5.
†)	„	16.	: 3	„	4.
* .	„	13.	?	„	3.
5	„	12.	¶	„	2.
6	„	11.	—.	„	1.

“ Now, in English, the letter which most frequently occurs is *e*. Afterwards the succession runs thus : *a o i d h n r s t u y c f g l m w b k p q x z*. *E* predominates so remarkably that an individual sentence of any length is rarely seen in which it is not the prevailing character.

“ Here, then, we have, in the very beginning, the groundwork for something more than a mere guess. The general use which may be made of the table is obvious, but in this particular cipher we shall only very partially require its aid. As our predominant character is 8, we will commence by assuming it as the *e* of the natural alphabet. To verify the supposition, let us observe if the 8 be seen often in couples—for *e* is doubled with great frequency in English—in such words, for example, as ‘meet,’ ‘fleet,’ ‘speed,’ ‘seen,’ ‘been,’ ‘agree,’ &c. In the present instance we see it doubled no less than five times, although the cryptograph is brief.

“ Let us assume 8, then, as *e*. Now, of all *words* in the language ‘the’ is most usual ; let us see, therefore, whether there are not repetitions of any three characters, in the same order of collocation, the last of them being 8. If we discover repetitions of such letters so arranged they will most probably represent the word ‘the.’ Upon inspection we find no less than seven such arrangements, the characters being ;48. We may, therefore, assume that ; represents *t*, 4 represents *h*, and 8 represents *e*—the last being now well confirmed. Thus a great step has been taken.

“ But, having established a single word, we are enabled to establish a vastly important point ; that is to say, several commencements and terminations of other words. Let us refer, for example, to the last instance but one in which the combination ;48 occurs—not far from the end of the cipher. We know that the ; immediately ensuing is the commencement of a word, and of the six characters succeeding this ‘the’ we are cognizant of no less than five. Let us set these characters down, thus, by the letters we know them to represent, leaving a space for the unknown—

t eeth.

“ Here we are enabled, at once, to discard the ‘*th*,’ as forming no portion of the word commencing with the first *t*; since by experiment of the entire alphabet for a letter adapted to the vacancy we perceive that no word can be formed of which this *th* can be a part. We are thus narrowed into

t ee,

and, going through the alphabet, if necessary, as before, we arrive at the word 'tree' as the sole possible reading. We thus gain another letter, *r*, represented by (, with the words 'the tree' in juxtaposition.

"Looking beyond these words for a short distance, we again see the combination ;48, and employ it by way of *termination* to what immediately precedes. We have thus this arrangement :

the tree ;4(†?84 the,
or, substituting the natural letters, where known, it reads thus :
the tree thr†?8h the.

"Now if in place of the unknown characters we leave blank spaces, or substitute dots, we read thus :

the tree thr...h the,
when the word 'through' makes itself evident at once. But this discovery gives us three new letters, *o*, *u* and *g*, represented by †? and 3.

"Looking now narrowly through the cipher for combinations of known characters, we find, not very far from the beginning, this arrangement,

83(88, or egree,
which plainly is the conclusion of the word 'degree,' and gives us another letter, *d*, represented by †.

"Four letters beyond the word 'degree' we perceive the combination
;48(;88.

"Translating the known characters, and representing the unknown by dots, as before, we read thus :

th.rtee,
an arrangement immediately suggestive of the word 'thirteen,' and again furnishing us with two new characters, *i* and *n*, represented by 6 and *

"Referring now to the beginning of the cryptograph, we find the combination

58†††.

"Translating as before we obtain

. good,

which assures us that the first letter is *A*, and that the first two words are 'A good.'

"It is now time that we arrange our key, as far as discovered, in a tabular form, to avoid confusion. It will stand thus :

5 represents a			6 represents i		
†	„	d	*	„	n
8	„	e	†	„	o
3	„	g	(„	r
4	„	h	;	„	t

"We have, therefore, no less than ten of the most important letters represented, and it will be unnecessary to proceed with the details of the solution. I have said enough to convince you that ciphers of this nature are readily solvable, and to give you some insight into the *rationale* of their develop-

ment. But be assured that the specimen before us appertains to the very simplest species of cryptograph. It now only remains to give you the full translation of the characters upon the parchment as unriddled. Here it is :

' A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's seat forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes northeast and by north main branch seventh limb east side shoot from the left eye of the death's-head a bee line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.' "

" But," said I, " the enigma seems still in as bad a condition as ever. How is it possible to extort a meaning from all this jargon about ' devil's seats,' ' death's-heads,' and ' bishop's hotels' ? "

" I confess," replied Legrand, " that the matter still wears a serious aspect when regarded with a casual glance. My first endeavor was to divide the sentence into the natural division intended by the cryptographist."

" You mean to punctuate it ? "

" Something of that kind."

" But how was it possible to effect this ? "

" I reflected that it had been a *point* with the writer to run his words together without division, so as to increase the difficulty of solution. Now, a not over-acute man, in pursuing such an object, would be nearly certain to overdo the matter. When in the course of his composition he arrived at a break in his subject which would naturally require a pause, or a point, he would be exceedingly apt to run his characters at this place more than usually close together. If you will observe the MS., in the present instance, you will easily detect five such cases of unusual crowding. Acting upon this hint, I made the division thus :

' A good glass in the Bishop's hostel in the Devil's seat—forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes—northeast and by north—main branch seventh limb east side—shoot from the left eye of the death's-head—a bee-line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.' "

" Even this division," said I, " leaves me still in the dark."

" It left me also in the dark," replied Legrand, " for a few days ; during which I made diligent inquiry, in the neighborhood of Sullivan's Island, for any building which went by the name of the ' Bishop's Hotel ;' for, of course, I dropped the obsolete word ' hostel.' Gaining no information on the subject, I was on the point of extending my sphere of search, and proceeding in a more systematic manner, when, one morning, it entered into my head, quite suddenly, that this ' Bishop's Hotel' might have some reference to an old family of the name of Bessop which time out of mind had held possession of an ancient manor-house about four miles to the northward of the island. I accordingly went over to the plantation, and re-instituted my inquiries among the older negroes of the place. At length one of the most aged of the women said that she had heard of such a place as *Bessop's Castle*, and thought that she could guide me to it, but that it was not a castle, nor a tavern, but a high rock.

" I offered to pay her well for her trouble, and, after some demur, she consented to accompany me to the spot. We found it without much difficulty, when,

dismissing her, I proceeded to examine the place. The 'castle' consisted of an irregular assemblage of cliffs and rocks—one of the latter being quite remarkable for its height as well as for its insulated and artificial appearance. I clambered to its apex, and then felt much at a loss as to what should be next done.

"While I was busied in reflection, my eyes fell upon a narrow ledge in the eastern face of the rock, perhaps a yard below the summit upon which I stood. This ledge projected about eighteen inches, and was not more than a foot wide, while a niche in the cliff just above it gave it a rude resemblance to one of the hollow-backed chairs used by our ancestors. I made no doubt that here was the 'devil's-seat' alluded to in the MS., and now I seemed to grasp the full secret of the riddle.

"The 'good glass,' I knew, could have reference to nothing but a telescope; for the word 'glass' is rarely employed in any other sense by seamen. Now here, I at once saw, was a 'telescope to be used, and a definite point of view, *admitting no variation*, from which to use it. Nor did I hesitate to believe that the phrases 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes' and 'northeast and by north' were intended as directions for the levelling of the glass. Greatly excited by these discoveries, I hurried home, procured a telescope, and returned to the rock.

"I let myself down to the ledge, and found that it was impossible to retain a seat upon it except in one particular position. This fact confirmed my preconceived idea. I proceeded to use the glass. Of course, the 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes' could allude to nothing but elevation above the visible horizon, since the horizontal direction was clearly indicated by the words 'northeast and by north.' This latter direction I at once established by means of a pocket-compass; then pointing the glass as nearly at an angle of forty-one degrees of elevation as I could do it by guess, I moved it cautiously up or down, until my attention was arrested by a circular rift or opening in the foliage of a large tree that overtopped its fellows in the distance. In the centre of this rift I perceived a white spot, but could not, at first, distinguish what it was. Adjusting the focus of the telescope, I again looked, and now made it out to be a human skull.

"Upon this discovery I was so sanguine as to consider the enigma solved; for the phrase 'main branch, seventh limb, east side,' could refer only to the position of the skull upon the tree, while 'shoot from the left eye of the death's-head' admitted also of but one interpretation, in regard to a search for buried treasure. I perceived that the design was to drop a bullet from the left eye of the skull, and that a bee-line, or, in other words, a straight line drawn from the nearest point of the trunk through 'the shot' (or the spot where the bullet fell), and thence extended to a distance of fifty feet, would indicate a definite point, and beneath this point I thought it at least *possible* that a deposit of value lay concealed."

"All this," I said, "is exceedingly clear, and, although ingenious, still simple and explicit. When you left the Bishop's Hotel, what then?"

"Why; having carefully taken the bearing of the tree, I turned homewards. The instant that I left 'the devil's seat,' however, the circular rift vanished; nor could I get a glimpse of it afterwards, turn as I would. What seems to me the chief ingenuity in this whole business is the fact (for repeated experiment has convinced me it *is* a fact) that the circular opening in question is visible from no other attainable point of view than that afforded by the narrow ledge upon the face of the rock.

"In this expedition to the 'Bishop's Hotel' I had been attended by Jupiter, who had, no doubt, observed, for some weeks past, the abstraction of my demeanor, and took especial care not to leave me alone. But on the next day, getting up very early, I contrived to give him the slip, and went into the hills in search of the tree. After much toil I found it. When I came home at night my valet proposed to give me a flogging. With the rest of the adventure I believe you are as well acquainted as myself."

"I suppose," said I, "you missed the spot, in the first attempt at digging, through Jupiter's stupidity in letting the bug fall through the right instead of through the left eye of the skull."

"Precisely. This mistake made a difference of about two inches and a half in the 'shot'—that is to say, in the position of the peg nearest the tree; and had the treasure been *beneath* the 'shot' the error would have been of little moment; but 'the shot,' together with the nearest point of the tree were merely two points for the establishment of a line of direction; of course the error, however trivial in the beginning, increased as we proceeded with the line, and by the time we had gone fifty feet threw us quite off the scent. But for my deep-seated impression that treasure was here somewhere actually buried, we might have had all our labor in vain."

"But your grandiloquence, and your conduct in swinging the beetle—how excessively odd! I was sure you were mad. And why did you insist upon letting fall the bug, instead of a bullet, from the skull?"

"Why, to be frank, I felt somewhat annoyed by your evident suspicions touching my sanity, and so resolved to punish you quietly, in my own way, by a little bit of sober mystification. For this reason I swung the beetle, and for this reason I let it fall from the tree. An observation of yours about its great weight suggested the latter idea."

"Yes, I perceive; and now there is only one point which puzzles me. What are we to make of the skeletons found in the hole?"

"That is a question I am no more able to answer than yourself. There seems, however, only one plausible way of accounting for them—and yet it is dreadful to believe in such atrocity as my suggestion would imply. It is clear that Kidd—if Kidd indeed secreted this treasure, which I doubt not—it is clear that he must have had assistance in the labor. But, this labor concluded, he may have thought it expedient to remove all participants in his secret. Perhaps a couple of blows with a mattock were sufficient, while his coadjutors were busy in the pit; perhaps it required a dozen—who shall tell?"

THE DUELLING LESSON.

Translated by R. BATES from the French of M. Auguste Fleury.

DURING the last years of his life Grisier (the noted fencing-master) took few pupils; absorbed by a long and laborious work which he was writing on fencing, he left to Jacob, his *alter ego*, the direction of his *salle*, and only strong considerations could persuade him to bestow on a few privileged persons his much-valued instructions.

Nevertheless those who ignorant of fencing were about to fight had only to prove to him the justice of their quarrel, and they were sure that he would accord them his aid and the mysterious *duelling lesson*.

This lesson, which he positively refused to his more advanced pupils (complete ignorance of fencing being according to him the *sine quâ non* of its efficacy) was often spoken of by us, the old pupils who were still faithful to the Saturday meeting, with the greatest irreverence, and it even served as a text for our jokes. One evening last winter, thanks to the turn the conversation had taken, we had become more than usually excited, and much sense, and nonsense, was talked about duelling, secret thrusts, and especially about the marvellous lesson whose efficacy we denied.

Grisier, with his fine head and mocking smile, seemed to take a malicious pleasure in exasperating us. He maintained that, thanks to the said lesson, the chances on the ground were great in exact proportion to the ignorance of the individual, and his reasoning tended to advance the paradoxical theory that with an adversary who could fence a little the novice's chances were 90 to 100, with an adversary who could fence pretty well 99 to 100, and with one who was a miracle of skill and address all the 100 chances were for the novice. He affirmed that, with the exception of five or six masters of the art, fencing was a mere joke; good only, outside of its gymnastic importance, to make people foolhardy and easy to run through the body on the duelling ground.

Each of these strange assertions was received with strong denials, but he continued his crusade, and tore our vanity as fencers to tatters. His theory, he said, was not at all reassuring for us, but a few months more of exercise and he would probably see us return to an equality with the fortunate novices, for the energy of F. was becoming extravagance, B. broke with the grace of a *frotteur* (floor-polisher), and as to poor De P. he inclined in the direction of a beadle and held his sword as if it were a wax taper. Every one came in for a share, but no one was more ill-treated than myself, sarcastic jokes fell on me like hail, and when at last a formidable howl forced him to take refuge in the *salon* my reputation was demolished. But it was not over yet, and through the half-open door he continued his jeers. "Bravo! M. E—, you disengage in a way that would be terrible—for the eyes of your seconds. M. G—, that is a thrust which proves your sincere contrition, a real *mea culpa*."

Puzzled by his persistence, I pretended to be tired, and, seating myself on a corner of the divan, asked,

"What is the matter with you, my dear master? You are very severe with these gentlemen."

"Nothing is the matter with me that I am aware of; I am just, that is all, and if I were not afraid of wounding your susceptibility I should reproach you seriously. You are losing, your fencing is deplorably bad to-night."

"It is fortunate that you do consider my susceptibility," I said, laughing uncomfortably. "Yet some days ago you were well satisfied with me."

"Pshaw! satisfied! I was obliged to be satisfied, nevertheless I affirm that fencing as you did this evening you would be touched at your first opening by one of the innocents we were speaking of just now."

"It would be an extraordinary thrust then."

"No, a thousand times no, a simple and ordinary thrust."

"I should really like to see it!"

"That you can easily do. Come to the *salle* to-morrow at nine o'clock, and you will find a young man to whom I am to give his third lesson. But no, to make the chances equal, come at eight o'clock and practise with me. You see I am great and generous, but I make one condition: this trial of skill must follow the rules of a regular duel, the first hit finishes it, and in the evening I shall announce your defeat to these gentlemen, without giving any details, and simply mentioning that you were hit by an inexperienced adversary."

"What a preface! You positively frighten me."

"You draw back?"

"After all you have said I might be excused for doing so. You have made the affair so serious that it would be the death of my reputation if I were hit. All the same I accept."

"To-morrow, then, at eight o'clock. I will not fail to give you your lesson."

On the morrow I was exact, but I arrived tired and cross, having passed a ridiculously restless night.

"That promises nothing good," said Grisier, "but go on; your guard is tolerable, but your hand a little low. You uncover the upper line, and as during your preparations you have gained upon me I stop you by a half-thrust. Good. Your return is right, but you did not raise your guard sufficiently, and my thrust vigorously sent would have hit you full in the chest; the hand low in returning guides the thrust home instead of parrying it."

"Oh, this is worse! You change the direction of the foil by a movement of the arm, but you uncover the outside upper line, and a rapid thrust would be sure to touch you, a simple movement of the fingers would be sufficient. You have only to lower slightly the point of your sword to make it pass under that of your adversary. Your one-two would be pretty good as a guard, but you will never touch by marking the time with the arm shortened, the arm slightly extended at your first movement should be quite straight at your second, so as to start with a sure result; in that case it would be impossible for me to stop you by a return, as I have just done."

"Ah, what the devil are you doing now? One-two-three and final thrust!"

It is madness ! A thousand times you have heard me recommend the greatest simplicity in attacking. This series of feints without motive might demoralize a tolerable fencer and throw him off his balance; but a novice, incapable of appreciating such subtleties, would thrust straight and send you to the other world ! Rule: one-two-three swift is never executed without a considerable lowering of the hand. First, opportunity to gain time, but if to this fault you add a thrust you will fill up the measure, for in the movement, however rapid it may be, that brings back your hand to the shoulder, your sword is vertical and leaves you completely uncovered. Second, opportunity for a straight stroke; you have not even the resource of a parade. Decidedly you are not in vein this morning; what you pass an opening in tierce on my return you double and go in. It is impossible that your final should prove a tierce, for this reason, not meeting a foil at my return from quarte, which you avoid, I must return in opposition to tierce, and in this case, having only to accomplish a simple movement of the wrist, I arrive long before you at parade. One-two was the stroke indicated, for one entailed for me all the consequences of a double, you might have saved yourself by your two, and I was completely off the track, not having the necessary time to take a new return or an opposition of quarte."

Evidently the fencing master was right, I was out of sorts, and when my adversary entered the *salle* I was committing one fault after another.

After a ceremonious introduction and preliminaries of exaggerated solemnity, Grisier placed us opposite one another.

According to the agreement made the evening before, not a word had been exchanged; and this silence gave to the affair an appearance so serious that my heart beat fast when we crossed foils. The bearing of my antagonist was not at all that of a schoolboy. He was firmly and well poised, his elbow close to the body, and his guard, close and well covered, was irreproachable.

Believing myself to have been deceived, I commenced with the greatest circumspection, afraid of a surprise; instead of seizing his foil in a firm and extended engagement, I tried him with a few timid openings, of which he did not deign to take the least notice.

I tried lightly to beat him down, without any more success. His blade felt the shock, but returned immediately in line, more firm and threatening than ever. Irritated at this insolent point which threatened my eye, I tried by a feint to lead it to follow my sword, which endangered his lower line, and I was extending my hand, when suddenly I received full in the chest the finest hit imaginable.

My vexation probably showed itself by an energetic gesture, for the face of my adversary was lighted up by a triumphant smile. Turning towards Grisier I was going to protest, when, putting his finger on his lips, he signed to me to keep silent.

After some minutes of mysterious conversation my adversary left the *salle*, conducted to the door by Grisier.

"Well!" he said cheerfully as he returned. "What is the matter? You appear annoyed."

"I am furious," I answered, biting my cigar. You deceived me."

"Perhaps, but not in the way you suppose; and if I must make my excuses, it is for having forced you, unknown to yourself, to act as my accomplice in the little comedy we have just been playing."

"How is that? I do not understand."

"In allowing yourself to be touched, for the greater glory of the duelling lesson, by a pupil who has only taken two lessons; for I have not deceived you; this young man, who is going to fight in an hour, is really a novice, and had never held a sword when he came three days ago and begged me to help him out of his difficulty. Ah, I see you are not convinced. Listen, then, my stubborn friend. Although it is not what you believe it, the duelling lesson nevertheless exists. You know that in all bodily exercises self-confidence is absolutely necessary, and you will not deny that if it is possible to persuade a novice that danger is absent, danger really almost ceases to exist for him; this principle once admitted, the duelling lesson becomes easy for a professor enjoying a certain reputation and possessed of tact. It is only necessary for him to convince the pupil that with the help of a thrust outside of ordinary rules he has become invulnerable, and does not require the aid of extended science.

"The fencing master will increase to the limits of absurdity his self-confidence and limit him to one single thrust, in which, with a little practice, he has a good chance of finding safety. I take good care to teach him nothing outside of the guard and one simple thrust. I give all my attention to rectifying and assuring his movements, and above all to teaching him to seize the right moment for his thrust; seeing nothing, knowing nothing, outside of his guard, he will remain firm, whatever his adversary may do, will not seek to follow him, and will know how to seize his first opportunity: you have had the proof. But it is necessary that his ignorance should be complete, and that he should not know how slight his resources are; if he does he is lost, for his apparent science will only hold out a minute before an experienced swordsman, but on the ground a minute is enough, and there are strong chances that the minute will be accorded him by the reserve and hesitation in the first movements of a man whose life is in peril—reserve and hesitation which will be all the greater the better he is able to appreciate the possible consequences of rashness.

"I give the pupil confidence in himself first of all by my personal influence, and then by causing him to hit one of my best pupils, a thing which it would be ridiculous to attempt under the ordinary conditions, but which I obtain easily by the little preliminaries which deceived you. Having chosen you for the sacrifice, my exaggerated conversation yesterday was designed to lead you to accept the meeting, and to make you uneasy about its result, which became for you a serious matter, thanks to my conditions.

"This little trick, which you must pardon me on account of its good intention, caused you to arrive here in a state of mind similar to that in which one goes to a duel, and this morning I aggravated your nervousness by my reproaches.

"Thanks to all this, the young man who has just left thinks that with the help of the secret thrust I have taught him (you understand its value now) he has just beaten one of Grisier's best pupils, and that he has nothing to fear. I have done my duty, Providence will do the rest."

NEW BOOKS.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES.*

WE have to thank the author of a book bearing the above title for some very pleasant hours spent in the perusal of his work. The "Sketches" are not only exceedingly graphic and interesting, but they reveal a thorough knowledge of the intricacies of Indian caste and custom, hardly to be expected of any but a native of India, while at the same time they possess graces of style and description not always found in the writings of true-born Britons.

When they appeared, some time since, in the columns of the *Madras Mail* and the *Madras Times*, the "Pen and Ink Sketches" attracted much favorable notice, and it is with satisfaction that the public will see them rescued from the oblivion that is so apt to overtake newspaper writings, and placed on permanent record. Independent of its literary merits, the book is so exact in the details it furnishes as to serve as a 'valuable reference for those who seek to gain some insight into the bewildering ramifications of caste; and it is pervaded by a vein of caustic humor—especially when the writer deals with his half-Anglicised brethren—likely to commend it to many persons, and which we fully understand, for it can hardly be agreeable to see old landmarks and habits swept aside, unless something greatly superior is put in their place, and the process of transition is often a painful and ludicrous one to the looker-on.

We quote one of the thirty-three sketches, possibly not the best, but it tells of the poor Raiyat—of his rising up and lying down, of his meal of decomposing rice with a dash of sour buttermilk, and of his wretched dwelling—with a touch of homely pathos which pleased us, and may, we hope, be agreeable to our readers:—

THE RAIYAT OR "REDDI."

If there is any one sub-division of Hindu *Sûdra* Society which more than others can be distinctly and definitely described, so far at least as habitual (if not hereditary) occupation is concerned, it is that known in the Telugu country as the *Kápu* class, and it is to the male members of this class that the title *Reddi* belongs. The *Reddi* is almost always an agriculturist, either proprietary or laboring; and so, although we could not say with truth that every *Raiyat* (Hindustani for farmer or tenant) is a *Reddi*, yet we might safely venture to say that in almost ninety-nine cases out of a hundred every *Reddi* is a *Raiyat*.

Though forming the bulk of the population in a country where the 'tilling of the ground' is a large, if not the chief, means of bread-winning, the *Kápu* or *Reddi* people are never particularly remarkable for anything—make no impression whatever for good or bad on the surroundings amid which they live. As a rule they are illiterate, but are a hard-working, homely, and essentially quiet-going people. And to an inspection of the homes and habits of the average *Sûdra* Hindu as typified in the *Raiyat* we invite the reader just now.

There is not much, though, to be seen by way of a 'home.' A hut, or hovel, some twelve feet square; mud walls surmounted by a roof half thatch, half palmyra leaf, with a doorway four feet high by two broad, flanked on either side by pials of clay

* Pen and Ink Sketches. Foster Press, 23, Randall's Road, Vepery, Madras.

baked hard in the sun, about eighteen inches from the ground, the whole mud-work being painted in alternate perpendicular streaks of chunam and red earth, a foot's width to the streak, and a couple of triangular niches (to place lamps in) in the front wall on either side of the doorway, is about as complete a description as can be given of the exterior of the Raiyat's abode. On the lintel is a roughly carved representation of the trident mark that distinguishes the followers of *Vishnu*, with the conch and discus also emblematical of that deity. Stooping low, we enter the house, which consists of only a single apartment, redolent of cowdung and confined air, smoke, and stale currysstuff. To the left, near the door, are three or four primitive fire-places built high (or low) enough to allow of cooking in a sedentary posture. At the angles of the wall, in the close vicinity of the fire-place, are tiers of pots, beginning with those of a size large enough to be used as a bathing-tub, and tapering upwards to the tiny little chatti with a mouth just sufficiently large to admit your finger. These pots contain household stores, such as rice, salt, or tamarind. Then there are a few slings of rope netting suspended from the smoke-bedarkened rafters, in which are placed vessels holding ghee, jaggari, and such other articles as are likely to be attacked by ants and other vermin. Conspicuously arranged also are the cooking vessels, almost all of the coarse country pottery, though kept as clean as is compatible with the material of which they are made. A few pieces of rough matting, a stray box or two, with a stout wooden pestle heavily shod with iron at both ends, and a stone mortar, in two parts, in company with a stone for grinding currysstuffs, lie against the bare walls of the house, which are further embellished by pieces of rope strung across to do duty for the clothes-horse. Then there are a couple of large baskets, or rather wicker-work cylinders, used as receptacles of grain, and a rude bedstead perhaps, of coir rope network on a frame and legs of jungle timber. Add to these a couple of those spindle and distaff apparatus one might any day find women by the score sitting working at in any native village, and the inventory of the contents of the Raiyat's house (*minus* the live stock) is complete.

If you wish to catch him at home, you must visit the Raiyat very early in the morning, at least half-an-hour before sunrise. Both he and his younger brothers are, you will see, up, and are each doing ample justice to a large basin of cold (or rather decomposing) rice and water with the faintest dash of sour buttermilk, taking a bite every now and then off the green chillies provided by way of a relish. This fortification of the inner man being over, the Raiyat repairs to the backyard of the house, whither we shall follow him, stepping carefully the while over the sleeping bodies of the juvenile members of the family, who have not yet begun to run their daily course of duty. A couple of bullocks, and a milch buffalo with her calf, are here, as well as refuse of every imaginable description, and revolting to every sense. The yard itself is a piece of ground not more than twenty yards square, enclosed by mud walls topped with palmyra leaves. There is a tamarind tree, and a couple of those trees producing the Indian vegetable termed 'drumstick,' and also creeping plants of the gourd kind trailing about all over the place, which is at once cattle-shed, dust-bin, manure-heap, and bath-room. Near the cattle is a large earthen tub, half buried in the ground, into which are emptied the *kadugu* and *kanji* of the family establishment, the former being the water in which the rice is washed clean before being boiled, the latter the thin gruel strained off when the rice has been cooked. Leavings at meals, and other odd scraps of edible matter, are also thrown in, and the compound thus made goes to form a nourishing and perhaps even palatable drink for the cattle. In one corner there is a plough of precisely the same kind as that used by our Aryan ancestors

centuries ago. Shouldering this agricultural implement, the Raiyat dons his sandals, tucks up his single garment a few inches above his knees, and sets off to his work in the fields at a distance, his brothers following with the bullocks and some more tools, while the Raiyat's mother and his wife busy themselves with the duties of the household for the day. The children are half coaxed half frightened off the floor (we can't say out of bed), and are despatched to the back yard to make themselves clean—a process they seem to stand sadly in need of. While the old lady superintends the youngsters' morning toilettes (!) the younger one proceeds to sweep the house and front pials, sprinkling them with a pretty thick solution of cowdung, and ornamenting the floor between the pials and just in front of the house with quaint designs in powdered chalk. The sweeping over, the children are fed, and then the housewife goes to the well, along with her daughter perhaps, or a younger sister of her husband's, to bring in the required quantity of drinking water for household consumption. She will next go to the nearest bazaar to sell whatever home produce she may have: say a pumpkin, or some tender tamarind leaves (esteemed a delicate acid seasoning), milk, curds, or ghee, the produce of the buffalo of which mention has already been made, and occasionally also hanks of yarn spun by her mother-in-law, who is even now busy at her wheel. From the bazaar the Raiyat's wife will return home bringing a small quantity of meat or fish, of possibly rather questionable quality, and will at once set to work preparing the midday meal. When the business of cooking is over, the first thing that is done is to send off their share of the food to the men working in the fields. This is taken in a basket or in pots slung on a stick and carried on the shoulders. After eating follows the traditional *siesta*, in which even out-door labourers indulge; and then again, as the old woman settles down to work at the spinning-wheel, the young ones go through a repetition of the same routine of duties as in the morning—sweeping, going for water, marketing, and cooking, so as to have the supper ready by the time the men return home. Long before they do return it will be quite dark; and in the midst of her culinary operations the Raiyat's wife will rise to perform what is perhaps the only act approaching to worship in a Sûdra homestead, namely, the lighting of the lamp. Washing her hands, face, and feet, and smoothing her hair, she will light a wick in the fire, place it in a little saucer-like chatti, and, replenishing the vessel with oil, will prostrate herself before it, with arms outstretched, and the hands in the well-known Hindu attitude of worship, the old women and the children doing likewise, all calling the while on their favorite or family deity, or on the better-known names of *Lakshmi*, the source of all temporal weal. The mother will then rise; and, still looking at the lamp, call for her luckiest child, or rather the child in the family who is supposed to have the luckiest face (!)—and there usually manages to be some such face in every family—to look into his or her features, a process which is supposed to be a sovereign preventive of mishaps. Anon the evening meal is ready, and the children and the women keep looking out for the return of the 'bread-winners.' Directly the men come in sight the youngsters crowd forward to meet them, as much to welcome them as also to relieve them of their load of implements, straw for use of the cattle during the night, &c. The 'gudewife' will present them at the threshold with a vessel of water to wash their hands and feet ere they enter the house, so that they may, as it were, bring no evil into it. Divesting themselves of the single piece of clothing they wear out of doors, and substituting what is called a *langóti* instead, the Raiyats sit down for their meals, such of the children as have not gone to sleep by this time sitting down along with their elders, the women, of course, serving. Then, after supper, betel-and-ut will be chewed, and tobacco smoked; and, one by one, the Raiyat family will drop off to sleep—thus bringing to an end one of the usual uneventful days of their ordinary existence.

COTTON SEED AND ITS USES.

FUEL, SOAP, OLIVE OIL, STOCK FODDER, AND OTHER PRODUCTS OF THE WONDERFUL PLANT.

NEW ORLEANS, June 8.—When a stranger comes into this city during the cotton-picking season, he will notice here and there on the streets and levees, among the drays loaded with cotton bales, a dray with high sidings, somewhat like those used by charcoal haulers at the iron furnaces of the North. They are cotton-seed wagons. The seed when hauled to the mills is covered with short lint, which the cotton gin cannot take off, as the saws are not close enough together. The seed is first put in a screen of cylindrical form, and the dust sifted out; then it is winnowed or fanned against a screen, so that dirt and heavy substances fall from it. The close-set gins are then used to scrape the lint from the seed. The seed then goes into a cylinder containing twenty-four cylindrical knives, and as this cylinder revolves the seed is cut up very fine, after which the hulls are separated from the meal. The meal is pressed between rollers, and put in woollen bags, which are placed between horsehair mats having leather backs fluted inside, so that the oil can escape easily when the meal is put in the press.

The meal is subjected to an hydraulic pressure of 196 tons. The bags are left in press seventeen minutes. The oil runs off, and the meal is pressed into a solid cake—oil cake, of which I shall speak further on. The oil is pumped into a room called the oil room, and either barrelled in a crude state or refined. It is refined by treating it with caustic soda. In refining, the deposit falls to the bottom, and the refined oil amounts to about 82 per cent. of the crude.

The first product derived from this process is the lint, which amounts to about 5 per cent. of a crop—that is, the country gin takes 95 per cent. of the crop, and the seed retains 5 per cent., which the mills secure. The cotton is very white and clean, but very short, and the best of it sells at eight cents per pound. It is used to make cotton batting. The crop of the oil mills amounted to 5,000 bales last year.

Second—The hulls constitute about one-half of the seed. They are used for fuel to run the mill, and thus the mills do not need to buy any coal. The ashes make a valuable fertilizer, and they are also leached for the purpose of obtaining lye to make soap.

Third—The oil amounts to about 15,000,000 gallons in the United States, and about 10,000,000 gallons are yearly exported to Europe, where it is used to adulterate olive oil. Three gallons of cotton seed oil and one of olive oil make four gallons of the average olive oil, and the cotton oil can hardly be detected.

The question naturally arises, If we have to eat olive oil which is made from cotton seed, would it not be well for home manufacturers to prepare it, and not allow the consumer to pay two freights across the Atlantic?

Fourth—The oil cake is of a rich yellow color, and is used principally to feed stock, for which use it is ground and fed like corn meal. It is shipped in sacks, each weighing 200 lbs.

Fifth—The deposit left when the oil is refined is used to make soap, and also for making dyes. Thus nothing is lost, and the cotton plant takes its place

as the most wonderful production of our country. There are in the country now fifty-six cotton-seed oil mills, of which Louisiana has nine. Six of them are in this city. Mississippi has nine, Tennessee and Texas each eight, Arkansas four, Missouri and Alabama each two, and Georgia one. The amount of seed used is about 410,000 tons yearly. The city mills used about 107,000 tons last year, which cost them more than \$1,000,000.

Last year, on account of a cotton-seed war, the price went up to \$17 per ton, but now an association has been formed, and the price is regulated by the law of supply and demand. The industry is growing, but it is said that the Standard Oil Company has its hand in it, and if such is the fact the cotton planters and mill owners will find trouble ere long.

The above quotation from the New Orleans correspondent of the *New York Sun* may prove of interest to Indian cotton growers and dealers. Nothing appears to be allowed to run to waste in the great American cotton centre.

TIMBER FROM STRAW.

WE referred some months ago to the invention of a process for producing solid masses or blocks of any form and size from straw, which had been patented by a Western inventor. The *Northwestern Lumberman*, of recent date, reports the receipt of a sample of such lumber made from straw, from the inventor, Mr. S. W. Hamilton, of Laurence, Kansas, U. S. A. The inventor of this product claims that he can manufacture timber in any desired length, from 12 ft. upward, and to 32 in. wide, at a cost competing with the better or finishing grades of pine. Our contemporary says of the sample sent to him that it will hold a nail as well as wood, that it is equally susceptible to a high painting finish, and can be polished to as high a degree as is desirable. It is made waterproof, and there seems no reason why it should not be as durable, or more so than pine or even oak, while its adaptability is evidently as great for roofing purposes as for the fine work of a dwelling.

The new material appears to be capable of being worked under the plane and other tools of the carpenter, and has the special advantage of being free from knots and not liable to shrinking, warping, and splitting. The material, judged from the sample, is reported to resemble hard wood in appearance, being about as dark as oak, but more dense in texture, and with a specific gravity one-fifth greater than thoroughly seasoned black walnut. Its tensile strength is reported to be about double that of wood of the same thickness.—*Building News*.

A WASHERWOMAN, being commended by her clergyman for her regular attendance and close attention at church, said : " Yes, after my hard week's work is done I get so rested when I come to church and sit and think about nothin'."

PROSPERITY is a more refined and sincere test of character than adversity, as one hour of summer sunshine produces greater corruption than the longest winter day.

CEREBROLOGY OF CRIMINALS.

A CURIOUS observation has been made by Dr. Moritz Benedict of Vienna. He published a book about a year ago, "Anatomische Studien au Verbrechergehirnen," in which, among other notes, he states that in nearly one-half of the brains of persistent criminals the superior frontal convolution is not continuous, but is divided into four sub-convolutions analogous to the disposition of the parts found in predatory carnivorous animals. In a recent paper he argues that much of moral perversity may and must be the result of this deflection of the cerebral organs from the normal type, producing as it necessarily does other arrangements of cerebral nutrition, and hæmostatic relations. It cannot be fortuitous that the mental characteristics of the most perverse criminals, and also the cerebral anatomy, both resemble those of wild beasts; this double analogy must be one of cause and effect.—*Scientific American*.

TRADE TEXT-BOOKS.

MR. H. TRUEMAN WOOD, the Secretary of the London Society of Arts, will edit a series of trade text-books now in preparation. It is intended to include all the industries specified in the programme of the city institute, but first those branches of manufacture have been selected in which it appears that text-books are most required.

The books will be prepared by writers familiar not only with the scientific principles involved in each trade, but with the practical details. They will be addressed to workmen and apprentices, who may be supposed to have already some knowledge of their business, at the same time the possession of such knowledge will not be assumed, but it will certainly be an advantage if the student has in his workshop the opportunity of studying the various processes of which he reads, so that practice and theory may go hand in hand.

THE NITI DARSHAK NATAK MANDALI.

ON the night of the Shravaui festival, when offerings of flowers and cocoanuts propitiate the deity that rules the waves, the Niti Darshak Natak Mandali aptly finished the gala day by a representation at the Gaiety Theatre, and a large and distinguished audience witnessed the adventures of "Rukhmani and King Krishna," of "Sadewant and Savlinga." The performance was a very enjoyable one, and the acting of the Hindoo youths who took the leading female parts worthy of all praise. A little more attention might have been given to scenery and costume, and some of the actors displayed more energy than grace, but taken all in all the performance was interesting and very original, and we trust the Niti Darshak Natak Mandali may long flourish and gather from admiring audiences all the praise and pice it merits.

EVELINE.

(An extract.)

'Tis summer once again, and where the boughs
Of forest trees droop almost to their feet
Two youthful lovers sit, exchanging vows,
Their trembling hands are clasped, their fond
eyes meet.

'Tis past the hour of sunset, and behind
The western hills yon cloud of purple fades,
And gently springeth up a low soft wind,
That woos the green leaves in the forest shades.
In the far east a line of silver hue
Extends behind the mountain heights, and now
The moon is up, and lights a distant view
Of rock and valley with her broad white brow.
A little longer and that chastened ray

Is stealing in among the beech-wood stems,
Kissing the dewy flowers upon its way,
Until they glisten in its light like gems,
Next lights the lovers' faces as they sit
Forgetful of the hour, and watching it!

* * * * *

To them it is not earth, but Paradise!
A dwelling meet for perfect love and trust,
Warm, deep, as that now melting in their eyes,
The love of angels, not of human dust.
• Words had been uttered on that summer eve,
Fond, earnest, passionate, and such as leave
A memory that can never more depart:
They echo now within that dreamer's heart.

E. M. FORDHAM DOBELL.

In Memoriam
DUNCAN MACPHERSON, D.D.,

PASSED OVER 6th AUGUST 1881.

Blest soul, that layest down thy load, and home
 So gladly goest, from this world free,
 The blessings of the poor and needy come
 In thy new sphere a halo circling thee.
 No wintry creed thy noble heart can wring,
 Thy love unhampered follows still thy kind ;
 A wider outlook takes away the sting
 Which work half-hindered ever seemed to find,
 Now can the end be seen less dimly there
 Than through the fogs that seemed to hem thee in,
 While God's love was shut out from this world, where
 All seemed the heritage of woe and sin ;
 Now in thy radiant home thou seest, above
 The mists which gloomed, how truly God is Love.
BAWA.

PASSING EVENTS.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA and his disreputable followers are still advocating brimstone and dynamite, and the recent seizure of infernal machines at Liverpool proves that they do not confine themselves to words only. Their crazy and blood-thirsty utterances can only appeal to unprincipled persons of weak judgment, but there is no lack of such, unfortunately, and their misdirected energies may injure persons entirely outside of the point in question. Ireland would certainly have been none the better, and many innocent persons much the worse, if the infernal machines recently concealed in barrels of cement had been accidentally exploded on board the steamship that conveyed them to England. The poetic talent and honesty of the poet of the fraternity appear to be about on a par, but he makes up for the lack of both by ferocity, and tells us, among other things equally startling, that—

"In his heart such hatred dwells
 For England, the Saxon race,

He'd grasp the fire of thousand hells
 And hurl it in their face."

A HORRIBLE boy of fifteen has committed a most atrocious murder in Paris, the victim being a young child of six, and the motive a desire for notoriety. A clairvoyant at a country fair had once promised him that "he should one day

be somebody," and the vague prediction roused a desire for fame in his youthful breast, which he has gratified at the expense of an innocent life. On account of his youth he could only be condemned to twenty years of hard labor and ten of police surveillance. The *Figaro* thus describes Félix Lemaitre:—"Tall for his age, frail and slender, with the shadow of a moustache on his thin upper lip, deep-set little black eyes, a long nose, the back of the head very largely developed, and the ears standing out from the skull." Phrenological indications could not well be worse, and in thirty years, at the age of forty-five, unless Providence ordains otherwise, Lemaitre will be completely at liberty to gain more fame of the kind he appears to prefer.

A somewhat similar crime has just been attempted in England. A woman, according to her own statement, desirous of being hanged but lacking the courage to hang herself, sets upon two little children on the public highway, and would probably have murdered one or both if their cries had not brought assistance to the spot, and balked the designs of the amiable lady.

THE President of the French Republic has signed a decree appointing M. Got, the actor, a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. It is the first time an actor has been decorated in France, let us hope it may not be the last.

LATTER DAYS OF THE POET SAXE.

SINCE the death of his daughter, Harriet Solace Saxe, Mr. Saxe, now approaching his seventieth year, has fallen into a deplorable state of hypochondriacal melancholy, and lately the loss of one of his two sons has come to deepen his depression. He cannot be persuaded to leave his house near New York, and refuses to see his old friends. Of his once genial humor no trace remains, and his present state furnishes a sad commentary on the lines written by him on his thirty-ninth birthday:—

Oh, few that roam this world of ours,
To feel its thorns and pluck its flowers,
Have trod a brighter path than mine
From blithe thirteen to thirty-nine.
Health, home, and friends (life's solid part),
A merry laugh, a fresh young heart,

Poetic dreams and love divine—
Have I not these at thirty-nine?
Oh, Time! forego thy wonted spite,
And lay thy future lashes light,
And, trust me, I will not repine
At twice the count of thirty-nine.

Twenty-six years, more than a quarter of a century, of continued health and happiness! How many of us can boast as much? But few, we fear; in most lives sunshine and storm alternate pretty rapidly, and in all storm preponderates, and bereavement and anxiety are the rule rather than the exception. So let us wish the aged poet patience to bear the sorrows that cloud the evening of his life, a speedy and peaceful falling asleep, and an awakening to a new and brighter day.

ALONE.

From the London World.

"I am alone," he said,
Lying beneath a cliff beside the sea,
From toil of London free.
"How beautiful to watch the white sails fly
Into the sunset red!
How sweet to hear no voice of business, harsh
As bullfrogs in the marsh!
O foam-white sea beneath an amber sky,
At last alone am I!"

Yet fair white fingers lay
Within his own as these strange words he spake—
A small hand, like a flake
Of snow, with blush of sunset o'er it thrown;
The figure of a fay;
Clear eyes that when with love they looked at him
Grew for the moment dim—
His second self, his perfect wife, his own:
Ah, yes, he was alone!

MORTIMER COLLINS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE first number of a new monthly magazine of literature, science, and art, published in Bombay, made its appearance on New Year's Day. All the articles come up to a most respectable level of light reading, Miss Bates's own displaying considerable literary ability. Her "Stranger than Fiction" is in the Edgar Allan Poe vein, and is one of the best stories based on the Tichborne Case which we have seen. We hope that the venture will succeed as it deserves, for the annual subscription is modest in amount, and the first number of the *Orient* is very readable.—*Times of India*.

IF the first number of the *Orient* may serve as an index of what is to follow, we may predict from its contents that the magazine will be very acceptable. The contents will not fail to interest all persons who can appreciate a good English style, and those written by the editor proclaim her a talented and experienced writer. The venture ought to prosper also on account of the low price at which the magazine is offered.—*Bombay Native Opinion*.

WE welcome the appearance of the *Orient*, and in one of our recent numbers we quoted the *Bombay Review's* testimony as to its editor's literary ability. In what she has already attempted Miss Bates leaves an agreeable impression on the reader's mind.—*Indian Spectator*.

THE "ORIENT."—This very readable and neatly got-up publication, which purports to be "an Anglo-Indian monthly magazine of literature, science, and art," has been now before the public for some time; and we think we may safely congratulate its able and enterprising conductor (Miss R. Bates, of Girgaum, Bombay) on her having succeeded very fairly indeed in the capital attempt she has made at supplying the reading public in this country with a monthly magazine deserving their approval and support.

WE again repeat that the *Orient* is an excellent monthly, well deserving the patronage of the Indian reading public, which we trust it will secure before very long.—*Madras Native Opinion*.

WE have to acknowledge the receipt of the April number of the *Orient*, an Anglo-Indian monthly magazine of literature, science, and art, published in Bombay. This publication has reached its fourth issue, and, to judge from the contents of the present number, it is likely—and we think it deserves—to have a long run of popularity. The matter provided is both varied and interesting. Under literature we have a serial tale entitled "A Fiery Ordeal" (a story of the siege of Paris), well written and full of interest. Next comes a serio-comic description of "Sibi, or the land of Kutcha," which is really well worth reading, on account of the rich vein of humour that runs through the article. "I've allus paid my debts," a contribution by the editor, promises to be a very readable story, with vivid descriptions of place and character. "Quotations and Criticisms" will be found useful to all who take any interest in studying the standard works of our language. People down South hear a great deal about the Towers of Silence, the God's-acre of the Parsee community. They will find much interesting information concerning them both in this and the preceding numbers. Magnetism and lithography are dealt with in a popular and attractive manner. Those who wish to know whether they are "born magnetizers" or not will find a paragraph descriptive of the mental, moral, and physical peculiarities that usually distinguish such persons. A few pieces of poetry, reviews of new books, and "Passing Events" complete the subject-matter of the number. Altogether we think the *Orient* meets an Anglo-Indian want. The matter is varied, the style is attractive, and its general got-up quite that of a first class magazine. It appears to be ably conducted, and we have no hesitation in recommending it to our readers.—*Bangalore Spectator*.

THE contents of the *Orient* are rich and varied, and the principal conductor is a graceful writer. * * * The journal reflects much credit upon its conductors, who, we hope, will meet with the support they want.—*Amrita Bazar Patrika*.

THE *Orient* is excellently got up, and contains matter which will be read with much interest by all classes of Indian readers. Every paper in the book is worth reading, and if the magazine secures the attention it deserves we venture to predict that its popularity will be very great—much more so than any other magazine hitherto published in India.—*Bangalore Examiner*.

WE have to acknowledge with thanks copies of the first and second numbers of a new journal called the *Orient*, an Anglo-Indian monthly journal of literature, science, and art. It is published at Bombay under the conductorship of Miss R. Bates, and contains forty-eight pages of matter, original and select. The new journal appears, so far, to be decidedly above the average of such productions in India. The articles are very well written, and the selections well chosen.—*Rangoon Times*.

THE *Orient* is dedicated to literature and useful knowledge. The editor deserves great credit for elevated style, learning and versatile talent.—*La Gazette de Bardez*.

THE editor of the *Orient* has a very clever knack of telling stories, which we read with interest and delight.—*The East*.

THE *Orient* rises above the level of a journal devoted exclusively to light literature, and discusses matters of a more substantial nature. The papers headed "The Wisdom of the Aryans," "Lithography," and the "Towers of Silence" will amply repay perusal. The last-mentioned paper is published, and will, we understand, continue to be published, with illustrations.—*Indian Mirror*.

THE "ORIENT."—The June number of this magazine loses nothing in interest, and is equal, if not superior, in the quality of its contents, to the preceding monthly issues. The serial tales show no falling off; whilst the miscellaneous matter contained within the pages of the magazine is full of interest. Amongst the articles worthy of note is a short essay on apiculture, in which some entertaining facts are given with regard to the little insect which "improves each shining hour." Those who are desirous of making an attempt at bee-keeping in India will find in this article some valuable information as to the treatment of bees and the method by which the honey may be secured.—*Times of India*.

WE can but echo the general praises of our contemporaries regarding *The Orient*. It undoubtedly has many merits, not the least of which is variety in the subjects of the tales, articles,

selections, &c., it offers to its readers. * * * And altogether, we can truly say, *sans compliment*, that *The Orient* is one of the best of our Indian periodicals. In conclusion, we would say a few words about the first story, the "Chief of Dhume." Without any desire to be satirical, we must say that we suspect that this simple Indian story, *bond fide* by an Indian, appears itself to be intended as a satire upon the general course of policy pursued by the Indian Government in its relations with Native Princes and Chiefs, and also upon the "manners and customs of ye English" in our time. It is in such stories that "we see ourselves as others paint us."—*Madras Times*, July 15, 1881.

WE have received and perused the seventh number of the *Orient* with as much relish and pleasure as we enjoyed in perusing the former numbers of that excellent magazine. We may, without exaggeration, say that there is very notable improvement in each successive number of the journal, a fact which shows the time, care, labour, judgment, and correct taste which are brought to bear before presenting the magazine to the public. In the number before us, an attempt, which promises to be a complete success, has been made to publish a serial story in English by an educated Hindu gentleman. The opening chapters of the novel, which is entitled "The Chief of Dhume," are full of interest, which we have no doubt will continue to increase as the story goes on. As the editor of the *Orient* aptly observes in introducing the story to the notice of the reader, in the chapters of the "Chief of Dhume" "Indians will find pleasure in reading of well-known scenes and customs, and Anglo-Indians will perhaps not be sorry to see themselves depicted from a new and unfamiliar point of view." A story of the siege of Paris, entitled "A Fiery Ordeal," is continued in the present number, and affords unabated interest to the reader. The rest of the contents of the number, original and select, both prose and poetry, is up to the mark of promise given in the earlier numbers of the *Orient*. In short, Miss Bates has been unflinching in her industry and diligence, in keeping the magazine up to the high standard which she marked out for it at the beginning, and she is worthy of all the success such literary labours merit. We wish the *Orient* continued prosperity.—*Bangalore Spectator*, July 16, 1881.

THE "ORIENT."—The July number of this magazine contains the first two chapters of a new story which promises to be of interest. * * * The rest of the original articles are up to the usual mark, and the selections have been judiciously chosen. The *Orient* has reached its seventh issue, and we are glad to see that the venture has been a success.—*Times of India*.

THE *Orient* is a novelty in many ways, and possesses sufficient intrinsic merit to deserve the support of the Indian reading public. In the first place it is edited by a lady, and, as such, has nothing like it in the whole of India. Then, unlike only too many so-called magazines in this country, its contents are almost entirely original; while the subjects treated of embrace a great variety, and are handled in a manner that reflects the greatest credit on the editress and her contributory staff. In the number of the *Orient* for the current month there is begun an Indian serial story entitled "The Chief of Dhume," which is contributed, we are informed, by "a Hindu gentleman of much learning and repute, writing under the *nom de plume* of 'Shivaji.'" The tale seems to be a rather cleverly written sort of running satire on the policy of the British Government towards the native princes and chiefs, with not a few thoroughly native hits at English manners and customs. * * * The story is a capital one, and ought to prove quite an attraction to all readers of the *Orient*, for the long life and prosperity of which periodical we will conclude by expressing our best wishes.—*Madras Native Opinion*, July 20, 1881.

THE seventh number of the *Orient* well sustains the reputation the magazine has acquired. The present number contains the commencement of a tale by "a Hindoo gentleman of much learning and repute," which is described as "an Indian serial story of exceeding interest and originality." The title of the tale is "The Chief of Dhume." The first two chapters purport to give a description of the life and feelings of an independent native Prince but with a Political Agent to look after him.—*Bombay Gazette*.

"THE ORIENT."—The July number of this popular magazine begins with an Indian serial story, "The Chief of Dhume," which will be continued through many issues, and is the production of a Hindu gentleman, who writes in a skilful and interesting manner on Indian life and customs. The other articles, not less than twenty in number, are as varied, interesting, and instructive as usual, and a tastefully executed lithograph illustrates the description of "The Towers of Silence." We have not the least doubt that under its distinguished editorial management *The Orient* will continue to prosper, and will soon command a very large subscription list, not only in India, but also in other parts of the world.—*Bombay Native Opinion*.

THE *Orient*, we see, is already vindicating its existence and the title it has taken to itself. "The Chief of Dhume" promises to be a first-rate little serial, and read between the lines is remarkable more for what it does not say than for what it does. What it says, however, is worth hearing. It is a genuine story, told by a genuine man, with a simplicity, point, and idiomatic grace extremely rare in a Hindu writer. We shall watch the progress of the story with very great interest.—*Indian Spectator*.

THE contents of the July number of this interesting monthly are both varied and readable. We are glad to see that Miss Bates is fast securing a good number of useful contributors. The present number begins an Indian serial story, styled "The Chief of Dhume," and throwing valuable light on the habits and customs which prevail in the courts and palaces of the native chiefs. There is a continuation in the present number of the very useful articles on the *Parsee Towers of Silence*.—*Indu Prakash*.

THIS periodical is replete with readable and interesting matter, and reflects much credit on the able editor. The present number, among other articles, contains an admirable tale, "The Chief of Dhume," of which the first two chapters only have yet appeared. Stern facts gleaned from the eventful and miserable career of most of our native chiefs and princes have been strung together, so to speak, and narrated in story form. The sixth instalment of "The Towers of Silence," which article is set off with an illustration, surpasses others in vividness of description. "Quotations and Criticisms" is a literary article of exceptional merit. We wish a long career to the useful monthly.—*Liberty*.

THE Orient is, we think, a welcome addition to the light literature of India.—*Indo-European Correspondence.*

THE Orient is well deserving the patronage of the Indian public.—*Poona Observer.*

It may now truly be said that the publication has established itself, and we feel sure that it will continue for years to amuse and delight many readers. One thing that has to be noted in it is that it combines Indian stories with those of other countries, and thus appeals to readers whose interests are solely in this country. The first chapter in this number is a continuation of the story "The Chief of Dhume," a narrative that sets forth the hardships that the Native Chiefs think that they suffer from the Political Agents who are appointed to look after their interests as well as those of the Government of the whole country. The complaints that the writer makes are evidently not without foundation, for these Agents poke into everything, and make it the chief part of their duty to find fault.—*Bangalore Spectator.*

WE are glad to notice the *Orient* seems in a prosperous condition. It is by no means an easy task to keep a good monthly magazine going in India, in the teeth of the competition from home; but the great difficulty in this case has been gallantly attacked, and victory seems certain. The number before us is a very readable one. * * * * The original matter is good, and the extracts exhibit taste and discrimination. If this magazine is continued as it has been begun, it is certain to take a permanent position among Indian periodicals, and to be welcome on the tables of all.—*Rangoon Times.*

The Office of the "ORIENT" is No. 2, Girgaum Back Road, opposite the bungalow of the late Hon. Morarjee Gokuldas.

"THE ORIENT."

SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

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No. 10.

OCTOBER, 1881.

Vol. I.

THE CHIEF OF DHUME.

By SHIVAJI.

[CONTINUED FROM No. IX.]

CHAPTER VI.]

As usual, I sat in my darbar room, and my Minister brought me official papers. The Shastri had gone to the capital of my son-in-law with presents from my wife on the occasion of the birthday of my grandson. My mad son, Jamna, and Tára, were in the adjoining room, and my wife was engaged in offering flowers to her gods, as she had vowed to offer a million of rose-flowers in a month. Her Bráhmaṇa priest directed her and chanted sacred verses. My Minister told me that my vassal the Chief of Gote was made a Legislative Councillor by Government, and a title was conferred on him. This news amused all the courtiers present, because everybody knew that Baron Gote was a perfect simpleton. My Minister read a letter from the Political Agent, who insisted upon English being taught to my grandson, Pratáp. I said I had no objection; a tutor would be employed. The Minister remarked that Government had asked me to send him to school, where he would associate with the sons of other Chiefs. To this I objected. Jamna was determined not to part with her only son, and my wife could not see the necessity of teaching English to a prince the heir to the throne of Dhume. Jamna even shed tears at the idea of separation from her child. My Minister wisely remarked that it was a political matter, and in all political matters we suppress all feeling. "Well," said I, "let it be politically managed. Let time pass; let us say we have made arrangements to teach Pratáp. I took Pratáp in my lap and asked him if he liked to learn English. He said, 'Ah, papa! it is all 'esh-pash.' I know it already." "But," said I, "you are to go to school about 50 miles distant." "What!" replied he, "I will go; I know all places in Dhume. I know the river, the temple, and the mango-grove beyond. It cannot be further off than this. I will go." I said, "Brave boy!" and Jamna and Tára smiled, while my son sat as

if he were philosophizing. In the mean time Lady Gote and her son were announced. This time she was accompanied by two maid-servants. I withdrew from the room, and she was received by the ladies. She showed that she was a distinguished lady because her husband was a Legislative Councillor and a Knight Commander of the Star of India. She turned up her nose and said, "We are raised by the Government and honored." My Minister said, "Yes, but you are bound by allegiance to the throne of Dhume." "Our title," replied she, "gives us precedence, because we have a private entry at the Political Agent's darbar." My son got violent and in a fit of madness said, "All bosh! I killed the tiger." Lady Gote said, "It is proposed to confer additional powers upon us." My son vociferated "My bullet took true aim." Lady Gote said, "Government takes an interest in us, and my son will be married to a girl from the royal family." My son vociferated "The Political Agent could not kill the tiger. I did it. Here is the tiger, and this is my bullet," and he flung a flower at Lady Gote. She was enraged. I went in and attempted to soothe her. The ladies of the palace laughed at her presumption and coquetry, and the servants could not conceal their feelings of astonishment at the importance she assumed.

While we were thus engaged my Shástri returned from my son-in-law with rich presents to me, and told me that he was extremely gratified by the courtesy and prosperity of the King of Panjera. My wife felt comforted, and I asked the Shástri to describe to me what passed at Panjera during his stay there. On this the Shástri began thus:—

"Panjera is a nice town, the capital of the kingdom of Panjera. The King of Panjera is popular, and his subjects are extremely attached to him. He spends his time every day in the same way except on holidays. He rises at four in the morning, takes his bath and worships his gods, and talks with the daughter of your Highness, his good wife, who also rises early and after bathing worships the Tulsi plant. Before seven he goes hunting in the mountains in his neighborhood, from whence he returns at nine. Given to contemplation of the Supreme Spirit, he shuts himself in a room for an hour. At ten his Pandits gather about him, when the mysteries of spiritualistic abstraction and universalization of the spirit itself are explained. Then he looks into the official correspondence of the day, dictates replies to references from the Political Agent, and signs the letters dictated the day before. At eleven he eats with his wife and children, and in the company of his friends and courtiers, when there is a great deal of convivial cheerfulness. I was particularly honored on these occasions, and I have never seen more perfect arrangements than in the palace of the king your son-in-law. After dinner for an hour he is accessible to

anybody, and many poor people come in and speak to him about their grievances, which are systematically noted by a clerk specially appointed for the purpose ; during this time experts play before him at chess. Then he takes his usual sleep, exactly for an hour. The rest of his time till four in the evening is taken up in disposing of all judicial cases. Panjera resounds with his reputation for justice. Every evening he inspects all his departments. He visits first the treasury, and after a clerk has carefully explained different matters connected with it, and pointed out the amount of money paid into and out of it, gives fresh instructions. Then he visits the jail and inspects it, noticing any irregularity in its management. Thus in the course of a week all the different eighteen departments of his administration are carefully inspected. But, O King, though the people are prosperous, contented, and extremely attached to their king, I am told that the Political Officers complain of him, and the Government sometimes finds fault with him, and this is the only untoward condition, but it sometimes makes him uneasy." "Oh!" I interrupted "is it so? Pity! He does not know that servility is incompatible with nobility of feeling and highmindedness; that self-respect is incompatible with flattery; that corruption is incompatible with uprightness; that straightforward simplicity is incompatible with complex intriguing; that meanness is incompatible with generosity; that knowledge is incompatible with ignorance; and that royalty is incompatible with the Political Agency—an agency by which the British rule subverts us all." I remained quiet for a short time. The Shástri felt that I was serious; then Jamna asked him to continue and describe how the birthday was celebrated. "The King of Panjera," he continued, "spent his evenings with his wife and children, and he was particularly fond of playing cards, in which his wife took part. In about four days the birthday was splendidly celebrated. The holiday was kept with great solemnity and pomp. Oblations of clarified butter were thrown into a sacred fire to appease the gods of the house, and water was sprinkled about the palace. On this occasion your daughter had often to sit by the side of her husband: both often walked together. Her modesty and graceful gait enhanced her beauty, especially when she was asked by her husband to sit down, and when he helped her in adjusting her clothes. Often did he say, 'Come, my love, let us go through this part of the ceremony,' for they love each other fondly. Some two hundred Bráhmaṇas were fed, and in the afternoon there was a *conversazione*. All the respectable ladies of Panjera were invited. More than a hundred came. They were served with red powder and sweetmeats in a hall which was specially prepared. A platform, most glossy and brilliantly white, was raised in the centre of the hall, and upon it was mounted a structure at once delicately tasteful and intricately artistic. The plinth was ornamented by relief knobs,

one receding behind the other. The bases of the columns were carved into flowers blooming on a serpentine creeper ; on it a capital with an entablature, the folds of which could be numbered ; the cornice and the frieze perplexed the eye into a sensation of pleasure from which I am not as yet free. In the corridors there were arches imperceptibly passing into spandrels, and the corridors opened in tiers which formed a sort of rising piazza. The whole structure was crowned by a steeple of various designs engraved. I thought that thousands of rupees must have been spent in ivory and in paying the workmen and artists. Lost in admiration, I gazed on. I was puzzled to see how ivory could be worked into such delicate arches within arches. A lady observed to my surprise that all this beautiful structure would be thrown away in a day, and that, therefore, all should see it as early as possible. I asked a boy what the material of the beautiful structure was, and who were the artists. ' Well,' said he, ' you are a stranger, to be sure. The material is simply the marrow of plants called plantains, and the artists are these girls, whom our Queen superintends.' I then admired the structure more than before. Your daughter, dressed gorgeously and all adorned with the nicest of pearls, came and distributed the red powder. The ladies were pleased." " Then," interrupted I, " my daughter is happy with her husband, and her son is quite well—a thought that makes me happy. Though the madness of Ratna has unsettled my mind a little, yet my daughter and all the others are happy. Ratna will be well soon, and Tárá be married now. When this is accomplished I have nothing to aspire after in my old age—a healthy grandson, a beautiful granddaughter, and my Jamna. Surrounded by these, my love," said I to my wife, " and conscious that my daughter and her son are happy in their own palace, I feel a delight which I cannot describe ;" when lo ! who come—my daughter and her son, destitute and unattended. When I saw them embrace my wife and weep bitterly, my heart broke within me. My wife too was heart-broken when she saw my daughter and her son destitute, and both of them from time to time sobbing. I could not understand what had happened. I asked Jamna, and she said that my son-in-law was dead. But she was not quite sure. My daughter could not speak. Her grief knew no bounds. My wife, though generally proof to any expression of sorrow or happiness, shed tears, continuing to count her beads. Tárá wept, she did not know why, and Prátáp joined her. The whole family was afflicted. I thought the best plan would be to send somebody to the capital of my son-in-law's kingdom, and to ask him to ascertain the circumstances of the misfortune of my daughter, when the Minister of my son-in-law was announced. I sat down quiet and serious, and asked him to narrate the events that had transpired—the events that had
 —t on the calamity. He said, " Sire, you know my King is very

intelligent, and that he has already administered his kingdom successfully. I was asked by a Settlement Officer to afford adequate grazing to his six horses in our meadows. You know, four years ago there was no rain, not a blade of grass grew. All our peasantry starved; many sickened and died. My master spent all he had on famine relief. Yet he supplied the Settlement Officer with the means of feeding his horses. Our horses were starved and his were fed. At the end of the year I asked the Settlement Officer to make arrangements elsewhere to secure grazing for his horses. At this he was vexed. He began to bluster; he threatened me. I did not give heed to his threatenings. He took away his horses, but the Superintendent of Police is interested in the Settlement Officer, and the Superintendent is a great friend of the Political Agent. How they arranged matters I do not know, but about four months ago the Superintendent and the Settlement Officer and a party of policemen suddenly besieged our palace. Our sepoys were enraged, and prepared for attacking them. We should have succeeded in driving them away. But my master, the Mahārāja, immediately came out and issued strict orders to all our sepoys to be quiet; his loyalty to the British rule could not be questioned. He said, 'Let the British Government do what it likes. Our duty is plain; we ought to submit to the Paramount Power, to which we are bound by ties of duty and allegiance. This has been the principle of our policy for centuries. We will never fight with our lords. We will fight for them. But the British have no confidence in us. The Mogul Emperors had great faith in us, and we then acquired our territory and the powers we have. One of my ancestors fell sword in hand, and then we were recognized as Mahārājas, and we were titled Himat Bahadoor (which means "celebrated for martial spirit").' He submitted thus to the orders of Government. The Police Superintendent said that he was instructed to examine our records, as we were believed by Government to have assisted the dacoits. For four hours our records were searched, when a letter to the following effect was laid hold of:— 'We have reached the summit of the mountain, we have helped the party in advance of us; we went down the deep precipice; we have not swept clean the plain below; we will return in a day or two. My good Minister, I have full faith in you. Look into all our affairs carefully; use great circumspection.' This letter was addressed to me by my Mahārāja when he was away hunting a tiger in our mountain highlands. About five days ago a battalion of soldiers came; the Superintendent of Police accompanied it. We were told that Government had deposed the Mahārāja. Every thing in the palace was put under lock and key. We were told that arrangements for political pension would be soon made, and that a suitable lodging would be provided for us. The Mahārāja upon this quietly walked out of the

palace. I must tell you that the Superintendent and the military officers who had come to us were smiling and doing their work unmoved. I sent off the wife and the son of my Mahārāja to your Highness, and I received this note about my Mahārāja three days ago :—‘ Your late Mahārāja cannot now write to you. He has passed into another life. His connection with this world is broken.’ At this my heart misgave me. I cried “ Ah ! he is dead ; what a pity ! His lost power may be regained, but he is gone ; yes, he is gone.” When I thus cried my wife fell down on the ground and became insensible. Jamna supported her. My daughter was speechless. The two children wept much and continuously. My Minister was absent at Rámapur. Tárá went in and brought water, which I poured into the mouth of my beloved wife. As soon as she recovered from the fit I said, “ There is no use in giving way to grief. The calamity has come, and we must contrive by the means in our power to mitigate it.” Upon this my wife said, “ All that is stored up in former lives must be consumed either by enjoyment or suffering in this life. There is no help : it must come.” I replied, “ Let us see if we can do anything. Let my daughter know that I will be her support in grief ; but who can supply the place of her worthy husband, whom she loved so much ?” I went to my daughter, and hugged her in my arms. “ My daughter,” said I, but I was struck dumb when I saw that she was speechless. My wife and Tárá held her in their arms, and Jamna consoled her. But her grief was great. Her husband, the source of all her happiness, was gone. Pity I could do nothing. No diplomacy could avail me now. My wife was now steady and serious. She quietly told the beads on her rosary and remarked, “ Our destiny must have its course ; it is irresistible ; we must reap as we have sown in our past lives.” At these words my daughter revived, her grief subsided. For a moment I felt that we had gone through the worst of the calamity. Tárá came and sat by me. Her countenance, the beauty of which appeared peculiarly striking from the impression grief had made upon it, seemed to be a little more composed. She began to wipe off her tears, and push backwards and arrange her hair, which was loosened and spread over her face. Surjeraw, the son of my daughter, and Pratáp walked out into the open air and began to play. My daughter, who had not taken any food for two days, called for water. Jamna succeeded in inducing her to eat a morsel. The whole family thus quietly settled down. I once more began to think of what should be done to relieve my daughter, and to make the most of the circumstances in which she was placed. I called in a clerk and dictated to him a petition to Government, asking them to reconsider the treatment of my son-in-law. I wrote a letter to Commissioner John to befriend me.

I should have sent my Minister to him at once, but he had gone to Rámapur—such a clever Minister, so well informed, of such presence of mind, and so prompt at suggesting a remedy for whatever comes to pass! My daughter gradually recovered from the effects of her bereavement. Three days passed away. She said, "Papa, I am unfortunate; but let me not come in the way of our Tárá's marriage. If my misfortune were known to the Mahárája of Rámapur, all marriage negotiations would be broken. Let my misfortune, therefore, be concealed from the public. I am destined now to hide my face from the world." These words, uttered with a remarkable power of self-denial and a great concern for the happiness of others, moved me once more. I unconsciously shed tears. My wife asked, "Now where is your diplomacy? Where is your political wisdom? What has come to pass cannot be recalled. Destiny, our accumulated activity, is not controllable." Jamna joined her mother and said, "Papa, instead of supporting us in our grief, you give way. We women are helpless. Try by all the means in your power to help us through." I said, "Children, have I given way? Have I abandoned all political foresight? Have I said I am helpless? No, no. I have written to Government. I expect a reply. We shall yet recover what we have lost. But my beloved son is gone. Yes, the Mahárája, my good son-in-law, the husband of my sweet and good daughter." When lo, what happens. Ratna comes in. He abruptly says, "I have taken Death a captive: I have fought with him. Death is defeated. My brother-in-law is relieved. The devil is after him. The tiger is killed. I am victorious." I asked Jamna to control her mad husband, for he was strangely and mysteriously amenable to her. He submissively did what she wished and withdrew. "Ah," I said, "it is a pity my son is mad, my son-in-law is dead, my beloved daughter is bereaved, and Tárá's marriage negotiations, on this account, threatened with failure. My Minister, who could afford counsel and aid, is absent. My heart is breaking! There is no chance of recovering from this misery. Everywhere in the palace there is gloom. The servants are depressed: the calamity has afflicted them as much as any of us. What is the remedy? What is to be done?" In this state of mind I sat absorbed in the thought of discovering some remedy, when suddenly Pratáp came to me. "Papa," said he, and Tárá, Jamna, my daughter, and my good wife listened to him attentively. "Papa, the Mahárája is dead. They say he is burnt, but what is death, and how can a man be burnt? Does he not feel pain then? Surjeraw says, 'No! a man can be burnt. He does not feel any pain.' I think, when he is dead a man becomes a piece of wood. Surjeraw says he goes to heaven, a place of excessive happiness. Then it is very good to die. Why do you all weep?" "My child," said I, "we weep because

he is gone for ever. He will never return to us, my Pratáp." He replied, "This is very foolish, papa. If one is happy, no matter where he is gone, we cannot be sorry : we ought not to weep. I think Surjeraw is wrong. One does not go to a happy place when he dies ; but he becomes a stiff, dry piece of wood, and then he is useless. He is, therefore, burnt up. I am right and Surjeraw is wrong." When I heard this I embraced my Pratáp and asked him to be quiet. Surjeraw went into another room. A new fit of grief came upon the ladies, confusion once more ensued. Everybody once more felt new misery. A fortnight passed, when my Minister returned. He said that the Mahárája of Rámapura had deputed an agent, Apásaheb by name. He would come to Dhume to-morrow, and every arrangement for his reception should be made. I took him into a private apartment and explained to him what had happened. He said that he would persuade the ladies to be quiet, and that, though we were miserable, we were obliged to make the best appearance we could. We tried to seem in spirits. A parlor was immediately set apart for Apásaheb. The servants resumed their duties and appeared to be cheerful. Tárá once more was dressed out and prepared to be shown to Apásaheb. Jamna attempted to be cheerful. My wife was again busy in consoling our afflicted daughter. What was, however, merely artificial and assumed at first, gradually passed into a natural mood of mind. The palace resumed its gaiety, and all began to talk of the approaching festivities of marriage. Pratáp prepared for them ; Tárá was engrossed by them ; Jamna seemed interested in them.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WAYSIDE WELL.

From Good Company.

He stopped at the wayside well,
Where the water was cool and deep ; [stones,
There were feathery terns 'twixt the mossy
And gray was the old well-sweep.

He left his carriage alone ;
Nor could coachman or footman tell
Why the master stopped in the dusty road
To drink at the wayside well.

He swayed with his gloved hands
The well-sweep creaking and slow,
While from seam and scar in the bucket's side
The water plashed back below.

He lifted it to the curb,
And bent down to the bucket's brim ;
No furrows of time or care had marked
The face that looked back at him.

He saw but a farmer's boy
As he stopped o'er the brim to drink,
And ruddy and tanned was the laughing face
That met his over the brink.

The eyes were sunny and clear,
And the brow undimmed by care,
While from under the brim of the old straw hat
Strayed curls of chestnut hair.

He turned away with a sigh ;
Nor could coachman or footman tell
Why the master stopped in his ride that day
To drink at the wayside well.

THE LEARNED.

A FIERY ORDEAL.

A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

(Written expressly for the "ORIENT.")

CONTINUED FROM NO. IX.

CHAPTER XXVII.

NOTHING could have prepared Aimée for the great luminous eyes, the long neglected hair, and the haggard face she saw before her. She glided across the room, her light footfalls seeming to her too loud in such a presence, and, sinking on her knees at the bedside, pressed her lips to the shadowy hand which he had extended on the coverlet, as the only form of greeting to which he felt equal.

"You must have suffered so much," she said when she could speak.

"Yes," he said, "but I knew you were sorry for me." The remark revealed the unconscious egotism of illness, so like that of childhood. He was glad that she had grieved for him, and for the moment forgot to pity her anxiety.

"You will be well soon, and we shall all be happy again," she answered, expressing a hope she hardly dared to feel.

He smiled faintly and signed his assent, and then after a minute's rest asked her to sit where he could see her. Every word came slowly and separately, as if each cost an effort. She understood that his weakness could endure no more agitation, and she obeyed him in silence. Presently the eyes which had at first been fixed on her closed, and he slept, looking to Aimée, who had seen but little of severe illness, so like a corpse that she could not help imagining him as she had seen poor Martin, with the tapers at his side, the holy water at his feet, and a veil of thin muslin thrown over his face.

Indeed, if the regular breathing had not reassured her, she would have been almost inclined to believe his heart had ceased to beat, and that his ears were already deaf to her voice, so corpse-like were the hollow cheeks, the wasted hands, and the waxen transparency of the flesh.

Yet, helpless as he was, weakened alike in spirit and body, he was dearer to her than he had been in his days of health and strength, and every faculty of her mind, every instinct of her heart, stood ready watching to save him. Death and disease must be fought step by step, and she ransacked her brain to remember all she had ever heard, in England or elsewhere, on illness and nursing. There was, she felt convinced, in the present case, no fever except what proceeded from weakness and exhaustion. The weakness, then, not the fever, was the thing to be fought. She remembered hearing of a lady who from a similar cause (loss of blood) had fallen

into a fearful state of prostration, and of all the devices resorted to by her friends to keep alight the feeble spark of life which remained. But they were free to fight Death, and they wrested from him his prey. She must fight not only death, but social prejudices, and the strength of her love would enable her to do it. She must be at once supple and persistent. She must not only lay aside her own pride, but overcome the narrow views of Mme. D'Allaire. Her heart had chosen Maxime as the honored guide and protector of her life, and every woman who is something better than a spoilt child or over-dressed doll, when she makes such a choice, instinctively reserves to herself the right to take up the reins if sickness or accident causes them to fall from the nerveless hand of the one she loves. Hers is the power, hers the right of command, until she can (how gladly !) restore it to the source from whence it was derived. Till that moment, for his sake, she must be wise, calm, and resolute ; and Aimée was nerving herself to meet the difficulties before her, when the door opened softly, and Mme. D'Allaire looked in. She smiled when she saw her son asleep, and would have retired, but he was already aroused, and opening his eyes fixed them on Aimée, as if his waking was but a continuation of his dream. Mme. D'Allaire advanced to the bedside.

"Mother," he said, "I am hungry."

"That is right, my son. What will you have? A nice cup of arrowroot?"

He shook his head with a look of disgust.

Chicken broth, tapioca, and *café au lait* were proposed with the same result.

"I want a cutlet," he said.

Mme. D'Allaire looked horrified, and declared there was nothing of the sort in the house.

"That does not matter, there is a shop close by, and I have my bonnet on," said Aimée, who saw in the invalid's desire for meat an indication that nature required it.

"My dear child," whispered Mme. D'Allaire, "it is easy enough to procure the meat, but I dare not give it him. In his weak state it might be fatal to give him indigestible food."

Aimée feared the wish for any food at all might pass away before the discussion was finished, and in the present crisis of affairs they could not afford to throw away the smallest chance of increasing his strength ; she drew, then, Mme. D'Allaire back into the *salon*, and with tears and caresses endeavored to bring her round to her own views of the case. "Indeed, *chère madame*," she said, clasping the old lady's hands in hers, "we treat these illnesses in quite a different way in England, and I have seen the most astonishing results follow. Let me pursue the English plan, and if at the end of two

days the doctors do not pronounce him better I will acknowledge I am wrong ; but I am not wrong, and he can surely be saved."

Mme. D'Allaire, half carried away by the robust faith of her young companion, asked no better than to believe that the English method might succeed better than the French one had done. Still it was going against all her ideas of nursing, and her face wore a look of perplexity.

"You are not angry with me?" asked Aimée coaxingly.

"No, my child, only anxious to act for the best."

"Let me get it," she pleaded. "We need only give him a small quantity at a time. Indeed I have prayed so much that God would let me save him that I am sure He has heard my prayers, and your son will live and be strong and well again."

She had struck the right chord this time. Mme. D'Allaire could believe any indigestible substance might be beneficial if aided by the direct interposition of God, and being besides touched by the young lady's piety she drew her purse from her pocket and laid it in Aimée's hand.

This was victory number one, and as Aimée, while principally occupied with the son, by no means neglected to improve her position with the mother, it did not promise to be the last. Maxime, tired of the slops which had been his sole food since his attack, swallowed a few mouthfuls of solid food with considerable relish, and soon fell asleep again. The opportunity was too good to be lost. Aimée, who had returned Mme. D'Allaire's purse, borrowed a basket which hung in the entry, slipped out, and returned almost before that lady, who had fallen asleep on the sofa in the *salon*, was aware of her absence.

"My dear child, I really cannot allow this," she said with a little vexation as she noticed the heavy basket on Aimée's arm. Her own means were not large. Maxime's illness had been a heavy drain on her purse, and she had a nervous fear of running short of money ; but all her pride rose up against receiving any pecuniary aid from Mlle. Albert. Aimée, well aware that the step she had considered necessary would not be approved, had for that very reason taken it without consulting Mme. D'Allaire, resolved to coax her round afterwards, rather than run the risk of not being able to persuade her in advance.

"Forgive me," she began. "You know you promised, *chère* Mme. D'Allaire, to let me do as I like for two days, and to think of nothing but saving M. Maxime ; when he is better, then we shall have time for other things, and you can scold me as much as you like." Again arguments and caresses forced the lady of the house to yield to the supple and persistent stranger, whose manner was as gentle and deferential as her will was strong, and who had already administered to Maxime food which appeared to be followed by no evil results. Mme. D'Allaire now watched

him swallow the yolk of a new egg beaten up with a little sherry and sugar, a mixture evidently to his taste. "Come, Mademoiselle," she said when the egg was disposed of, "we will leave for a little while this *malade* who has such a good appetite. You and I will have some lunch together, and after that I must send you away." Aimée accepted the lunch and protested against being sent away.

"But," argued Mme. D'Allaire, "my cousin will surely return soon, and she might think it strange if she found you at Maxime's bedside." She did not add that the aged and distant relative, who was slightly obnoxious to Maxime, was simply there for a consideration, and had a manner of talking about the will of God, when discussing the probabilities for or against the invalid's recovery, which might have led a keen observer to infer that she had herself no particular wishes on the subject. Neither did Mme. D'Allaire say that the respectable cousin had really been sent out of the way that morning with a special view to facilitate Mlle. Albert's visit.

"However desirous I may be of winning the esteem of mademoiselle your cousin, that was not the motive which brought me here," said Aimée; and again after a while the weaker will went down before the stronger one, and the young nurse saw herself alone in charge of the patient, while his mother took some much-needed rest in her own room. The cousin returned, gratified her curiosity by a full inspection of the stranger, and then she also retired to welcome an unexpected rest and seclusion. Maxime spoke little, and slept frequently, during that afternoon; but his eyes during his waking moments followed Aimée with a content in them that was better than words, and once when her hand damped his brow with eau de Cologne he drew it feebly to his lips, and the gesture was so full of gratitude that her eyes were dim with tears as she smiled down on him.

In spite of weariness and weakness, Maxime was really happy that day. For the first time since his attack he found himself intelligently cared for. Aimée tired him by no attempts at conversation; she made no effort to read to him the Imitation or the prayers of the day; she knew instinctively when he would be the better for a change of position; and last, but not least, she was to his eyes a sight as beautiful and far more interesting than the flowers she had laid upon his bed. He watched her as she moved noiselessly about in the gray merino dress she had chosen to wear because it made no rustle. He admired, as he had done so often before, the supple and well-rounded figure, the wavy hair gathered high on her head, and falling in undulating masses over the broad forehead with its arched dark brows, and the simplicity of dress and *coiffure* which added to the natural charms of face and figure a purity of line and a repose which was in itself a delight to an artistic eye. He noted the details of her

toilet, the spotless white collar set off by a loose black lace scarf fastened beneath it, and the ribbon at her waist, with a pleasure which arose from the fact that they were hers, and that he had seen nothing fresh or pretty for so long.

Once during the afternoon Mme. D'Allaire had stolen in, and withdrawn silently when she saw Aimée fanning her sleeping charge. She returned again soon after six, and was horrified on learning that Maxime had taken another meal and half a glass of English stout.

"It would kill any other invalid," she remarked to her cousin, "but he really seems better, and certainly more cheerful, than I have seen him yet."

"A cure à la jeune fille," said the old maid with a touch of sarcasm.

"She is an angel," responded Mme. D'Allaire, provoked that her cousin, instead of sympathizing with her in her newly awakened hopes, found nothing better to do than attack Aimée.

"So much of an angel that I am afraid Maxime will not value any attention we ordinary mortals can give him."

Mme. D'Allaire turned away disgusted. The devout and respectable cousin had never before appeared to her in such an unpleasant light. She was beginning to feel the effects of her long fatigue, and even the unwonted rest of that afternoon could not entirely relieve her lassitude. She really needed words of cheer and comfort, and turned to Aimée with the certainty that they would be forthcoming.

The three ladies dined together, and soon afterward Mme. D'Allaire positively insisted on sending her young friend away. It would be the height of impropriety, she insisted, for Aimée to pass the night there.

"Would it be wrong?" asked the young lady.

"No," she acknowledged, "only unusual, a thing not habitually done."

"So rather than allow me to do something which is simply unusual you ask me to go home and leave you, who are completely tired out, to watch M. Maxime."

"I am rather tired, but I can take some rest on the couch, and to-morrow night it will be my turn to go to bed, and leave my cousin in charge." (Aimée shuddered.) "I promise you, dear child, he shall have whatever he fancies every time he wakes; but I am really inexorable, and you must go home. You can return quite early to-morrow, nine o'clock if you like, and before you go I must tell you that you have been a great comfort to me and my poor invalid."

Maxime did not say as much when she took leave of him, but Mme. D'Allaire smiled as she heard him twice exact a promise that his new nurse would return on the morrow.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Valentine had naturally been made uneasy by Aimée's prolonged absence, but she was amply consoled when she saw her return animated and hopeful, and was full of admiration for her sister's successful generalship. "How could you insist on staying when Mme. D'Allaire told you to go home?" she asked.

"Titine, you will find out some day for yourself that there are occasions on which one can dare and do anything, and I am thankful to say circumstances did favor me wonderfully."

"But are you sure it is not really dangerous to give him so much nourishment?"

"Quite sure, I can already see an improvement in him, and all will be well if only the doctors do not persuade Mme. D'Allaire that I am doing wrong."

"You surely would not dare to go against the opinion of the doctors."

"Why not? They have done but little for him so far; and I am sure that the very sight of an old woman, a sort of cousin, who is there to help Mme. D'Allaire, is bad for him. Fancy a figure tall and straight like a signpost, lips so thin that she appears to be eternally endeavoring to conceal the fact that she has a mouth, and hair, which instead of being of a good wholesome gray, is dyed a most unnatural rusty brown. *A propos*, Titine, can you lend me some money? At such a time as this I must depart from our usual economy, and I shall not be able to go to the bank to-morrow."

"Luckily I have been there to-day," said Valentine, tossing her purse into her sister's lap. Under the circumstances, she could understand any amount of reckless expenditure, but her sister's firmness in forcing her way to Maxime's bedside, and keeping her station there, was something she could admire but never imitate; and perhaps the very difference in their characters had served to knit the two more closely together.

The covered basket which Aimée carried when she presented herself next morning at the door of the apartment in the Rue de Seine drew a reproachful look from Mme. D'Allaire, but she was too overjoyed to be really angry, for Maxime had passed an excellent night. He welcomed Aimée with a joyful smile, and glanced at the basket in a manner which clearly showed he was interested in its contents; for the present he was utterly unable to oppose anything she might choose to do, and he took an almost childish pleasure in the little surprises she prepared for him.

"Open it," he said.

"*Comment*, Maxime!" exclaimed his mother half reproachfully. "You ought to join with me in forbidding Mlle. Albert to bring these things."

"Ought I?" he asked of Aimée.

"Certainly not. With all possible respect for madame your mother, I say that she has given you over to my authority until you are a little stronger," and she exhibited the contents of the basket, which consisted of fruit, flowers, half-a-dozen oysters hardly yet in season, jelly, and some coarse canvas, which appeared to him of minor importance.

"It has its use," explained Aimée, "as you will see when the sun is full upon the windows." And indeed it found a use still sooner, for as the doctor rang at the bell she threw it, before she left the sick room, over the bottles and forbidden viands, that the sight of them might not influence his opinion of the patient's condition.

Mme. D'Allaire took the hint, and said not a word of the innovations which she had been persuaded to countenance, and as the change for the better in Maxime was undeniable he complacently attributed it to some fresh medicine which he had prescribed at his last visit.

Mme. D'Allaire rapturously repeated the doctor's words to Aimée, and the two immediately indulged in a warm embrace, while Mlle. Goué, in spite of her objection to reveal the absence of her set of false teeth, to which some untoward accident had happened, opened her mouth sufficiently to say that this overfeeding would certainly result in fever. Decidedly, however, the cousin was losing ground in Mme. D'Allaire's esteem, and Aimée felt with joy that she was no longer a power in the house. The visit, too, of Dr. Monnier, from which the poor girl had feared some trouble, was safely over. M. Grégoire had gone out of town and was not expected until the evening; so she had before her a long quiet day in which to watch and care for the patient in her own way; for Mme. D'Allaire interfered no more, and Mlle. Goué's visits to the sick-room were of the briefest. Much there was, no doubt, in the new duties she had undertaken, which was novel and difficult to Aimée, but the strength of her anxiety lent her a tact and self-forgetfulness which stood her in good stead, and supplied the place of the experience she lacked.

As on the previous day, Maxime slept more than he spoke, and expressed his contentment rather by his eyes than his words. He looked on with pleased curiosity, while his nurse set things in order, or hung wet canvas in the windows to cool the heated atmosphere of the room. He swallowed all, whether food or medicine, that she put to his lips, and was as submissive and placid a patient as could well be imagined. It had not been so during the reign of the cousin and slops; and that lady took the change as a reflection on her nursing, and was much irritated by it. M. Grégoire spent a few minutes with his friend in the evening, and then joined the ladies in the *salon*, prepared by the sight of a little white straw bonnet and grey kid gloves left in the sick-room to find a stranger there.

Mme. D'Allaire presented Grégoire to Aimée, and with the words "Permit me, mademoiselle, I am Maxime's friend, and you will save him," he extended his hand.

"You really think him better?" asked Mme. D'Allaire.

"There is no doubt of it. He has taken the right turn, and I have good hopes of him now. However, mademoiselle, I should recommend a cautious use of that English stout which Maxime appreciates so highly. It is a powerful and somewhat heavy beverage, and must not at present be administered too lavishly."

"Otherwise you approve of the present diet?" said Mme. D'Allaire.

"I entirely approve of its result, if indeed the improvement is not as much owing to the change of nurses as of diet. Mlle. Albert makes an excellent successor to Mlle. Goué, who, I think, was distasteful to Maxime."

"My cousin has not left us," exclaimed Mme. D'Allaire, fearful that his words might be overheard.

There was little danger of that, however; Grégoire on going out found his way blocked by the cousin herself, who was mounting the staircase.

He would have passed with a bow, but she could not lose so favorable an opportunity of venting the vexation which had been accumulating all day.

"So you found your patient alive," she said. "It is almost more than I expected, from the reckless way in which my poor cousin has been allowing that ignorant little girl to treat him; and her being there at all is, I think, the height of impropriety."

Now Grégoire was not exactly in a good humor. He was too sincere a friend of Maxime's not to rejoice sincerely at finding him better, but it is nevertheless true that he would have rejoiced even more if the amelioration had been brought about by his medical skill, instead of being the result of a treatment he had not counselled; and he had, besides, another and a private cause for vexation. He certainly would not have gone out of his way to attack Mlle. Goué, but she, whom he disliked, having forced herself upon him, he was quite capable of answering her roughly and a little coarsely.

"*Que voulez vous?*" he said. "It is hard on Maxime, but he seems to thrive on it. *Parbleu!* I feel for him to have that little girl, as you call her, substituted for a person of your charms and graces." By this time Mlle. Goué was half suffocated with anger and indignation, regretted having spoken to him, and would gladly have proceeded on her way. Grégoire, however, had carelessly laid one hand on the wall and the other on the banister, and, glass in eye, bent forward from his superior position at the head of the flight of stairs and examined her with critical and grave commiseration. "But, dear ~~demoiselle~~," he continued, "you

are suffering, you look older than when I saw you last. Is it a case of toothache? If so, as a friend to youth and beauty, let me advise you to see a dentist, and to lose no time about it, unless you would drive your numerous adorers to despair," and raising his hat with exaggerated politeness he slipped by the discomfited old lady.

"*Insolent gamin! docteur de carton!*" she muttered as Grégoire, himself again, descended the staircase. Unfortunately Mlle. Goué could not recover herself as quickly. She at once sought Mme. D'Allaire and declared her intention of leaving a house where she was subjected to nothing but insult.

"What insult?" asked Mme. D'Allaire. It did not suit Mlle. Goué to particularize, so she answered, "I can see you do not value my services since the arrival of Mlle. Albert, and I have therefore no possible motive for exposing myself to the danger of a siege, and to the mercy of a brutal and licentious soldiery."

In spite of her vexation Mme. D'Allaire could not repress a smile as she replied, "At our age, *ma cousine*, it appears to me that we have little to fear from the soldiers. Besides, I am confident in the final power of France to protect her citizens, and I cannot understand why you should not be as safe here as in your own lodgings."

"I return to my lodgings to-night, but I shall not remain in Paris, you may be sure of that."

"Surely you cannot intend to leave me alone with Maxime to-night? I was up last night, and am really incapable of another watch."

"Let your little friend sit up with Maxime," said Mlle. Goué sarcastically, "or get a Sister of Charity. It is true she will cost you five francs a day, whereas you paid me little more than the rent of my room while I was with you."

"*Ma cousine*," answered Mme. D'Allaire with dignity, "I intended to make you a present according to my means, and perhaps equal to your deserts, but as you wish to go I have only to say that I have not the slightest wish to detain you," and leaving Mlle. Goué to make her preparations for departure she returned to the sick-room.

"You will not send me away now," exclaimed Aimée, when she was made aware of Mlle. Goué's sudden flight. "You are worn out and scarcely able to stand;" and Mme. D'Allaire, dispirited and really ill at ease, began to cry and consented to her remaining.

Aimée saw, or thought she saw, a gleam of hope in her horizon; but over Paris the war cloud hung heavy and black. Words of fear and anger were in every mouth, gloom in all hearts. False proclamations and stories of drawn battles or coming victory could no longer deceive the people. Ruin and disaster, which had long cast their shadows before

them, were upon France now, and it is no wonder if the hearts of her children were heavy within them as they pondered on the mismanagement and corruption, on the culpable temerity which had sent many of the bravest of the French as sheep to the slaughter. Long before the calamity of 'Sédan, murmurs bitter and deep were heard against the Emperor, whose unsoundness physically and morally was regarded as a fit emblem of the glittering and hollow dynasty which was destined to go out in tears and blood before the sword of the German and the execration of the Frank.

It was on a September evening that the cloud burst over Paris, and Rumor, starting from the Tuileries, whispered the news of an unparalleled misfortune. The Empress, secluded in her chamber, felt the iron hand of Despair grasp her heart, divined that her fall might be in proportion to the greatness of her elevation, and, not brave enough to face her raging people, resolved to fly. Not all at once did the Parisians learn the full extent of their misfortune; there were hours during which they moved to and fro, some silent and depressed, others angry and excited, seeking to know what each thought none had the right to keep from him. That was an evening never to be forgotten, and the morrow dawned on men despairing and gloomy, and on the more demonstrative wail of the women. The French had been touched on their tenderest point. They saw their country's pride trampled in dust and blood; they knew not how soon the victor might be at their gates; and it is no wonder if reason was not always master, and some excesses were committed. They shouted "*La Déchéance*" in the street, they tore the imperial ensign from the public buildings, and the populace and police charged each other, and caused some bloodshed. The Tuileries, deserted by the Empress, was invaded by the mob, and yet not plundered; the people passed from room to room, noted the signs of recent habitation, and wrote on the walls "*Death to thieves!*" and many a strange contrast was presented of order and disorder, anger and resignation.

Rochefort, he who had at least the merit of having raised his voice to protest against the war, saw himself snatched from his prison, and borne on the shoulders of the people to the *hôtel de ville*. He was yesterday a captive, to-day a member of the Government—Government self-chosen no doubt, but numbering among its volunteers some men of honesty and talent who loved their country. Unfortunately, the very fact that they were self-constituted furnished to the Germans, greedy of blood and conquest, the pretext which they sought to enable them to refuse peace. "*We make war with the dynasty only*" had been their cry, but the dynasty fallen and fled they made war still, and unhappy Paris, grounding a faint hope on the army of the Loire, prepared as best she might for the fearful ordeal of a siege.

Many strangers departed to their distant homes or went to Switzerland and Italy. The hotels grew empty and shops were closed. Some Parisians fled southward, and many sent away their women and children. There were tearful partings and hurried farewells at barriers and railway stations. Provision dealers, especially those whose wares were not of a too perishable nature, saw their stock disappear in a few days. Eatables were stowed away in garrets and cellars. Speculators realized fortunes, and from every street of the great city the bustle of preparation and the voice of lamentation and dread went up ; yet still brave hearts beat high, and the buoyant French temperament, hoping against hope, looked forward to the days when the noble deeds of her courageous sons should restore to France her old prestige and security.

(To be continued.).

IN PACE.

From Songs by the Cambridge Lotos Club.

When you are dead some day, my dear,
Quite dead, and under ground,
Where you will never see or hear
A summer sight or sound ;
What shall become of you in death,
When all our songs to you
Are silent as the bird whose breath
Has sung the summer through ?

I wonder will you ever wake,
And with tired eyes again
Live for your old life's little sake
An age of joy or pain ?
Shall some stern destiny control
That perfect form, wherein
I hardly see enough of soul
To make your life a sin ?

For, we have heard, for all things born
One harvest day prepares
Its golden garner for the corn,
And fire to burn the tares ;
But who shall gather into sheaves,
Or turn aside to blame,
The poppy's pucker'd helpless leaves,
Blown bells of scarlet flame ?

No hate so hard, no love so bold,
To seek your bliss or woe ;
You are too sweet for hell to hold,
And heaven would tire you so.
A little while your joy shall be,
And when you crave for rest
The earth shall take you utterly
Again into her breast.

And we will find a quiet place
For your still sepulchre,
And lay the flowers upon your face,
Sweet as your kisses were ;
And with hushed voices void of mirth
Spread the light turf above,
Soft as the silk you loved on earth
As much as you could love.

Few tears, but once, our eyes shall shed,
Nor will we sigh at all,
But come and look upon your bed
When the warm sunlights fall.
Upon that grave no tree of fruit
Shall grow, nor any grain ;
Only one flower of shallow root,
That will not spring again.

APICULTURE appears to be exciting considerable interest in England. A yearly show of bees and their produce is held at South Kensington, and bee-keeping is strongly advocated as a means of improving the condition of the agricultural laboring classes in England. Might it not also prove a profitable pursuit for some of the lower orders in India ?

DHOLA AND MARU.*

Translated by *Braja Nath Bannerjee.*

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE ballad of Dhola and Maru awakens great interest and is very popular all over Rajputana. It is recited by all,—by the old minstrel and the young boy of twelve,—and all Rajputs are very fond of it, inasmuch as the hero was an ancestor of the Maharajas of Jeypur.

In the merry month following the Hindu carnival, troops of boys are often seen acting it on a wooden platform, with the sweet Nigara drums pealing at intervals at the end of every couplet and calling the actors to dance.

Thinking the ballad might prove acceptable to the reading public, I have abstracted the main points from a Marwari MS. of old date, keeping as near to the original as good taste would allow, and omitting no particular that could help to give a correct knowledge of the subject.

BRAJA NATH.

DHOLA AND MARU.

ONCE when the shades of evening were falling fast, hastened by the gloom of a sullen sky, on the storm-beaten heath near Anhalwara, a slim figure was wandering with faint but resolute steps, seeking shelter. He bore a quilt, all ragged, a fiddle, a long stick, and a clay pipe. Groping through darkness, in the utter agony of famine, he saw at a distance a flickering light, which a little revived his hopes. He followed the direction of the light. At last he reached a cottage, and, divided between hope and fear, he knocked and knocked aloud for some time. "Who art thou that, now that the tempest rages, darrest to come here?" said a voice from within. "An old pilgrim" was the response. "Then come in," replied the voice, "but before you do so you must let us know whence you come." "Not from any town or city, for to no such things do I belong, as I have long left them for caves and mountains, the works of Nature." The door instantly opened. Bread was served. The poor man, having warmed himself comfortably, fell to eating his fill. "Baba," said a man to him, "have you ever heard of Pingala and the beautiful princess of that place?" "No, my son," said he, "what can we hear, we inhabitants of places far away from the habitations of men?"

* We esteem ourselves fortunate in being able to present to literati and Orientalists what we believe to be the first translation ever made of the above rare and exquisite old Rajput poem.

Doubtless other gems, unknown and unsuspected, lie hidden in remote districts, and we shall be truly obliged if any of our kind Indian friends will bring them to our notice, and thus help us to prove that even in the lighter walks of literature India can fairly claim a worthy place.

We live entirely in the contemplation of God." "Hear then, father. A few miles from this place, which you see is a station of the guard, there is the city of Narwar, the capital of Nala, our generous king. His misfortunes have passed into a proverb. In his twelve years exile from the throne, consequent on the curse of Indra, there were no evils under the sun that he and his faithful queen Damayanti (who followed him like his shadow) had not to suffer. To make a long story short, at last when the influence of the cross star was about to lapse they found shelter in the palace of the king of Pingala. The queen of that place was very kind to Damayanti, and they made a vow to marry their children about to be born, should they be boy and girl. It happened that the former gave birth to a daughter, the most graceful Maru, and the latter to a son, afterwards named Dhola. They were, according to the promise, married with great pomp and ceremony in their infancy at a village a little distant from Pingala."

Baba.—"Why was the marriage celebrated at a village, and not in Pingala?"

Guard.—"Because it is said that Nala, for some reasons unknown, had no mind to marry his son in the state in which he was at that time. He therefore fled with his wife and child in the dead of night. Pingala having heard in the morning of the departure of Nala started on horseback with his daughter, and overtook him in the village of Baghora, where the marriage was performed. He, taking his infant girl with him, returned to his town, while the Narwar king came to his capital, where he was very cheerfully received by his subjects, the period of his exile having elapsed.

"Prince Dhola on attaining early manhood fell an easy prey to great temptations. The bewitching charms of a gardener's wife, brought to bear upon him, were too much for his weak nature to resist. He took her into his *zenana*, where her influence is supreme.

"The report of the uncommon beauty of Maru," continued the guard, "cut the heart of Rewa (for such is the name of the gardener's wife) to the quick. Every day sees her put forth some new charms to make her lord the slave of her perfections. She has taken the contract of the octroi duties, posted a strong guard of police all round the city, and vested in them powers to search with great scrutiny every traveller who may happen to come to the city, and to behead him if any one be found coming with letters from Maru. The subjects of the kingdom are forbidden the utterance of the word Maru on pain of death, and a space of 200 miles in the direction of Pingala has been laid waste. This is the first guard station, and you have to pass others before you can get at the city. Give us a song, Baba, while we please you with a draught of smoke."

The Baba took the fiddle and sang to it a very soul-stirring hymn, inspiring

devotion in the hearts of the hearers, and then, as the night was advanced, all sank into a deep sleep.

At the break of day the old man rose, and having bid adieu to the guard and blessed them, started for the next station. Notwithstanding all his precautions and the plea of his holy calling and that of his pilgrimage to Dwarka, he could not pass the last station without difficulty. However, he managed to get into Narwar, although with his skin well thrashed and bones aching.

It was night so dark that nothing could be distinguished. Fortunately the furnace of a potter was burning at a distance, and the poor man went there and sat by the fire. Not long had he been there before the potter's wife with her cudgel came to watch. She was frightened out of her wits to see an uncouth figure, spectre-like, warming itself, and making mouths, as she thought, at her. "By God! what can that be," said she, "that now, while all is still, sits by the furnace? Ram! Ram! Ram! defend me." The Baba, suppressing his laughter, said, "Fear not, daughter, I am an old hermit. Come near, see my ash-coloured cloth and be satisfied." The poor woman gathered courage, but with hesitating steps approached the object of her terror. Now the man in piteous terms told her of his pains, and appealed to her avarice by presenting her with a gold mohur, of which he had plenty, stitched into the ragged quilt, about his person; she fell down at his feet and besought him to go with her to her hut. This he did very gladly, and was very willingly taken care of by her and her children. He soon recovered his health and was in a position to see the city.

Now the palace of Dhola and his mistress was hard by the cottage of the potter. Having availed himself of a dark night, the Baba, seated on an eminence, tuned his fiddle and gave vent to his heart in a song in the prince's hearing:—"Prince Dhola of Narwar, give ear to my words while I sing the praises of Maru, the princess of Pingala, your lawful wife, wedded to you in her infancy. A budding young woman of eighteen, she is graceful beyond comparison. It passes the skill of the best of all painters to draw a just picture of her features. A lady possessing a hundredth part of her charms may well take her place among the recognized beauties of the world. Pingala, nay, the whole earth, cannot boast of such another incarnation of heavenly graces."

The soft sweet strain of the air sung drew the attention of Dhola. All impatient, he came to the windows which opened towards the potter's hut, and his ears began to devour every word, although his mistress did all she could to turn his mind off the song. "To give you, worthy prince, an idea of what she is, I shall attempt a comparison. I know that my endeavors will be futile and do her injustice, for the best

coloring which a good artist can give can never approach the native graces of her person. The proverb is 'Maru eats bread weighing two pice, and water can be seen from outside as it passes down her throat to the stomach!' The above lines will tell you the general opinion of her beauty. *Rati*, the queen of Cupid, takes pride in being compared to her inasmuch as she is the gainer, for it is not a bit taking from her bodily accomplishments, but rather adding much to them. To liken her plaited hair to a black serpent is unjust and imperfect, because it is more graceful and dangerous in its effect. Imagine a pond full of dark clear water, and the reflections of the moon playing upon its bosom with a streak of red light in the midst of the silvery white, or picture in your mind a scarlet petal in the midst of the white ones of a lotus blooming on a deep tank of still water, only then you will know a little of her head. Small round pieces of *itkiya* (tinsel) cut into various figures, all differently variegated, adorn her forehead. Of the excellent finish of her eyebrows it is very difficult to speak, for they are each a bow of Cupid drawn to the ear. Her eyes are the peculiar love of the Graces, nothing short of theirs in symmetry. The eyes of a fallow deer or those of an antelope are but poor in comparison. *Bimba* in all its beauty can scarcely resemble the charming color, shape, and size of her lips. Her teeth cast into shade the whiteness of pearls and ivory, the blushes of youth, all crimson, blossom on her cheeks, and each of her breasts is but an ambush of Love. Possessed of a complexion of a bright yellow that appears almost transparent, and a compound of all personal and mental charms, she is the special gift of the gods, the pride of her sex, and a most valuable jewel very rare in this world. Her dress and ornaments set off her beauty in bold relief. Those eyes, that face, are the abodes of Modesty, where she sits enshrined, heightening the effect of her charms, and grace is in her steps. The sun and the wind think themselves very fortunate, the former in catching a glimpse of her, and the latter in getting a stock of perfume by blowing on her body.

"Delay no longer, fair prince, to go to Pingala, for no other beauty on the earth can stand comparison with the subject of my song. Make haste, as separation has crossed her heart and made her restless. She lives in hope to see you, in very eager expectation and impatience."

Here the song ended. Dhola could no longer keep from tears, the sign of repentance. "Oh, how faithless, how unkind of me it has been to forget the wife of my vow and take pleasure in the vile enjoyment of a worthless woman!" he remarked with a sigh. His mistress's charms now availed her nothing. She was spurred and kicked to a distance. "Good man, whoever you are," he exclaimed, "surely I can call you my friend, for you bring me word of my dearest wife." "Prince," replied the singer,

"I am a minstrel of Pingala, recently come from there with a message from Maru, your fair spouse; leaping over a hundred thousand obstacles which nearly cost me my life, I shall humbly present at your feet what I have brought with me, at the time you please to appoint." The next morning was fixed for the purpose, and, careful lest any evil might befall the minstrel in the mean time, the prince took the necessary precaution of ordering the guards and the magistrate of the palace to see to his safety.

CHAPTER II.

The minstrel was called into the presence of the prince the next day. He laid before him a letter, a ring, and a picture of Maru. The letter bore evident signs of a great effort in the heart of its writer. The handwriting, although done with care, was a little confused, and drops of tears soiled it in some places. The prince having examined it with great curiosity felt very impatient to read it, and with a mind full of emotions, perceptible in the trembling of his hands, thus began :—

"Sweet prince, lord of my life and pearl of my bosom, I bow down at your feet, and I know not a moment's rest since I saw your lovely face in my dreams. You vanished away, and with you went my sleep, all my ease and pleasure. Ought you to behave towards me so cruelly, *me*, your sacred wife, one whose joys are centred all in you? Where have you fled, sweet, where have you hid yourself, that I, seeking you day and night, cannot find you? Do you not feel for me, lord? Is your sex so flint-hearted that it knows no pity? If you have a spark of that feeling, come, come, and once more favor me with a sight of your beautiful person, for your poor, humble wife is killed with longings to see you.

"My youth is like an unbroken horse, spurning every discipline : come, bridle it; nay, it is like the deadly *cobra* biting me over and over again, and making me restless with pain. Come, sweet charmer, and remove the poison which has coursed its way through every vein of my body.

"Have you forgotten all your marriage vows? Call them to mind. Come here, if not for your sake, at least for mine, and let me look at your divine feet. Them shall I worship all my life. What do people say of him who suffers a rose in full bloom to wither that he may enjoy the jessamine? Think on my words and act.

"Blessed, thrice blessed were the years of my childhood, when all that I knew and loved was the dear father and mother, when a sight of their bright faces was the sum total of my happiness. But, alas! those days of felicity are now no more. With the growth of youth grew my cares and sorrows. The dart of Cupid has wounded my heart. Now you are my joy, the sole object of my delight, the light of my eyes and

life. You are the idol of my adoration. The world looks empty without you. I feel glad to hear of you, the very sound of your name carries a spell with it. I faint ; I am brought to this pass only because I am thirsting for your thrice sweet looks. Night and day, evening and morning, your name is my contemplation, and its utterance is the one work of my lips.

"O master of my mind, is it right for you to live afar, having like a load-stone attracted the needle of my heart? O cruel, cruel love ! do you think it right to shed the tears of the wife of your vow ? My eyes have become blind with weeping. Even the marks on my fingers have been rubbed out by counting the days of your coming, but yet you come not. O lion-like, intelligent prince, delay no longer ! summer has passed away, and the rains are setting in. I pray you, come with all haste early in this season, for lightning will play on the lap of the clouds, and if you delay, the sight of the flashes will certainly bring on my death ! Separation has stung me to the heart. Have pity on me ! Do not, I beseech you, give me further pain ! I have had enough.

"Many rivers and mountains lie between you and me ; alas ! the distance is great. Who will comfort me, lift me from the ground, infuse life and light into my heart ? You are the only person to do that. To the sun of your face I look forward for clearing the fog of sorrow which has cast a gloom on my joys. If you have any regard for my life, delay no longer, because you are all in all to me. In you lie my life, my soul, and whatever I hold dear, both here on earth and there in heaven."

The prince, suppressing the emotion of his mind, remained silent for a time. With his heart full he broke up the durbar that day, and on the next gave the minstrel the handsome reward of a horse, a turban, and a neck-lace of pearls, together with a letter, a ring, and a rich suit of clothes for his wife.

(To be continued.)

IF SHE COULD ONLY COOK.

From the Inter-Ocean.

You have not changed, my Geraldine ;
Your voice is just as sweet and low,
You are as fairy-like in mien,
As four and twenty months ago.
Since Hymen tied the fatal knot
I've basked within your glance's beam ;
Your beauty has not dimmed a jot,
You realize a poet's dream.

A poet craves for boundless love,
And beauty of the first degree ;
I'd do with less than that, my dove—
I'm much more moderate than he.
The gleam from dark-fringed eyelids sent,
The witchery of tone and look,
I would forego to some extent,
My Geraldine—if you could cook !

ENGLAND IN INDIA.*

SKETCH No. I.

THE THREE BRIDES.—BY R. BATES.

Two of them came out in the same steamer, and the third landed the following week. Mrs. Snelling was tall, languid, sallow, and rather stout, a handsome young woman, but a little too somnolent and heavy to please most tastes. Mrs. Gregson was fragile and talkative, pretty, well dressed, and lively; somewhat lacking in the repose that distinguished Mrs. Snelling, and gifted with a nasal twang that proclaimed her transatlantic birth and breeding. Mrs. Gordon was a Buckinghamshire girl, plump and healthy, with a face as fresh and delicate as a dog-rose, and an innocent gentleness and timidity of manner that won all hearts. Most men and a great many women were disposed to award her the palm over the other brides, a preference which they resented, their bridal honors being a little newer than hers, since she had been married before leaving England, and for them the nuptial knot had only been tied after they landed in India. They had been travelling companions, and the similarity of their position had led to a certain intimacy on board ship, which inclined them to make common cause against Mrs. Gordon, who, poor little soul, was ignorant of having given cause of offence, and still too much enraptured with the wonders and delights of her new position to give much thought to them. Mrs. Gregson having married a matter-of-fact lord considerably older than herself, and being possessed of a mind sufficiently active to grasp many subjects at once, was not so absorbed in hymeneal bliss as to drop all feminine vanity, and she could count on Mrs. Snelling for at least a sleepy acquiescence in her sentiments in regard to Mrs. Gordon. "It does provoke me, Lavinia," she would say as she sipped her tea in the verandah of Mrs. Snelling's bungalow, "to see all the men gather round her like flies after sugar. Her baby face is cunning enough, but there is not a bit of style about her clothes, and her feet are too big for anything," and she glanced complacently at her own fragile and faultlessly shod extremities.

"I did not notice them," said her friend, who was conscious perhaps that she herself might be unable to content the little lady's critical taste in feet, and would at that moment have preferred a siesta to the most interesting of conversation.

"And that clear complexion, which is her chief beauty, will not last long in India," continued Mrs. Gregson.

"Probably not," said Mrs. Snelling, whose lids were drooping heavily over her eyes.

"I do believe you are sleepy again," exclaimed her companion.

"Forgive me, dear, it is so sultry."

* Under the heading of "England in India" the management of the *Orient* proposes to publish a series of sketches, by various authors, illustrative of Anglo-Indian life and character. The numerous friends and well-wishers of the magazine, who must—many of them—have met with interesting incidents, adventures, or persons, are invited to contribute to the collection.

"You seem to find it so. I don't believe you have been awake, wide, three times since you landed."

"You slander me, Ella," said Mrs. Snelling dreamily, "and a dinner party yesterday and one to-night is some excuse for sleepiness."

"Well, I never! Indian dinners may be dull, but I never heard tell that they were dull enough to make one sleepy in advance. Of course, then, it is no use asking you to drive down to the store with me; so adieu till this evening."

Mrs. Snelling left alone floated majestically into her room, threw from her the flowing morning robe she wore, and cast herself wearily down on her pillows, and by the time her ayah had loosened various strings and bands, and closed the mosquito net, was fast asleep, with every waft of the punkah stirring the loose hair on her temple, and her well-shaped, if somewhat massive, throat and arms gleaming white in the darkened room. It was still and cool enough there in the wide dim chamber, but outside the sun still shone warmly on the swarming life in the bazar, on red turban or blue saree, and kissed lovingly the red and orange glories of the great goldmohur trees. Meanwhile Mrs. Snelling had a couple of hours of peaceful slumber in prospect before her careful Nanee roused her to dress for dinner; Mrs. Gregson posted down to what she called the store; and Lucy Gordon thought of her George, and wondered how soon he would be back from the office.

They met at dinner, all three of them, for they moved in the same circle, and the entertainment was given in their honor, although brightened by a luminary before whose beams even brides shone with diminished lustre. Lady Grace Keith occupied the seat at the host's right hand, and was the guest of guests that night. Critical persons might be inclined to consider the name an unfortunate one taken in connection with a lady who was far from inheriting the quality it represents, and whose special rank brought her Christian name into undue prominence. Possibly the incongruity did not strike Lady Grace herself, or during her forty odd years of existence she had got used to it. Let us hope so, for her ruddy color and the occasional smile that brightens her rugged features do not indicate low spirits, and she eats and drinks as heartily as she can laugh. Mrs. Gregson thought her dress hideous, hardly *elergunt* enough for a barmaid; Mrs. Snelling considered her voice too loud and her manner commonplace; and Mrs. Gordon was rather attracted by her frank good-nature, but Mrs. Gordon had gone back to home and childhood, and was deeply absorbed in a conversation with her right-hand neighbor, old Dr. Pilleher, a sour, unpopular individual, who knew Buckinghamshire, and happened to have had some acquaintance with the uncle who had brought her up and with his family. "So you are poor Reginald Stone's daughter, my dear?" he said, looking at her with a milder expression than usual on his crabbed old visage. "You must be very young." "Twenty-one," she said, and said truthfully to the best of her belief, not having yet reached the age when temptations arise to depart from the ways of truth in regard to age. The old man chuckled, actually chuckled. "You are a phenomenon in nature," he said, "a lady who adds to her years instead of deducting

therefrom." "No, indeed, I am quite sure." "And so am I quite sure. I spent three months shooting in Scotland with your father eighteen years ago, the year before he died, and he was a single man then, single but thinking of matrimony."

The conversation was attracting attention.

Mr. Gordon had made more than one attempt across the table to turn it in some other direction, and now chimed in in a more peremptory tone.

"Dr. Pillcher either alludes to some other family of Stones, or you must be mistaken, Lucy," he said. "At any rate, as we have come unprovided with any certificate or legal document that proves your right to the years you claim, suppose we waive the discussion."

Lucy yielded the point at once. Dr. Pillcher was an elderly man, and, however absurd might be his pretension of knowing her age better than she knew it herself, she had no wish to dispute with him; but, whether from something she saw in George's face, or in the faces of the other guests, the conversation left an unpleasant impression on her mind, and on their way home in the carriage she asked her husband if anything she had said had displeased him. "Not at all," he answered, "but family affairs are best avoided. It is bad form to discuss them too freely."

"Bad form!" echoed Lucy mournfully.

"Not on your part. I did not mean that, but it was a piece of confounded impudence in that old idiot. I should ——."

But Lucy's hand was already on his mouth, and it was such a soft little hand that his lips found something better to do than call down blessings on the head of old Pillcher.

For all that, Mrs. Gordon retained an uncomfortable remembrance of that dinner; and the incident, trifling as it seemed, had made an impression on most of those present. Captain Snelling considered it "devilish odd," and confided his opinion to the wife of his bosom; Mrs. Gregson was quite sure there was a mystery somewhere; and a certain Mrs. Smithson, who had hoped in times past that George Gordon would grow to a keen appreciation of her Matilda's perfections, was inclined to think the mystery might not be a very creditable one in regard to the young lady who occupied what she perversely considered Matilda's place.

Dr. Pillcher was more puzzled than any one else; he racked his crafty old brains for a means of solving the enigma, and was inclined to resent Gordon's interruption of the cross-questioning to which he had intended to subject his wife, and on that very account was more acrimonious and bitter than he would otherwise have been; and Mrs. Gordon did not mend matters by snubbing him when he again approached the subject. Many fragile articles keep badly in India. Insects, damp, and heat are all causes of danger to material objects, and perhaps immaterial things are quite as liable to deterioration. The cackling begotten of over-much leisure has soiled many a spotless name, and before long it became very generally understood that Mrs. Gordon was under a cloud. It owed its

creation to ill-natured and enigmatical expressions of Dr. Pillcher's, but it was a portentous cloud, of which even the poor little woman herself soon became aware. Dr. Pillcher hinted that he had solved the mystery attached to her, but he positively refused to impart his information to others. Why should he gratuitously raise them to his level, and descend from the proud pedestal on which he stood with Mrs. Gordon's dreadful secret unveiled before him? "She the daughter of my old friend Reginald Stone! No more than I am, Madam. But a pretty, smooth-faced little hypocrite she certainly is, as you would say if you knew what I know. However, I owe the poor thing no grudge, and you will not get me to say a word against her. I'll keep her secret, it shall go with me to the grave," he would say to his cronies and intimates, who spread the tale and wondered if George Gordon had really picked his wife up in no worse place than Buckinghamshire. The other brides saw their horn exalted and their rival brought low,* but neither of them abused the triumph. Mrs. Snelling had never shown active hostility in word or deed,—it was not her way to be active in anything,—and Mrs. Gregson, whose sharp tongue hid a kind heart, guessed that the stories in circulation were all venomous inventions of that horrid old Pillcher; but they were both human, and both drifted with the tide which set dead against Mrs. Gordon. Some charitable souls attempted to stem it, by expressing their belief that the secret was one for which Lucy ought not to be held responsible, and her parents alone to blame. But Dr. Pillcher, approached on the subject, had positively declared that, as far as he knew, Mrs. Gordon's birth might be as free from taint of illegitimacy as his own, and he had nothing to say against her, nothing whatever. The secret must be sought, then, in some other and perhaps worse direction, and public opinion grew more and more hostile to Lucy.

She was far too sensitive and simple not to suffer from the change, and felt it hard to see once friendly faces coldly averted, or to meet with slights for which she could assign no cause. It was at a ball at Government House that she received the crowning stab. She looked so fresh and fair in her white dress, so like some dewy snowdrop newly plucked from its stem, that she could complain of no want of attention from the men, and George himself hovered round her with a studied homage that was at once an attempt at assertion of her rights and an atonement for the slights of others; but the women hardly spoke to her, and she felt so isolated and sore that it was a relief to find herself once more at home, and alone with her husband.

The evening after the ball the Gordons had dined alone, and sipping their coffee on the verandah watched the clear cold Indian moon gleaming on broad plantain leaf and graceful palm, on the blunt cactus and luxuriant Eastern creepers. They were silent both of them, and it was not until he had finished his cigar that George discovered that his wife was in tears. "Lady Grace," she sobbed, "I did not think she would have been so cruel. To-night I met her for the first time since her return, and she would not even see me."

"You are growing morbid, child," he said, wiping the face that he had drawn

to his shoulder. "Lady Grace is short-sighted, and it was getting dark when she passed us."

"Was it too dark for them all to see me last night? Why did Mrs. Smithson beckon to her daughter when she sat down beside me? Why did Captain Snelling fetch his wife away from me in such a hurry? George, George, do not pretend to deny what hurts you as much as it does me." The words came broken by sobs, and George felt as if he should like to kill somebody. He had pooh-poohed the subject and refused to believe in the reality of the slights whenever his wife had attempted to speak of them before, but now out of the abundance of the sore heart the words came tumultuously, broken by sobs and tears, and he could not soothe and reassure her.

"What have I done? What have I done?" she asked, "that they should hate me so?"

"Nothing, my pet, nothing. We will stay at home and despise them. Let them all go — ! We have each other."

"It is not that, I could be happy with you, and ask no other company, but I cannot bear to think your wife should be despised and looked down on. There must be some cause, there must."

"No cause that should weigh with decent—that is to say, no cause whatever."

Her matrimonial experience had already been long enough to train Mrs. Gordon's ear to catch the slightest variation in her husband's tone, and she exclaimed, "There is a cause, and you know it, or think you know it. George, if you cease to be frank with me I shall have no comfort left." She brought all her wifely acts to bear, was caressing and entreating by turns, till she had brought him to acknowledge that he did know the cause of her ostracism, and to own that things being as they were it might be well she should know it too; and then with his arm close round her and his cheek to hers he told her the secret.

One must have been very near them to have heard anything but stifled sobs and exclamations as he whispered what he thought accounted for the treatment she had received.

"And knowing this—this horrible thing—you love me just as well?" she asked at last.

"Every bit as well; you forget it is no new thing to me, I have known it ever since we were first engaged."

"You are a good man, a good man," she said, pressing his hand to her wet face, for she understood that however well he might have been acquainted with the facts of the case he could not have foreseen their consequences.

"I hope I shall never be a bad one, to you at least. And now, my poor little innocent darling, let us forget these people, and contrive to be happy without them. We have youth, health, love, and competence—that must content us, and if after this specimen of what society is worth we cannot despise it we do not deserve to be happy." So she thought too, but she still knew in her heart that at times the thought that others looked down upon his wife would be exceedingly bitter to her, and to him also, and might it not in the end lessen his love for her?

The days passed on. She chose the loneliest roads for her drives, and appeared no more at bandstand or gymkhana, and the world appeared perfectly willing to forget her. Her long solitary days were broken by no visits, and she could not help regretting the pleasures that had been hers a few weeks back. She was so young, and the process of weaning from the world and its vanities was too premature not to be painful. The secret, too, was a burden hard to be borne, and she was sitting one afternoon drearily thinking that much of the brightness had gone out of her life, when Lady Grace's carriage, containing Lady Grace herself, drove into the compound. Was it true, then, that Lady Grace had really not recognized her on that first day of her return, when they had crossed each other in their drive? Was it possible that she had not yet heard the secret? Apparently, for her ladyship's manner had never been so affectionate, and she even kissed poor trembling Lucy in a kind motherly way that brought the tears to her eyes. Lady Grace looked at her with friendly but scrutinizing gaze, and spoke with her usual directness :

"You are nervous, child, you are not looking nearly as well as when I saw you last. You stay at home too much. Put on your bonnet and come and finish the day with me."

"You are very kind, but I cannot. I go nowhere. You do not know," said Lucy incoherently.

"You are mistaken ; I do know, and that is why I am here to-day. If I had known yesterday I should have been here yesterday. Sit near me, my dear, and listen. From whom do you think I have just come?"

Mrs. Gordon shook her head, her heart was beating so fast that it almost suffocated her, and she made vain attempts to conceal her agitation.

Lady Grace drew nearer still, and laid a gentle hand on her companion's shoulder as she spoke : "My poor girl, you have been basely, cruelly, wickedly slandered, but we will soon set that right."

"No, it is quite true," said Lucy simply. "But I did not know it till ten days ago, when George told me."

"What he has just told me, for I have been to him," interrupted Lady Grace, "of a poor little infant, whose father in a fit of causeless jealousy made it motherless, and expiated his crime on the scaffold. He told me, too, of a good Dr. Stone, whose wife had been the early friend of the dead woman. Dr. Stone and his wife adopted the child, and, that no shadow of its father's misdeeds might fall on it, that no careless or cruel tongue might reproach it with a fault of which it was guiltless, they brought it up as the daughter of Dr. Stone's brother, who had recently died abroad, and in this belief the little one grew up. So far the deception injured no one, but when a suitor she was willing to accept sought the girl's hand they told him the truth, and he, using his discretion in the matter, has now seen fit to reveal it to her. Perhaps under the circumstances he had no alternative, but the secret must go no further. It is one of those things no one is called upon to reveal. We three alone know it in India, I am convinced of that, and I speak of it now for the last time."

"But," said Lucy, "every one knows it, how I don't know, but they do."

"You are again mistaken, my dear. Unless you have told some one, the knowledge is confined to our three selves."

"I cannot think so. If it was not for that reason, why——"

"Have patience and you shall know the why and the wherefore. Society has faults, many and great ones perhaps, but it is hardly so cruel and unjust as to have treated you as it has done for a fault that was none of yours."

"The first time I saw you we dined together at General Benson's. Looking at you I fancied a little fair-haired daughter I lost years ago might have grown up like you if she had lived, and I have felt a liking for you from that hour, but we went to Simla so soon afterwards that I saw but little of you. If you remember, there was a discussion between you and Dr. Pillcher that evening, which attracted attention, not so much on account of what you said as because of your husband's evident uneasiness at the turn the conversation was taking."

"Well, I come back and find this little seed of suspicion carefully tended and cultivated by some malicious tongue, and grown to terrible proportions. The very vagueness of the rumors made them more difficult to trace back to their source, but I arrived at last at a conviction that they all had one common origin. My dear, I never for a moment believed evil of you."

Mrs. Gordon turned her head and kissed the hand that still lay on her shoulder.

"But I came to the conclusion that there was a something I could not fathom in it all, and, animated by the truest desire to serve you, I went to the fountain-head for information. Whatever the secret was, your husband knew it, and to him I went. My frankness begot frankness, and he opened his heart to me, and a true and noble heart it is." Again Lucy laid her cheek to the hand on her shoulder, and the hand, moving from its resting-place, put back the hair from the young wife's flushed wet face.

"Come," said her ladyship, "get ready and come with me."

"No, no, please not. There may be others at your house not as kind and merciful as you."

"There will be no one there but Mr. Keith, who is one of your warmest friends, and your husband, who has promised to join us. I would not have you meet any one until you are righted, and can see them without fear or shame. Leave that to me, give me a few days only, and then you shall tell me what you think of my generalship." Lucy looked at her through eyes swimming with tears, and possibly that is the reason she saw an angel, instead of an awkward middle-aged woman.

A few afternoons later a party of ladies convoked by Lady Grace assembled at the bungalow she occupied. They were all women of note in the little colony, some respected for age, some for position and character, and some for all three. She had chosen them with scrupulous care, and few of those she had invited had failed her, for Lady Grace was not a person whose desires were apt to be thwarted. There was a little flutter of expectation and curiosity as they sipped their tea, for only in a very few instances had Lady Grace revealed her

intentions in convoking them, and Mrs. Gregson, who on account of her impulsive disposition and liability to extremes had been included in the party, could hardly conceal her impatience. They had not long to wait. Lady Grace spoke to them with all the strength of her warm heart, with all the energy of her indignation, with the weight of her position and stainless name. She traced the rumors back to their origin. She showed the baseless nature of the slanders that had sullied Mrs. Gordon's fair fame. She spoke with burning indignation of the serpent who had crept into their midst, and might turn his venom on any of them, or of those dear to them, and then perceiving that her cause was fully gained she paused that others might speak. All followed her lead. There was not one dissentient voice, and the assembly was about to break up when a pencilled line was brought to Lady Grace. It told her that Dr. Pillcher, curious probably to learn the reason of the numerous carriages waiting at the gates, had entered the compound and joined Mr. Keith in a little pavilion used by him as a smoking-room.

Would the ladies see him, asked the hostess, and acquaint him with their decision? or would they allow him to discover little by little the sentence of social ostracism that had been pronounced against him? Many of those present would have preferred the latter course, but another party, headed by Mrs. Gregson, thought the lesson would be a severer one if Lady Grace in their presence announced to him the result at which they had arrived. Possibly her ladyship herself, animated by the discussion, was not disinclined to speak her mind; perhaps, too, she thought it prudent to strike while the iron was hot, to end the matter then and there, and put it beyond the power of timid or irresolute persons to hesitate or draw back from the course they had pledged themselves to follow. So Dr. Pillcher was admitted, and entered with a smile on his grim visage, being pleasantly flattered by the honor done him. His agreeable sensations must, however, have taken sudden flight when he perceived the chilly gesture with which her ladyship motioned him to a seat, and the obstinate refusal of his neighbor, Mrs. Gregson, to see his offered hand. He would gladly have found himself in some other and less aristocratic presence, but he could not well retire, for Lady Grace was already speaking and her discourse appeared to be addressed to him.

"We ladies have met together," she said, "to consider a question which nearly concerns us all. A young married woman who has recently come among us has been the victim of foul and unmerited slander." The doctor started and again most devoutly wished himself elsewhere—the veriest desert drear, where Lady Grace was not, would have seemed a charming retreat; but to retire now would be a confession of guilt, and he made a desperate effort to appear unconcerned. The lady continued:—"Starting from the one small fact that the poor girl had been brought up to believe her own the family that had really only adopted her, the slanderer imputed to her deliberate hypocrisy, and most disgraceful reasons for concealing the real facts of her past life. I will not repeat the mean insinuations and venomous words by which more than one kind heart among us was deceived; I will only say that having assured ourselves that not one shadow of

dishonor darkens the lady's past, and that the rumors to her prejudice all emanate from one individual, we pronounce that person unfit to associate with honorable women, and unanimously bind ourselves to have no more to do with him, and to enter no house in which he shall be received as a guest."

"The ladies have doubtless acted with judgment and discretion in the matter, but I cannot understand why your ladyship does me the honor to address me specially on the subject," said Dr. Pillecher, tingling from head to foot, but striving hard to rally his wits.

If he needed enlightenment many voices were raised to enlighten him. "You are the man," they exclaimed; "you told me this," and "you told me that," they cried.

"You abuse the privileges of your sex, ladies," he said, speaking loud enough to be heard above the confusion of voices.

"No," said Lady Grace, restoring order by a gesture, "we use, but do not abuse, our privileges. All of us are wives, many of us mothers, and surely Heaven would show no mercy to our children in their need if we suffered unmerited slander to crush this orphan girl. It would be well for humanity if honorable women banded themselves together more often, and stood up strong and united, on the side of justice and humanity. Sir, we have done with you."

The conclusion was a little abrupt, more so than she had intended to make it, but Lady Grace perceived that her female congress was fast growing beyond her control, and when she ceased speaking there ensued a confusion of voices, before which Dr. Pillecher made a hurried retreat. Unfortunately for him, he could not at once remember in what way he had disposed of his hat before coming in, and following him to the verandah with eyes sparkling with tears and indignation Mrs. Gregson found time to relieve her mind.

"In my country," she said, "you would not have been left to the mercy of the women. The men would have tarred and feathered you, and perhaps ridden you on a rail, and I think you deserve it, that I do!"

Apparently the doctor found the tender mercies of the women cruel enough, for, trembling with rage, hatless and desperate, he fled across the compound in the direction of his buggy, followed by a peon bearing his hat, and a view of Mr. Keith's face as he passed the smoking-room told him he could hope for no sympathy from the stronger sex.

All that week he set his house in order, and the next he bade adieu to India's coral strand for ever.

REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION.

THE following appears rather a violent mode of treatment, but it is said to have proved efficacious in many cases, and restored to health persons far advanced in consumption:—

"One teaspoonful of pure nitric acid. Put into a saucer (china), over that a glass funnel. If possible, warm the saucer slightly, as that will make the fumes arise through the funnel. Then breathe over the mouth of the funnel, inhaling the fumes." To be continued three times a day until the cure is complete.

THE RISI.

THE *Risi*, by Prof. M. M. Kunté, can hardly come under the denomination of a new book, and yet, in spite of the distinguished recognition it has already met with from Oriental scholars, the poem is but little known to the general public. Certainly the erudition displayed in the work serves especially to recommend it to the notice of specialists in Vedic and Aryan lore, but it is by no means wanting in those charms of expression and description which should entitle it to general admiration.

Prof. Kunté's acquirements as an Orientalist, and perfect knowledge of the English language joined to his literary ability, point him out as one of the few men capable of bridging the gulf between East and West, and introducing us to the wide field of interest to be found in ancient and modern India.

The scheme of the poem and the character of the *Risi* are sufficiently indicated by the following paragraphs, quoted from the author's introduction to his work :—

"These emigrating clans were headed by their *Risi*, who was at once their social leader and their high-priest—one who gave them counsel in war, soothed their afflicted minds in difficulties, imparted to them lessons of charity and piety, and guided their conduct in all the concerns of this life, elevating their minds, ennobling their aspirations, and stimulating their energies. His habits were temperate and pure, his manners soft and amiable, and his ambition was to rise superior to the flesh. The intellect of the *Risi* worked hard to pierce the mystery in which the visible and the invisible, the mental and the physical, are enveloped. He proposed abstruse theories for their explanation, and taxed his intellect as much as he could to comprehend them. We do not intend to go into his philosophical theories and explanations in this poem. We mean only to indicate the spirit of his philosophical speculations.

"The heart of the *Risi* was full of faith, hope, love, and joy. He seems to have been mastered by the religious feelings, the essentials of which he comprehended. These essentials are :—consciousness of the inner struggle between *good* and *evil* in minds ; the sense of the weakness and helplessness of man ; humility and absolute dependence on a higher power, personal and providential ; a pious conception of the greatness and varied operations of this power, a consciousness of divine grace and help, a prayerfulness of the heart which seeks purity of feeling and strength of intellect to obtain that which is good for the present and the future, that is, life consisting in glorifying Holy Power, praising Him and chaunting His hymns. Such was the *Risi* mentioned in the *Rig-Veda*. He was pre-eminently the leader or mover (the word *Risi* being derived from *Ris*—to go) and pre-eminently a singer (the word *Risi* being connected with such words as *Rik*—a hymn, *Arka*—a song, and *Arkin*—a singer). Of such a *Risi* a picture is presented in our poem."

That the continual meditations of the *Risi* and the purity of his life and

motives did not enable him to solve the great problems that have puzzled humanity through all ages is proved by the opening lines of the poem :—

Ye Aryas, learn the truths the Risi taught,
Which in the inner light divine he sought.
Attention inward turned, he saw his God,
Whose handiwork the world reveals abroad.
About his hearth, where blazed the sacred fire,
The Aryan clans with love obeyed the sire.
His simple feelings rose by simple rites,
True faith his wealth; he saw delightful sights,
Whose touching power inspired his soul and
raised;
The emblem of eternity he praised.
He looked beyond the blue expanded sky,
And then within himself thus reasoned high :—
“ Nature how complex in its varied phase !
Then what its origin ? and what its base ?

A power mysterious ! and how hard to scan,
‘ Yet ages since (believed the godly man)
The fruitful womb of Dakṣa-power begot
Infinity, and in her turn she brought
Forth second Dakṣa-power.’ Mysterious birth !
In space then subtlest atoms danced in mirth.
Prajāpati—the lord of systems large—
Has fixed the functions which the gods discharge,
Prajāpati, primeval source of light.
Or sacrifice eternal in its might,
Their different works appointed gods perform,
Like angels who produce the calm or storm.
Above them all a power high Indra wields,
The mighty lord, who pious Aryas shields.”

The origin of all things is the difficulty that has for ever baffled, and will for ever baffle, human intelligence, for the finite intellect can no more conceive a beginning from nothing than it can conceive a universe without a beginning ; and perhaps the truest wisdom is to turn, as the poet does, to the contemplation of the more easily conceived attributes of the divinity, and draw from them lessons for our own moral conduct :—

Pure fancy one ideal picture draws
Of greatness infinite—the mighty cause—
Of beauty such as angels all adore,
Of wisdom the more searched, disclosed the more,
Of heavenly mercy great ; of justice sure,
Of holiness eternal, great, and pure,
Of Him whose Providence mysterious lends

True aid, and trials for instruction sends—
A picture decked with power and loving grace,
Thrilling the heart and aiding reason’s race.
Producing love which no distinction knows
Of caste, but which affectionately goes
To teeming life or high or low alike.

Full of peace and good-will, calm and pure, were the precepts taught by the old Risi to the simple pastoral people who hung on their utterances, and the author concludes by invoking their example :—

O Risi great, thy glorious mantle throw
On modern Aryas—those who do not know

That glorious deeds from glorious *tapa** rise !
Risi, may thy example make us wise !

Our dream life touches that childish condition of our intelligence which marks the decadence of old age and the encroachments of mental disease. The parallelism between dreams and insanity has been pointed out by most writers on the subject. Kant observed that the mad man is the dreamer awake, and more recently Wundt has remarked that when asleep we can experience nearly all the phenomena which meet us in lunatic asylums. The grotesqueness of the combinations, and the lack of all judgment as to consistency, fitness, and probability, are common characteristics of the short night dream of the healthy and the long day dream of the insane.—“ Illusions,” by Mr. James Sully.

MR. OSCAR WILDE.

SOME of the papers have taken up the defence of the rather ill-used young poet Oscar Wilde. The *New York Sun* says of him :—

Every one who has been a reader of *Punch* during the last few years has been interested in the so-called society pictures of the artist Du Maurier. Their chief purpose has been to ridicule a tendency to certain gross affectations in manners, in art, and in poetry. The principal figures in these sketches have been Postlethwaite, the artist, and Maudle, the poet, with their coteries of worshipping women, dressed in an extreme style, assuming the most grotesque attitudes, and talking the most arrant nonsense. Many people, on this side the water at least, seriously doubted whether such fools ever were. It was thought that they must be the emanations of Du Maurier's brain, just as the preposterous antics of Lord Dundreary were the creations of Mr. Southern's wild fancy. But there were others who maintained that these drawling idiots really existed—not only existed, but formed a conspicuous element in London society; that they were not the working out of suggestions drawn from the extravagant clevernesses of Whistler and Burne-Jones, but were actualities; that Du Maurier was too faithful a limner of the manners of the time to set up mere figments of his own imagination and to travesty them month after month.

Meantime Maudle and Postlethwaite became everywhere familiar figures standing for the extremes of affectation in every form. The dramatist took up the subject, and they appeared in the play of "Where's the Cat?" Gilbert and Sullivan thought there was vitality enough in the idea to make it the foundation of a comic opera, and their "Patience," recently brought out in London, was the result. Finally it came to be understood that the original Maudle so unmercifully caricatured was a young Irish poet named Oscar Wilde, who did not fear to make himself either conspicuous or ridiculous; who dressed extravagantly and carried lilies in the street, on which, flinging back his long hair, he gazed in ecstacy of contemplation; whose father was a physician of sufficient eminence to have been knighted for his ability, and whose mother, Lady Wilde, fostered her son's poetic tendencies, and herself, over the signature of "Speranza," swept the strings of the Irish harp.

At last the young man's poems have had the honour of a simultaneous publication in England and in this country (Roberts Brothers). Du Maurier and Gilbert and Sullivan have advertised him so conspicuously that he starts with his fame already made, and the question that the public will naturally be anxious about is whether this ready-made fame fits him—whether such a preposterous ass as Maudle could possibly exist, and whether such stuff as has been attributed to him in *Punch* can really find any parallel in his poetry. Every one may determine this for himself by seeing the travesty and the real work in juxtaposition. For the purposes of comparison we first produce one of *Punch's* latest burlesques upon Mr. Wilde. It is called "A Maudle-in Ballad," and is addressed "to his

lily," and is accompanied by a sketch of the poet with contorted form, leaning in admiration over a lily in a flowerpot, which he apostrophises as follows:—

*My lank limp lily, my long lithe lily,
My languid lily love, fragile and thin,
With dank leaves dangling and flower flap chilly.
That shines like the shin of a Highland gilly!
Mottled and moist as a cold toad's skin!
Lustrous and leper-white, splendid and splay!
Art thou not Utter? and wholly akin
To my own wan soul and my own wan chin,
And my own wan nose tip, tilted to sway
The peacock's feather, sweeter than sin,
That I bought for a halfpenny yesterday?*

*My long lithe lily, my languid lily,
My lank limp lily-love, how shall I win—
Woo thee to wink at me? Silver lily,
How shall I sing to thee, softly, or shrilly?
What shall I weave for thee—which shall I spin—
Rondel, or rondeau, or virelay?
Shall I buzz like bee, with my face thrust in
Thy choice, chaste chalice, or choose me a tin
Trumpet, or touchingly, tenderly play
On the weird bird-whistle, sweeter than sin,
That I bought for a halfpenny yesterday?*

*My languid lily, my lank limp lily,
My long lithe lily-love, men may grin—
Say that I'm soft and supremely silly—
What care I while you whisper stilly?
What care I while you smile? Not a pin!
While you smile, while you whisper—'Tis
sweet to decay!
I have watered with ebullient tears of chagrin
The churchyard mould I have planted thee in
Upside down, in an intense way,
In a rough red flowerpot, sweeter than sin,
That I bought for a halfpenny yesterday!*

So much for the burlesque. It has a certain remote flavor of truth, for Mr. Wilde has a good deal to say, first and last, about lilies, and a good deal more about the "sweetness of sin." But poets have forever talked about sin and lilies. It is one of their functions, apparently.

* * * * *

That Mr. Wilde can, however, write with elegance and lucidity, and with perfect freedom from all extravagance, the following short poem, entitled "*Silentium Amoris*," bears ample witness:—

*As oftentimes the too resplendent sun
Hurries the pallid and reluctant moon
Back to her sombre cave, ere she hath won
A single ballad from the nightingale,
So doth thy beauty make my lips to fail,
And all my sweetest singing out of tune.*

*And as at dawn across the level mead
On wings impetuous some wind will come
And with its too harsh kisses break the reed
Which was its only instrument of song,
So my too stormy passions work me wrong,
And for excess of Love my Love is dumb;*

*But surely unto Thee mine eyes did show
Why I am silent, and my lute unstrung;
Else it were better we should part, and go,
Thou to some lips of sweeter melody,
And I to nurse the barren memory
Of unkindled kisses and songs never sung.*

Here we have symmetry of thought and of expression, a charming freedom of style, and graceful flow of verse. Throughout the book it is easier to find examples of this form of composition than of the other. Such extravagance as there is may be found rather in the titles of the poems than in the poems themselves. For these he has resorted somewhat unnecessarily to foreign tongues, and we have a polyglot index of English, Latin, Greek, French, Italian, and

Spanish. Three or four are grouped together under the title of "Impressions du Théâtre." Then also he has "Impressions du Matin," "Impressions du Voyage," and in two other cases simply "Impressions." "E tenebris," "Quia multum amavi," "Theoretikos," "La Fuite de la Lune," are some of his other titles. He has also sonnets, villanelles, and chansons. But surely in this matter of titles, if anywhere, great freedom of choice is allowable.

* * * * *

This theme of the beautiful is not a new one, nor has Mr. Wilde found any new method of giving it expression. His forms of versification, his modes of thought, his general treatment of his subjects, are precisely such as he has found in the models that he has studied. He is fortunate to have caught with such nicety the rhythm and cadence of greater men, such as Keats, Shelley, Swinburne, Tennyson, and Morris. He is even more fortunate in that he is endued, even if in a lesser degree, with the same spirit that has animated them, and that he is able to see truth through the same poetic lens which transforms the commonplace into the lovely. Neither is he a timid, or even at all times a discreet, writer. While he has some of the ease and the flow of Morris, he has also the passion of Swinburne; and many of his verses are so intense in expression that their truth to nature ceases to be an excuse for their existence. They will not bear reproduction even for the purposes of criticism, and the time will doubtless come, after the fires of youth are somewhat cooled in the young man's veins, when he will wish that discretion had tempered his ardor. It is scarcely the province of the poet to illustrate the physiology of the passions. It is unfortunate that one of the longest and finest of his poems—that entitled "Charmides"—is marred by blemishes of this character. Others, however, are entirely free from them, and from one of these, in which he makes reference to those who have fallen in England's recent wars in many far-off lands, we quote these lines:—

Set in this stormy northern sea,
 Queen of these restless fields of tide,
 England! what shall men say of thee
 Before whose feet the worlds divide?
 For souther'n wind and east wind meet
 Where, girt and crowned by sword and fire,
 England with bare and bloody feet
 Climbs the steep road of wide empire.
 O lonely Himalayan height
 Gray pillar of the Indian sky,
 Where saw'st thou last in clanging fight
 Our winged dogs of victory?
 The almond groves of Samarcand,
 Bokhara, where red lilies blow,
 And Oxus, by whose yellow sand
 The grave white-turbaned merchants go;
 And on from thence to Ispahan,
 The gilded garden of the sun,
 Whence the long dusty caravan
 Brings cedar and vermillion:

Here have our wild war eagles flown,
 And flapped wide wings in fiery fight;
 But the sad dove, that sits alone
 In England—she hath no delight.
 In vain the laughing girl will lean
 To greet her love with love-lit eyes:
 Down in some treacherous black ravine,
 Clutching his flag, the dead boy lies.
 And many a moon and sun will see
 The lingering wistful children wait
 To climb upon their father's knee;
 And in each house made desolate
 Pale women who have lost their lord
 Will kiss the relics of the slain—
 Some tarnished epaulette—some sword—
 Poor toys to soothe such anguished pain!
 For not in quiet English fields
 Are these, our brothers, lain to rest,
 Where we might deck their broken shields
 With all the flowers the dead love best.

For some are by the Delhi walls,
And many in the Afghan land,
And many where the Ganges falls
Through seven mouths of shifting sand.

And some in Russian waters lie,
And others in the seas which are
The portals to the East, or by
The wind-swept heights of Trafalgar.

O wandering graves! O restless sleep!
O silence of the sunless day!
O still ravine! O stormy deep!
Give up your prey! Give up your prey!

And thou whose wounds are never healed,
Whose weary race is never won,
O Cromwell's England! must thou yield
'For every inch of ground a son?

Go! crown with thorns that gold-crowned head,
Change thy glad song to song of pain,
Wind and wild wave have got thy dead
And will not yield them back again.

One would suppose that there must be in this world a great scarcity of subjects of ridicule when a man who writes such vigorous verse as this is chosen as a special object of satire. There must be something about Mr. Wilde himself, as distinct from his poetry, that has invited this systematic lampooning. Many a man is wise upon paper who is an ass *in propria personâ*; and Mr. Wilde may belong to that class. Here, however, we have only to do with him as a poet, and laying down his book we do it with the conviction that he has gifts of a rare and genuine quality. It is said that the waxed dandies of the Coldstream Guards in time of battle, and with sword in hand, were transformed into terrible fighters. So Mr. Wilde may dawdle about London drawing-rooms, lily in hand, the centre of admiration of his little coterie of æsthetes, but pen in hand he is a man to be respected and even admired.

Wave, and wild wind, and foreign shore
Possess the flower of English land;
Lips that thy lips shall kiss no more,
Hands that shall never clasp thy hand.

Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet?
Where is our English chivalry?
Wild grasses are their burial sheet,
And sobbing waves their threnody.

O loved ones lying far away,
What word of love can dead lips send?
O wasted dust! O senseless clay!
Is this the end? is this the end?

Peace, peace! we wrong the noble dead
To vex their solemn slumber so;
Though childless, and with thorn-crowned head,
Up the steep road must England go;

Yet when this fiery web is spun,
Her watchmen shall descry from far
The young republic like a sun
Rise from these crimson seas of war.

THE RILL.

It trickled from a fissure in a hill
Like vein of liquid silver, and it fell
And babbled on—the water of the rill—
Into a ferny dell.

Flowers grew above the babbling of that rill
And wondered at their dancing shadows there;
Soft breezes whispered at their own sweet will
Amid the blossoms fair.

Oft have I climbed the moss-grown heath'ry steep
Of that same hill, in evening's crimson glow,
And heard the rillet's music—low and deep—
Come murmur'ing from below.

And as I listened to the trickling drops
I thought some youthful seaborn Nereid played
Upon her reed, and those were music stops—
Strange melody it made.

Still in my dreams its low sad echoes live,
Its soft weird measure makes me oft rejoice;
But ah! try as I may I cannot give
Its mournful music voice.

QUOTATIONS AND CRITICISMS.

JOHN KENNEDY.

MR. JOHN KENNEDY was a literary star of much less magnitude than Edgar Allan Poe, which indeed could easily be, but he was a friend and contemporary of the unfortunate poet, and more than once aided him in his difficulties. Kennedy's works are neither numerous nor very widely known, but they display considerable humor, keen observation, and a power of delicate satire which makes them well worthy of notice. His shafts are launched with unerring aim at whatever is stilted and artificial, and the short extract from *Swallow Barn* which is all we can find room for this month is a very fair specimen of his style:—

A neat little pamphlet of verses some time ago made its appearance at Richmond, in hot press, and on the finest paper. It was a delicate effusion of superfine sentiment woven into a plaintive tale, and had dropped, apparently, from some amaranthine bower formed by the sun-gilt clouds, as they floated, on one vernal evening, over the fashionable quarter of Richmond,—it was so dainty in its array, and so mysterious in its origin. "From whence could it come but from the Empyrean or from Hybla," said the ladies of Richmond, "or from the divine pen of the fastidious and super-sentimental Swansdown?" Ned Hazard had brought this beautiful foundling to *Swallow Barn*, and had given it to Prudence Meriwether to nurse. It was now upon the window-seat.

It is necessary to state that amidst all the criticism of Richmond, and the concurring determination of everybody to impute the verses to Swansdown, and the consequent reiteration of that imputation by all companies, he never gave a plain denial of his paternity, but, on the contrary, took pleasure in hearing the charge, and was so coquettish about the matter, and insinuated such gentle doubts, that it was considered a case of avowed detection.

This dapper and delicious little poetical sally was christened "*The Romaunt of Dryasdale*," in the title-page, but was more generally known by the name of "*The Lapdog Romance*," which Harvey Riggs had bestowed upon it.

"I suppose you have seen this before?" said Hazard to Swansdown as he threw the book upon the table before him.

Swansdown picked it up, hastily turned over the leaves, smiled, and replied, "It has made some stir in its day. But things like this are not long-lived, however well executed. This seems to have kept its ground much longer than most of its species."

"The common opinion," said Ned, "is not backward to designate its author."

"Of course," replied Swansdown, "if a man has ever been guilty in his life of stringing couplets he becomes a scapegoat ever after. Is it not somewhat strange that I should be perpetually charged with this sort of thing? But it is long since I have abandoned the banks of the Helicon. I protest to you I have not time for this kind of idling. No, no, gentlemen, charge me with what indiscretion you please, but spare me from the verses as you are Christian men!"

"If we could believe the rumors," said Harvey, "we should not doubt the origin of this effusion; but I rely more on my own judgment. I can pretty surely detect the productions of persons I am acquainted with: there is a spice, a flavor, in a man's conversation, which is certain to peep out in the efforts of his pen. Now this work is diametrically opposite to everything we know of Mr. Swansdown. In the first place, it is studied and solemn, and wants Swansdown's light and familiar vivacity. Secondly, there is an affectation of elegance utterly at war with his ordinary manners. Thirdly,"—

"Oh, my dear sir," cried Swansdown, "save me from this serious vindication of my innocence. You can't be in earnest in thinking any one believes the report?"

"They do say so," replied Harvey, "but I have always defended you. I have said that if you chose to devote your time in this way something of a more permanent and solid character would be given to the world."

"I have been bantered with it by my friends in the North," added Swansdown, "but that is a gauntlet which every man who dabbles in literature must expect to run."

"I have forgotten the name of the poem," said Meriwether, with innocent gravity.

"It is called *The Romaunt of Drysdale*," said Swansdown.

"Or the *Lapdog Romance*," added Ned.

Swansdown colored slightly, and then laughed but without much heart.

"Fill up your glass, Mr. Swansdown," said Meriwether, "the truth of wine is better than all the fiction of poetry. Is this thing much admired?"

"A good deal," replied Swansdown.

"Amongst the young ladies of the boarding-school especially," said Harvey.

"If I were disposed to criticize it," said Ned, "I should say that the author has been more successful in his rhyme than in his story."

"Yes," added Harvey, "the jingle of the verse is its great merit, and seems to have so completely satisfied the writer that he has forgotten to bring the story forward at all. I have never been able to make out exactly what is the subject of it."

"Then the sentiment," continued Hazard, "in which it abounds, is somewhat over-mystical;—one flight runs so into the other that it is not very easy to comprehend them."

"That," said Harvey, "is an admirable invention in writing. The author only gives you half of what he means, leaving you to fill up the rest for yourself. It saves time, and enables him to crowd a great deal into a small space."

At this Swansdown gave another laugh, but somewhat dry and feeble.

"There is another thing about this poem," said Ned, "it has some strange comparisons. There is one here that Prudence has marked; I suppose she has found out its meaning, and as that is a fortunate enterprise she has taken care to note it. The poet has endeavored to trace a resemblance between the wing of Cupid and his mistress's breath; and he sets about it by showing that when

Cupid takes a flight on a spring morning, with his wings bound with roses, he must necessarily at every flutter shake off some of these odoriferous flowers ; and then as the lady's breath is redolent of aromatic flavours the resemblance is complete. I'll read the passage aloud, if you please."

"Meriwether," said Swansdown in evident embarrassment, but still endeavoring to preserve a face of gaiety, "suppose we take a turn across your lawn before dark ? We want a little motion."

"Wont you stay to hear this flight of Cupid ?" asked Ned, taking up the book.

"I have no doubt it is very fine," said Swansdown, "but your account of it is so much better that I should not like to weaken the impression of it."

Saying this, he retreated from the dining room, and waited at the front door for Meriwether, who almost immediately followed.

SUBMARINE NAVIGATION.

JULES VERNE's dream of submarine navigation is said to have been realized by J. P. Holland's torpedo ram, in which a man can remain five hours under water and move at a speed of seven miles an hour. The ram is propelled by a twenty-horse power Brayton motor, which can be run with kerosine or naphtha, and the machine kept going all day on less than ten gallons of fuel. The invention for purifying the air when the ram is submerged is still a secret, but it is said to work in a satisfactory manner. The windows, of glass an inch and a half thick, are calculated to resist immense pressure, and will enable the passenger on this strange craft to view the monsters of the deep and the curiosities of under-water vegetation.

The first of these boats has been constructed specially for purposes of war and the discharge of torpedoes. It is to be hoped others will be fitted out for more peaceful purposes, and the adventurous naturalist or traveller enabled to enjoy the novel delights of discovering a world beneath the waves, and of knowing that countless tons of water roll over his head.

APROPOS of the grief of the Empress Josephine when the rupture of her marriage was decided on, Mme. de Rémusat says—"The Empress weeps incessantly, and it is really painful to see her. * * * She is gentle, sad, and affectionate; in fact it is heartrending. In the midst of her sufferings she never says a word too much, she never utters a bitter complaint; she is really like an angel. I induced her to take a walk this morning; I wanted to try to fatigue her body in order to rest her mind. She complied mechanically. I talked to her, questioned her, did all I could; she seconded my efforts, understanding my intentions, and seemed grateful to me in the midst of her tears. 'It seems to me sometimes,' said the Empress, 'that I am dead, and that there remains to me only a sort of vague consciousness that I am no longer living.'"

THE TOM-TOM.

AN amusing and humorous article has recently appeared in a Bombay daily newspaper on the tom-tom, and I venture to add the results of my own observations on this curious monster. In all processions and festivities in which the tom-tom is called into requisition to quicken the languid pulse of the Oriental, and minister to his sense of the harmonious, there are two drums, a large and a small one, the former acting as an accompaniment to the latter. The smaller instrument is beaten with two sticks about as thick as the finger, and these sticks have no knobs at the end, like regimental drumsticks, but are allowed to fall flat on the skin covering. The larger drum is beaten with sticks the thickness of two fingers, and whereas the beating of the smaller drum is fast and furious, that of the larger is at measured intervals, and the amount of beating it will bear surpasses belief. I have seen the creature reposing its semi-rotund form on a wooden tripod, and a strong man fiercely belaboring it with the two sticks, until, the perspiration bursting from every pore, he desists from sheer exhaustion. While in this position of repose it is the delight of every passing street-boy to seize a stick and give it two or three bangs. Nothing but a sharp knife guided by a strong hand is capable of doing it any injury. To view the tom-tom in its glory one should see it in the midst of the wild delirium of the great Mohamedan festival of the Moharum. The demon, then intoxicated with its triumph, peals forth its thunders, until it becomes a wonder how human ears can bear such rude concussions. Hindoo ears, however, bear them philosophically, and it is certain that any diminution in the noise would be protested against as an unwarrantable departure from the normal and most attractive feature of the festival.

H. C. V.

MUMMIES AS MATERIALS FOR PAINT.

(From the London TRUTH.)

A GENTLEMAN passing through Long Acre the other day peeped into a little shop, and started suddenly at the sight of several dead bodies. They had been dead for over two thousand years—they were mummies. Where did they come from? From Thebes. Are more coming? Yes, plenty. There appears to be a regular business going on in mummies between Thebes and Long Acre. The mummies are brought over enveloped in their rich bituminous coverings, and—*horresco referens*—ground up, bones, cases, coverings, bitumen and all! What for? Why, for paint. There seems to be no burnt sienna like ground mummy. The artists are willing to pay high for this mummy paint. Our academy walls may be limned with the dust of the Ptolemies.

A MOUTHFUL.—Ignorant Rustic: 'Scuze me, parson; but coald yer pray for summut o' Sunday to fill the 'ungry mounths o' me and my wife and ten children, seein' as I blows the bellus for the horgin? and you could leave out for the Queen an' the Royal family, as is purwided fur!—*Fun*.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAYSIDE.

"At Michaelmas, by custom right divine,
Geese are ordained to bleed at Michael's shrine."

It is a popular saying that if you eat goose on Michaelmas Day you will never want money all the year round. A goose used to be given at harvest-home to those who had not overturned a load of corn in carrying during harvest.

* *

In England the goose is sacred to St. Michael. The Michaelmas goose is said to owe its origin to Queen Elizabeth's dining on one at the table of an English baronet on that happy day when she received tidings of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. In commemoration of the event she ordered a goose to make its appearance every Michaelmas.

* *

On the 7th of September 1796 Felici Giardini, the celebrated violinist, died. "How long will it take to learn to play the fiddle?" said some one to Giardini. "Twelve hours a day for twenty years together," answered he.

* *

JOHN PITT, the Earl of Chatham, was born on the 10th of September 1756. He was as indolent and incapable as his younger brother William was active and able. It was he who commanded the Walcheren expedition in 1809, the disastrous failure of which was owing to bad management and total disregard of instructions. His conduct on this occasion gave rise to the famous epigram:—

"Great Chatham with his sabre drawn
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham."

* *

GILBERT BURNET, son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury, was born 18th of September 1643. When young he is said to have been of a wild and dissipated turn. Finding him one day in a very serious humor, the Bishop said, "What is the matter with you, Tom? what are you ruminating on?" "A greater work than your Lordship's 'History of the Reformation,'" answered the son. "Ay! what is that?" said the Bishop. "*The reformation of myself*," answered he.

MAYFLOWER.

IRISH MAXIMS.—If a landlord would only reside on his property long enough, he'd never be shot. What we want in Ireland is landlords who won't take any rent, and spend the money freely.—*Punch*.

"IT ALL DEPENDS."—Customer: I don't know how it is, but my clothes never fit me nicely. Now you always make my friend Captain Stollert's coats to sit beautifully!—Tailor: Yes, sir, but he's got shoulders to hang 'em on! If a gentleman's made like a champagne-bottle, no tailor can fit him!—[Exit customer in dudgeon.]—*Punch*.

NEGROES are less liable to malarious fevers and more inclined to consumption than any other race

PASSING EVENTS.

It is reported that Ayoub Khan has been defeated by the Ameer. The losses on both sides are heavy.

THE troubles at Multan are not yet over, and disturbances are only prevented by the presence of the military.

THE *Bengalee* states that Babu Rajaram Doss, of Howrah, has filed a specification for his invention of improved machinery for expressing the juice of the sugar-cane.

THE advocates of widow remarriage are accused of insincerity because they do not force their own young male relatives to marry widows. Such an accusation appears unjust, since the association was not formed to curtail individual liberty of choice, but simply to give aid and support to widows desirous of re-marrying, and to the men who might be willing to marry them.

MR. KIRBY JOHNSON in a letter to the *Times of India* gives the very interesting particulars of a recovery from cobra-bite. The sufferer was Mr. Johnson's own *malli*, and he seems to have owed his recovery to the prompt and energetic measures resorted to. Brandy was liberally administered, followed by ammonia, and the wound, opened by means of a razor, was treated with brandy and salt, and afterwards with ammonia. The cobra is, unfortunately, still in existence.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S sufferings are ended. It has been a long fight between a mortal wound on one side and a sound constitution and strong will on the other, and when the invalid asked his medical attendant if it was worth while to struggle on, the strong will had already given way and the fight was virtually over. For more reasons than one his loss will be very severely felt in the United States. Much was hoped from Garfield's administration, and even his opponents in politics appear to have acknowledged his talents and honesty. Universal sympathy is but a poor consolation to offer to the widow and orphans, but such as it is it is theirs, for every civilized community throughout the world has watched the protracted struggle with interest, and regrets its sad termination.

LYNCHBURG, U.S.A., can probably boast of the youngest murderer on record. A negro child of two, in a fit of jealous anger, struck her infant sister, aged two weeks, so violently on the head that the little one died from the blow.

HERR MOST is employed at tailoring in Clerkenwell Prison, and is allowed two pints of milk a day in addition to the ordinary prison fare. He seems cheerful, and in fairly good health, but complained of being allowed no books except religious tracts, and being denied the use of pens and paper—all that he had in that way being a slate and slate pencil. It is understood that Most has flatly refused to permit the sending of any petitions to the Government praying for a mitigation of his sentence, and positively declined any intervention of his friends on his behalf.

AGITATION in Ireland is becoming more serious than ever.

THE whale in the following para. from a Scotch paper evidently knew how to take advantage of the turn of the tide and thus turn the tables on his supposed captors :—"At Walls Island, Orkneys, on Thursday, a large whale, which had been observed to be sporting in the neighbourhood, was stranded on an outlying point of the coast. Men, women, and children rushed to the spot with knives, pitchforks, and other weapons, and cut the monster in a fearful manner until they supposed life to be extinct. Ropes were afterwards procured, and, having been fastened to the whale boats, an attempt was made to tow the monster into safe harbour with the rising tide. The whale floated, but suddenly the leviathan started seawards, in turn towing the boats. It was only after being dragged over three miles that the men succeeded in cutting the ropes and escaping."

BAIRAGIS.

BOMBAY appears at the present time to be particularly favored by the Bairagi. The member of the fraternity who for the last few months has taken up his abode on the vacant piece of waste ground near Bhattia Green is still on view, reposing his bulky person on two ancient wooden boxes, and protected from the weather by a couple of huge old umbrellas. The waste spot adorned by his presence certainly does not bloom and blossom as a rose. It would be out of harmony with its tenant, and a blot on the fitness of things if it did. On the contrary, one could almost fancy that it grows daily more stony and arid, and it forms a suitable background for the ash-besmeared Bairagi, whose tawny, sun-bleached locks are raised on the top of his head in a huge chignon of a volume that a lady might envy.

Another and more interesting knight of the yellow robe is lodged for the present at a dhurumsala near Cowasjee Patel Tank. His speciality is a wooden couch studded with iron nails, points uppermost, and a pair of sandals or soles similarly provided, on which he takes pedestrian exercise when so minded, which is probably very seldom. Both bed and shoes are horrible-looking instruments of torture, and he is supposed to enjoy one or the other constantly.

I certainly saw him reposing his tortured frame on the bare ground, much as ordinary mortals might do, but perhaps my call was made at an unseasonable hour, when he was not prepared for company. He is young, tall, and slender,—the last, in view of the nails, being specially providential,—and he lacks the stolid, heavy appearance that distinguishes his brother of Bhattia Green; there is, besides a gleam in his eye, as it shines out from his whitened face, that would lead one to suppose the things of the world have still some interest for him, and that he foresees a day when he may descend for ever from his swinging bed of iron points, and, casting his thorny sandals far from him, go on his way rejoicing.

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"THE ORIENT,"

OCTOBER NUMBER.
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Vol. I.

THE CHIEF OF DHUME.

By SHIVAJI.

[CONTINUED FROM No. X.]

CHAPTER VIII.

Apásaheb.

I WENT out of my palace to receive Apásaheb, whose appearance made a great impression upon my mind. His bearing was noble, his countenance was affable, and the grace with which he talked showed that he was thoroughly conversant with all Court affairs. The liberality which wealth imparts characterized his conduct. I was pleased with him, and I believe he was pleased with me. A separate palace, servants, and four horses were placed at his disposal. Rámabháu and Arjún were absent, having gone away on a tour of inspection. A grand dinner was given, to Apásaheb the day after his arrival. My Minister, the Shástri, and the Minister of my son-in-law then sat in consultation; Jamna stood half concealed behind the door of an apartment where we had taken our seats. My wife sat near the door. My poor daughter was further inside; she could, however, see what passed in our apartment. Pratáp and Surjeraw moved about, dressed as gorgeously as suited the occasion. Apásaheb sat in front of me at a distance. A good many servants were in waiting. A musician sang and everybody was gratified. Tára was adorned and neatly dressed. Her hair, which fell down on her back in a braid, was interwoven with gold flowers, in the centre of each a brilliant diamond being set; garlands of pearls were about her neck, and heightened her beauty, which pleased all when Pratáp brought her in.

Apásaheb asked her the usual questions, and a photograph of the young Chief of Rampur was shown to her. Her bashful, modest smile, to which coyness and coquetry imparted grace, showed what her feelings were. Our ladies express their thoughts and feelings eloquently by means of their modest glances and their furtive smiles. Tára satisfied Apásaheb in every way. He said to me "Mahárája, I am convinced of your prosperity, but I have a question to ask. Why is there a little anxiety betrayed by everybody

in the palace? Is there anybody unwell?" My Minister wanted to conceal the calamity that had befallen my family, and he thus addressed Apásaheb : " Raw Saheb, the son of our Mahárāja, has been attacked by a devil ; and we have not yet secured an exorcist." Apásaheb said, " Perhaps the anxiety of securing a worthy bridegroom for his beautiful and accomplished daughter has to do with his uneasiness. The young Chief of Rampur will satisfy our Tárá." This said, he made a present of an ornament to Tárá and asked her to sit down by the side of my wife. Tárá left the assembly, and my Minister said, " Apásaheb, you have well declared that Tárá is yours." Apásaheb said, " My Mahárāja is prepared to accept the gift of Tárá as soon as he secures his *daxina* (dower). You know Bráhmanas, whether they are princes or peasants, will insist upon their title of receiving dower. So beautiful a girl cannot be given away without an adequate grant of money. My Mahárāja will ask to be paid a million, and a million more in the way of marriage perquisites." My Minister said, " Tárá, whom you have already declared to be yours, is a treasure in comparison with which millions of money are nothing." This speech expressed a double meaning. It signified either that I was prepared to grant whatever Apásaheb might ask, or that I wished to give away my daughter without any dowry and marriage perquisites. Apásaheb clearly saw this and expressed approval of the skill of my Minister. The Shástri said, " If Tárá is approved, and if the horoscope sanctions the proposal, money matters may be settled at leisure. We will settle these things to-morrow." As it was evening, Apásaheb took leave and went to the palace which was assigned to him. My wife and Jamna commended the Minister and the Shástri, and I asked Tárá to come to me. The photograph of the young Chief was again shown to her. Jamna said, " The young Chief of Rampur is not so beautiful as Arjún, the servant of Rámbháú." Tárá smiled again, and my wife said, " Girls, Arjún belongs to a poor family. His clan and his tribe are not known. The young Chief of Rampur cannot be compared to him. He is a prince. Beauty is not only the necessary qualification." Jamna replied, " Quite true, but Arjún possesses great intelligence, beauty, and the manners of a prince. The only thing against him is our ignorance of his clan. Opulence is fleeting. My sister was married into an opulent family. The prince is dethroned, and she has returned to us." At these words my wife sighed, and I was depressed. The Shástri shed tears, and we could not overcome the grief which the death of my son-in-law had caused. My Minister said, " Mahárāja, you know what we have to do. Tárá is to be married, and our people are superstitious. If they knew that a death had occurred in the family recently, the proposal of marriage could not be entertained. Let us therefore forget what has happened. The young Chief of Rampur

is a suitable bridegroom, and our Jamna Bai approves of him." I said, "Yes, she approves of him, but where are we to find millions of money?" My Minister said, "I will remove the difficulty. To-morrow morning Apásaheb will come to our palace and we will induce him to reduce the amount of the dowry and marriage perquisites. I will now go to him." Thus the council meeting broke up. Next morning Apásaheb came, and as my Minister told me a servant of the Chitnis had seen him, I was not surprised when he said in a whisper that as my son-in-law had died a few days ago, how could we arrange for the marriage of Tára? My Shástri emphatically declared he knew how to appease the stars, the evil genii and the manes, and that I was particular in all matters of this description. My Minister added that the Shástri was famous for his learning and piety in the whole world, from Benares to Rameshwar, and Apásaheb withdrew his objection, saying he would be gratified to know what had happened to my son-in-law. His story was therefore succinctly told. Apásaheb showed great concern and sympathy. "I know," said he, "what it is to deal with the British." He was going to say something more. But he suppressed what had risen to his lips; he looked at me as he said, "The British people can never be satisfied with us, do what we may. If a prince is sharp, intelligent, and diligent in the administration of his territory, he is too sharp and cunning. If he is foolish and neglects his business, he is too stupid. There is not one prince in India that knows the golden mean." This speech struck me as original and rather incisive. I answered, "Apásaheb, politics is a difficult science; I do not wonder we all fail. Political wisdom alone can help us." At this Apásaheb smiled and said, "Mahárája, political wisdom presupposes political conditions under which it can be brought to bear. We have no treaty rights. We have no power. Our subjects are not ours. What is the good of the political wisdom you speak of? An Englishman is often before he is forty a Collector of Revenue, a Magistrate, a Surveyor, a Colonel, a Political Agent. He is everything. It is circumstances which teach him. Circumstances are against us." He sighed and continued, "I do not like to discuss these matters, though I have none depending upon me. My good wife died years ago. My only son is separated from me by my destiny. He disappeared when young, but I consulted a Bairági some time ago, and he said that he would return to me. I have come across a wonderful Bairági, and he has shaken my faith in all politics and the game of life." My Minister said, "Now, Apásaheb, we are in your power; accept our Tára." Upon this, Apásaheb drew out a letter from his pocket and read it to us:—"Tára is a gem. Well, let the dowry be reasonably fixed and arrange for the

marriage perquisites. The Raja of Dhume need not be afraid of us, we shall not overtax him." Upon this, my Minister declared in the presence of us all that the marriage proposal made by us to the Prince of Rampur was accepted by his Agent, and that now we have only to determine the place and the day of celebrating the ceremony. Apásaheb accepted the challenge and declared, "I have power to settle the marriage. On behalf of the Mahárāja, I express consent." As soon as this was said, *pan supari* was distributed. Rich vestments were presented to Apásaheb. Every body in my palace partook of the pleasure of seeing our Tárá given away in marriage. Before Apásaheb went away, I took his hand in mine and said, "Apásaheb, your political acuteness is great. I want to consult you on an important political affair. I have already written to Government to reconsider the case of my son-in-law. Here is a copy of the petition I have sent in. His Minister will accompany you, and he will supply you with such information as you may require." My Minister in the mean time had sent a letter to the Political Agent in the following words:—"Sir, the marriage of Tárá is settled. The young Chief of Rampur is proposed. We depend upon your aid for success. Millions of money are required." Apásaheb remarked that the letter was exceedingly well written. "The best plan always is," he said, "to borrow as much money from Government as possible; that interests them in us. But even in this sort of politics I have no faith. I have tried all I can, and I have failed." It was about eight at night and Apásaheb returned to his residence. My Minister and Shástri had given me the following account of Apásaheb:—"He lives in a village near Bombay. Everything about him is mysterious. He has recently learnt to consult a Bairági on every occasion of life. He consulted him in our presence when he left his village. He spends money largely, but none know how he gets it. Each time he wants money he puts his hand into his pocket and draws forth a gold mohur. He often sighs, but who knows what pains him? He constantly sees Government officials—Councillors and Secretaries—but none know what his business is. A servant of his said to me that he would shortly succeed. When I asked him in what, he concealed his thought. The Chief of Rampur gave us a letter to Apásaheb. He entertained us, asked leave of his Bairági and left for Dhume."

It was now rather late at night. I therefore said, "Minister, Apásaheb has promised to dine with us to-morrow, and we will finally settle the time and place of the marriage of Tárá as soon as we receive a reply from the Political Agent."

The Minister replied, "The reply will come to-morrow morning. A clerk told me it had been despatched."

"Do you know what its purport is?"

"You are asked to see the Political Agent to-morrow morning at eight, and Ratna is asked to accompany you." "Well," said I, "what does this mean? But the visit does not interfere with my engagements. Apásahab comes to dine at 11 A.M. I will see the Political Agent to-morrow morning." I retired into my bed-room, and a series of thoughts crowded into my mind. I could not understand what the Political Agent had to do with me. My Minister had hinted to me that before a letter was addressed to me by the Political Agent he had a long talk with his Chitnis. This looks rather ominous. But what can the Chitnis do? I administer my State justly, honestly, carefully, and intelligently. I have always matched the Political Agent and carried my point. My last letter is simply complimentary. Ah! why is Ratna asked to accompany me? What is the matter? Is his madness known to him? But if it is known, what has it to do with the marriage of Tárá? I see: perhaps the Political Agent thinks of congratulating me and Ratna upon the approaching marriage festivities. Perhaps Government has sent a reply to my petition in behalf of my son-in-law. No, that cannot be; Government takes months before a reply is given. It must be about the education of our Pratáp. But I have employed a graduate. He is expected in a day or two. The arrangement is approved of by the Political Agent. Why, then, does the Political Agent want me? Thus troubled by doubts, I gradually close my eyes in sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

The Politics of the Chitnis as revealed by my Minister.

The next morning my Minister came to me and showed a great deal of anxiety. I could not guess the cause of it. I said to him, "Minister, what is the matter? Is Apásahab not willing to consent to our proposal?" "No," said he, "I went last night to the Chitnis, who told me that the Political Agent had come to know that the young Mahárája Ratna was mad; the British Government, having therefore a paramount interest in the State, could not permit large sums of money to be unreasonably spent. This I felt to be a new departure. What Government means cannot be known. But all this will be discussed by the Agent with you personally. It is plain that he will ascertain for himself if Ratna is really mad."

I said, "I am prepared to go to the Political Agent. The difficulty is how to take Ratna with me. If he gets violent, what is to be done?" The Minister upon this suggested, "Sire, you need only tell the Agent Ratna cannot come. This interview will disclose to you what the difficulty is and what the plans of Government are."

I commended the wisdom of the Minister and said, "I am extremely fortunate in finding such an able councillor as yourself. I will yet secure what justice and my rights give me a title to. Politics produce fruits which valour can never produce; when two States come to blows they simply measure their strength, the brute force which they can command. A territory may be conquered; wealth may be acquired. But to preserve what is conquered, to use sensibly what is acquired, requires a higher wisdom. Politics are therefore higher than mere valour. Why do I make these remarks? Minister, you will see, in the circumstances in which we are placed, it will not do to speak of our valour and martial spirit. When a nation or State is strong in political wisdom, valour may help it. But it is to be used only as a last resort, then too as sparingly and cautiously as possible; and it is wise and highly politic to avoid going to war. I am therefore prepared to submit to the Political Agent as much as possible. But the position he takes now threatens the very existence of my State."

Upon this my Minister observed, "Sire, we need to be quiet. Nothing positive can be said till you have seen the Political Agent." In the mean time my carriage was announced. The Minister accompanied me. It was nine in the morning. The sun was bright. The time was auspicious, and we saw a woman with a vessel of water on her head. I said, "Minister, the question we have to discuss is rather complex. The Political Agent has opened a serious controversy. The policy of Government appears to be intended to humble all the chiefs; yes, to deprive them of their estates—to dethrone all the princes. All is annexation, and as a chief is the head of a community, his dethronement is therefore the decapitation of the whole community."

"Sire," said the Minister, "this is wisely said. We have come to the Agency." On this we alighted from our carriage. I was announced to the Agent. He took about a quarter of an hour to come into his office. The peons of the Agent talked freely and even presumed upon familiarity. I was pained at this, but it could not be helped. It is a necessary consequence of the fact of conquest, or rather our inferiority in politics. We went into the Agent's office, and a peon delayed to bring in a chair. My Minister had therefore to stand after the Agent and I had taken my seat.

The Political Agent said, "Mahárāja, I am glad you have found a bridegroom for your beautiful Tárá." I said, "I have been informed of this, and now arrangements are made for consummating the marriage."

The Political Agent answered gently and smilingly, "I am afraid Government is not inclined to sanction an alliance with the prince of a foreign territory." I said, "We can marry into the family of Rampur. On this ground there is no objection." At this remark the Political

Agent smiled and said, "I wired your proposal to Government. The reply is, 'Let not the Chief of Dhume enter into any definite engagement. Government cannot sanction an alliance between the Chiefs of Dhume and Rampur.' A report concerning the madness of the son of the Chief of Dhume is called for. Is Ratna come?" I said, "No, he has not come, he is unwell." At this the Agent showed displeasure and talked rather in an off-hand way. When I stood up and asked leave to go, he said, "I will come to-morrow to your palace at seven in the morning, and personally see what is the matter with Ratna."

Thus the interview terminated. I reflected on what had passed, and reviewed what I had stated to the Political Agent to make sure that I had not committed myself. I remarked to the Minister, "This is certainly undue interference on the part of Government which is now powerful. I feel my mind confounded; yet the worst is my son is mad. I do not know what should be done. Well, let us wait till the Political Agent sees Ratna. But the serious question is, what reply should be made to Apásaheb?"

My Minister upon this assumed a seriousness which alarmed me. He sat by me in the carriage as quiet as possible. We soon returned to the palace. Anxious inquiries were made by the ladies, who were represented on these occasions by the Shástri. The Minister sent a message to Apásaheb to the following effect:—"The Political Agent visits the palace to-morrow morning. We shall then give a final reply. Till then our proposals should be considered to be not accepted by you."

The ladies could not understand the situation. They passed the night in suspense. And the Minister and the Shástri spent the night in preparing for the reception of the Political Agent. I was awakened rather early. I found that the parlour in the first courtyard was really well set off. Just at 7 A.M. the Agent was announced. At first there was considerable confusion, which was caused by the bustling of the servants. I walked over to the palace gate. The Agent was saluted. As soon as he reached the parlour, Ratna was asked to come, but he could not come. We therefore went to his room. The Chitnis was present.

Ratna stared at the Chitnis and said, "What is this intrusion upon me? I am busy in doing official work." Then turning to the Agent he struck his hand on the seat. "What prince is this? I am the Political Agent. Let the prince wait till I am disengaged. These fellows have no manners, nor do they see how much a Political Agent has to do. I have power to depose princes, know this, eh?" And rolling his red eyes he was silent. The Agent said to me, "Your son is really mad."

Tará, Prátap, and Surjeraw were presented. The Agent smiled and observed, "I have arranged for the marriage of Tará. The young Chief of

Gote, in your territory, is now seventeen. He possesses an estate of Rs. 2,000 a year. I think Tárá should be given to him. Of course I make only a suggestion." The Agent then left the palace, and the Chitnis followed him. I escorted him to the palace gate. It was soon 11 A.M. The dinner was ready. Apásaheb came. We held a cabinet council. The Shástri sat quiet and showed that he did not sympathize with us. The Minister spoke in my interest. After much consultation we agreed to send a telegram to the Governor. It involved intricate issues, and I asked permission to enter into an alliance with the family of Rampur; and said, "The Political Agent comes in my way. I do not understand the grounds on which he does so. But I believe Government will not interfere in the matter." The reply was prepaid and in an hour I received it:

"The Government does not see any reason to alter its views already communicated through the Political Agent."

Now everything was definite, and I said to Apásaheb, "Sir, you know Rampur and Dhume cannot be allied. The Political Agent proposes the young man of Gote, and he is my vassal. But I should be obliged if you can make it convenient to stay with us for a week more. The madness of my son comes in the way of my wishes." Apásaheb replied, "I will stay for a week more. I think the Bairági, who has already done much good and whose disciple I consider myself, is a wonderful yogi. He will cure Ratna in no time. But the difficulty is how to bring him to Dhume. The movements of such Bairágis are not easily controlled. If Ratna is cured, Government will be compelled to consent to our proposal, because it will be without any excuse." We agreed to find the Bairági and try his remedy. The Shastri undertook to induce him to come to Dhume, and he left for the purpose. Our thoughts were now turned into a new channel. A ray of hope cheered our spirits, and I thought that the visit of Apásaheb had done some good. The council meeting thus broke up. My wife, who was now weakened by fasts for twenty days, and whose state of health caused us great anxiety, said, "As soon as destiny is favourable, a remedy is found. If Ratna gets over his madness, our Jamna will be blessed." Jamna upon this cried, "Let us see what Tárá stored up in her former life."

Now cheered by the prospects of the recovery of Ratna, and of securing the Chief of Rampur for a bridegroom, and now depressed by the attitude of Government in this matter, now advised by Apásaheb and my Minister to write to the Political Agent in this way, and now harassed by the ladies with a hundred questions as to my future plans, I passed three days in pain and suspense, when my Shástri returned with the Bairági, and the event caused a great deal of agitation in Dhume.

(To be continued.)

A FIERY ORDEAL.

A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

(Written expressly for the "ORIENT.")

CONTINUED FROM NO. IX.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MEANWHILE Valentine had entered on her new duties and found them more irksome than laborious. Reading aloud and translating were pleasant enough occupations, and even the giving of aid and advice in the purchase of stores of provisions was not particularly disagreeable, but too much of Miss Wetherall's society was apt to be wearisome at the best of times, and was particularly trying when, under the influence of stimulants, her good nature became arrogance, and her tendency to romance degenerated into the most maudlin and lachrymal of sentiment. Like many another shallow and ill-balanced nature, she had until lately found ballast and safety in a daily round of humble duty. The submissive daughter of aged and infirm parents, both heart and conscience had been satisfied by a life that had but little pleasure or variety to recommend it. Then liberty had come, and with it much leisure and unaccustomed command of money. The deserved praise she had once gained as a model daughter had soothed her latent desire for notice and admiration, but in her empty heart and life the desire grew to dangerous proportions, and she finally turned to literature as the field in which she could most easily excel, and gain the name and fame she coveted. Was literature in her line? In her soberer moments she hardly thought so; inspiration and invention obstinately refused to come at her bidding, and in despair she madly resorted to stimulants to force them. Certainly brandy did produce a pleasant exaltation and a most agreeable sense of her own talents, but it could do no more, and in despair she resolved to call in outside aid. She was sure that the contact of another mind would quicken hers, and thought it better to share a divided glory than to lose the opportunity of gaining the admiration of a couple of cousins and an illiterate friend or two in England. She counted also that the siege, if siege there were, might with its stirring scenes increase her limited powers, and enable her to accomplish something short and strong, which she would publish on her return to London and rest on her laurels ever after. Unfortunately the most thrilling breeze that ever blew can draw no music from a stringless harp, and neither the siege nor Valentine's company, neither the greatest efforts nor the most liberal pretensions, could wring from Miss Wetherall a production that would bear the light of day and sober inspection. Sundry visits to a dark closet, of which Miss Wetherall herself kept the key, and

which she described as containing odds and ends and personal trifles, were usually followed by repeated injunctions to Valentine to lay in a sufficient stock of sardines, dried fish, apples, and other brain food in view of the arduous strain to which the gifted lady was about to subject herself, and sometimes led to congratulations on the reflected glories that would fall to Valentine's share as the humble minister to genius. "Think, dear child," she would say, turning her watering eyes and a rubicund countenance on her companion, "when my name is written side by side with those of Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, Dr. Watts, Martin Tupper, and others of note, yours will have a little place there too."

Neither Valentine's ambition nor her imagination was keen enough to give her an exhilarating view of the future promised her, but she was quick to gauge her employer, and to appreciate the physical and moral deterioration that was the inevitable result of her way of life. The comfortable *embonpoint* of middle age, degenerating into flabby and bloated fat, the once clear skin becoming clouded and sallow, were but the outward and visible signs of an inward and most undesirable change. Most people would have considered the case hopeless and made no effort to stem the tide, but Valentine saw the gleam of better things hidden beneath the thick crust of vanity and folly, and had conceived a liking for her eccentric employer and a sincere desire to help her. Still, in spite of her laudable bias to indulgence, the first literary work for which her assistance was required astonished her considerably. It was one rainy day when the drops beating against the window panes precluded the idea of a walk, and Miss Wetherall had washed down a comfortable lunch with a liberal allowance of claret and a trifling taste of Chartreuse. The arrangements for the siege were all complete, and during the long hours of the morning the lady had petted and combed her dogs to satiety, so that it was perhaps as much want of occupation as the exhilaration of her spirits that led her to suppose the propitious moment had arrived in which she was destined to immortalize herself.

"Have the kindness to take pen and paper, Miss Albert,—any paper will do, for it will have to be copied out again,—and I particularly beg you to be exact in writing down my own words," said Miss Wetherall. "Stop one minute though," she added, "I have left my thimble in the closet, and shall feel more disposed for thought if it is found," and rising from her seat the lady and her white wrapper disappeared in the closet. Why to facilitate the finding of the thimble the door should be drawn close was one of those circumstances which war against the popular notion that light is conducive to success in a search for minute objects, but the desire for privacy was explained when the indiscreet dog Prince, who had followed his mistress into her sanctum, rushed out before her, and

flinging the door prematurely open revealed her in the act of replacing a small glass and a bottle in the back corner of the top shelf.

With augmented color Miss Wetherall seated herself in meditative attitude on the sofa, but rose again immediately to redrop the window curtain, or pace the room majestically, while Valentine consoled herself by a furtive perusal of the *Figaro* which lay open on the table before her. "How am I to give my attention to work, when I see you thinking of nothing but that stupid newspaper?" exclaimed this lady, who was longing for her companion to give the help she did not like to ask.

Titine pushed the paper aside and dipped her pen in the ink, but she volunteered no assistance.

"Where would you lay the scene of your story?" asked Miss Wetherall, whose cheeks and nose grew more and more flushed.

"Well, I hardly know. In some place with which you are familiar perhaps."

"There you are wrong; an out-of-the-way place would give most scope for the imagination. Where can my handkerchief be?" she said after another hopeless pause, pretending to search for an object that was plainly visible in her pocket, and over which she drew the folds of her robe as she passed Valentine on her way to the closet in which she fancied was deposited the key that might serve to unlock her gigantic intellect.

"I have it, my dear," she exclaimed after a while. "He shall be a man, and it shall be an autobiography. He must be an Arab or Egyptian, so that I can bring in the great desert and the camels and the sand. It is wonderful how clear my mind is, and how fast my ideas flow. Why, only just thinking of our pig at home—the black one with the long snout, that was always getting out and rooting up the cabbages—suggested it all. Not that it was much like a camel, but it is a great thing, my dear, to be born with a brain and to know how to make the most of things. When I am in my grave, and only my work survives, you will say, 'I knew her.' Think of it, my dear child, think of it," and a tear stole down Miss Wetherall's cheek.

"But the work," said Valentine, perceiving that Egypt, Arabia, the camels, the desert, and the sand had vanished from the authoress's mind.

"Ah, yes!" sighed Miss Wetherall. "There is work to be done. You do well to remind me that I must gather my laurels before I can wear them. Proceed then; it is agreed that we will lay the scene in Cincinnati, which has always struck me as a well-sounding name."

"But," objected the scribe, "Cincinnati is a long distance from Arabia or Africa."

"What does it matter, nobody knows anything of these out-of-the-way places. Being both so far off they must be near together," asserted

Miss Wetherall dogmatically. "Besides, imagination is my *forte*,—or fortune, if you like it better,—and not geography. But if you think you know best have it your own way. We will not discuss the point," said the lady loftily. "You are but a minister to genius, and I am not surprised you do not see the force of all I say. Be ready to begin to write from my dictation."

Again Valentine picked up her pen, but after long somnolent musing Miss Wetherall gave utterance to nothing more original than the following:—"When I was an infant I was born of poor but respectable parents at ———. What is the name of that place?"

"Cincinnati, and do you think it very necessary to mention that you were an infant when you were born?" asked Valentine in despair.

"The thread of my ideas is broken again," exclaimed Miss Wetherall, melting into tears.

"Let me fetch your pillow and darken the room," said her companion. "You are not in a mood for composition to-day, and a little sleep would do you good."

"When am I in the mood for it?" wailed the lady, frank for once. "And yet it is there, locked up for ever—for ever."

Valentine devoutly wished the closet was locked up for ever too. She found small satisfaction in literary labor with Miss Wetherall, and for the present could only minister to genius by loosening the corset of her patroness, and otherwise disposing her for a comfortable sleep, which would be sure to last several hours, and leave her free to throw on her waterproof and run home in the hope of finding Aimée there. The sisters had not met for two days, during which Aimée had been completely absorbed by her patient, and Valentine had decided that such being the case there was no reason why she should not at once begin her residence in the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré, and thus avoid the expenses of housekeeping; and Aimée, who was still in ignorance of this, when she came home that wet afternoon for a change of raiment, had been chilled by finding Valentine's clothes and possessions absent, and a note on the table begging her to let Titine know when they could next meet. It was then with delight that the sisters hailed the chance that had brought them together, and profited by it to compare notes.

"How is M. Maxime?" asked Valentine.

"Better," said Aimée, who was busily collecting a few articles to take back with her, "but he improves very slowly, and I must give up my dream that he may be well enough to leave Paris before the siege commences. Mme. D'Allaire has already been buying her stores, and it is high time I began."

"Rather late I should say," exclaimed her sister.

"What do you mean, and why do you treat it as if it were a laughing matter?" asked Aimée, looking up from the black bag she was filling.

"I repeat, it is rather late, because I have, with Miss Wetherall's help, already bought some things for you, and for myself if I should need them. I have the list with me somewhere."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Aimée, giving Titine a hug which told how great was her relief at finding the task taken off her hands. "But where have you put the things?" and she glanced round the room and saw nothing.

"Ah! to tell you that, I must give you an account of another little arrangement that I have made for you, which will bring us more together, and take you away from this quarter, which would not be a good one to inhabit if there should be any disturbance, for you see the poor people are angry and irritated already, and may be hungry soon. There is a large upper room let with Miss Wetherall's apartment, which she really does not need, and has consented to give to me for a very small rent, so I have given warning here and had the provisions carried there. Indeed I do believe that when you are free to inhabit it the room can be made almost as nice as this. There is a little stove and a closet, and only think what a comfort it will be for us to see so much of each other," exclaimed Valentine.

"Yes, indeed! Titine, you have been well inspired, and we may need the comfort and help which each other's presence can give in the dark times before us. What should I do without you?"

"You see I don't mean to let you do without me; now look through the list and see if you approve it."

"Two barrels of flour," read Aimée; "is not that a great deal?"

"No, I think not; Miss Wetherall says that with flour and eggs you have always a resource, and there are five hundred eggs, which we are going to find out the best way of preserving to-morrow. Then there is *braise* and charcoal: for, you see, flour is not of much use if you cannot cook it; and coal, in case it should be cold before the siege is over. There is, too, a small barrel of wine, potatoes, and all the things written down there."

"But," said Aimée, as she ran her eye down the long list of canned vegetables, dried peas and beans, rice, chocolate, coffee, condensed milk, preserves, sago, butter, cheese, sugar, and other items, "I don't quite see how I am to get into the room if all these things are there."

"They are not all there; at least not the heavy things. There is another blessing still unmentioned. Miss Wetherall has let me have a little cellar which opens out of hers, on which we have put an extra lock. She says, too, that we must not be afraid of getting a sufficiency of provisions, for, unless there is no siege at all, plenty of people will be glad to take the surplus off

our hands. So if you have any suggestions make them at once, and we will occupy ourselves about them to-morrow. You need not hesitate on account of the expense. It would be poor economy to run the risk of starving, and there will be my salary to keep us going."

"You are so good, Valentine, not to preach economy just now, when it would be hard for me to practise it," said Aimée, "for I am very much afraid Mme. D'Allaire has not provided sufficiently for three persons, and I dare not question her. The list you have shown me appears ample for us, but it would not enable me to supply her if she should run short; and he will not be strong enough to endure privation for a long time to come. You don't know how anxious and worried I am when I think about it. It would be harder than ever to lose him now."

"I know it would, but you will not lose him. Never fear, little sister, but we shall get through these dark days, and all three talk about them together, when they will seem no more to us than an ugly dream."

"Ah, if I could but think so!" said Aimée, "but everything looks so hopeless; even if he recovers we shall only be where we were before his illness, there will be nothing but separation before us."

Poor Aimée looked pale and tired, and the fears and depression she had successfully hidden from Mme. D'Allaire, the tears she had so often driven back, were struggling for vent now. Valentine understood the situation well enough. She had herself thought sadly on what the end was to be, but that did not prevent her using all her powers to encourage and console her sister, and she was soon rewarded by finding Aimée more disposed to look on the bright side of things.

"Think, Aimée," she urged, "a little while ago you would have asked only that his life should be spared, and now there seems a fair hope of his recovery you are worrying about questions which you ought to leave to time and Providence."

"I am ungrateful, I know," said the poor girl, "but this siege may put his life in danger again, and I can't help thinking about that other question, for I can see it is troubling Mme. D'Allaire. Of course when her son's life was in such danger, she was naturally unable to think of anything else, but she could not consent to our marriage. It would be beggary for us both."

"Is she less kind than she was?" asked Valentine.

"Oh no, kinder if possible! She would like it if it could only be. We are all the victims of circumstances, she as well as poor Maxime and myself. Even if we succeed in keeping him alive during this siege, what will become of us when it is over?"

"You will not only keep him alive, but you will cure him and marry him. I am sure you will, *ma chérie*, and I will help you all I can."

So before you put on your bonnet tell me what you want added to my list."

"You have not money enough about you for all I want," said Aimée.

"*Eh bien, voilà une affaire!* We have still money in the bank, or I need only ask Miss Wetherall to lend or advance me what I want."

"Miss Wetherall appears very kind, and I am so selfish I have not yet asked you if you are happy there."

"Yes, I am all right, and she is kind, very kind, anxious that my bed and board should suit me, and quite interested in what little she knows of you. I am so sorry for her, poor woman, for if she does not change her bad habits she will soon be in her grave or a lunatic asylum. However, we have not time to discuss Miss Wetherall, for I see you are impatient to return to your *malade*, but before you go tell me what other articles you would like me to get, and that is all the trouble you need take about it, for if the things are to be had I will have them to-morrow."

"Titine, Heaven has not abandoned me as long as you are there."

"Abandoned you! No, I should think not. You venture into the lion's den and are well received there. You succeed in raising M. Maxime almost from the dead, and yet you dare to fear the future. Abandoned you! no, indeed; Heaven will never abandon you as long as you keep a brave heart, but if you lose courage and fall ill, then, *par exemple!* I answer for nothing."

"You are good, my little sister, for I know you do not quite approve of my being there."

"At any rate," answered Valentine philosophically, "I cannot help it, and I cannot blame you. So it is only reasonable to put the best possible face on the matter."

CHAPTER XXX.

Aimée was right in supposing that Mme. D'Allaire was anxious and troubled. She was even remorseful and greatly perplexed as she thought that evil tongues might reproach Aimée with her attendance on Maxime, and that, in spite of her own sincere desire, it would yet be an act of madness to consent to their union. She began a *neuvaine* at Notre Dame des Victoires, she promised votive offerings to the Virgin and her patron saint if they would show her a way out of her difficulty, and many an hour, as soon as she felt justified in leaving Maxime, did she spend kneeling on the cold stones of the church imploring help from heaven. Most fortunately for her, who was so greatly governed by her spiritual adviser, she had discarded her former confessor for Father Magloire.

and the influence of a wise, pure, and upright guide made itself speedily felt in her views and character. "Trust in God," he would say. "I cannot think you did wrong in admitting this young girl to your heart and home. I am sure that you obeyed a worthy impulse, and I hope and believe that our Father, who loves us all, will shape the end in a way that shall please you. I am sure He will shape it for the ultimate good of you all. Hope and pray, my daughter, you can at present do no more." And Mme. D'Allaire did pray, and tried to hope, not only for deliverance from that burden, but from several others which were heavy to bear.

Mlle. Goué had discharged a last drop of venom before leaving Paris. She had written to Dr. Monnier a letter in which she had assured him not only that his treatment was not followed, but that it was ridiculed by M. Grégoire and Mme. D'Allaire; and the doctor, having, from what he had seen in the sick-room, reason to believe a small part of her assertion, credulously believed it all and formally abandoned the case, at the same time sending in a very heavy bill to Mme. D'Allaire, which the poor lady thought herself obliged to pay at once.

"It is monstrous," said Grégoire, who now reproached himself with having irritated the old viper, as he called *la cousine*. "I will see Dr. Monnier," and see him he did, but his visit was productive of no particular good. M. Monnier accepted his explanations, but refused to resume his care of the case, for which indeed both Grégoire and Aimeé easily consoled themselves. "We can do very well without him, can't we?" she asked of the young doctor, and, though he was too professional to give a strong opinion on the subject, his *Je le pense* told her enough.

Mme. D'Allaire was then the chief if not the only sufferer by the affair. She paid the exorbitant bill, and repented having done so when she found how little money remained wherewith to prepare for the siege. She could not sell or mortgage her pension, and the tenants of her house at Beauchamp were behindhand with their rent. She trembled to think that communication with the country might cease before they paid it; besides, as if these troubles were not enough, she was conscious of fever and utter want of appetite, as well as of a languor which frequently made even thought difficult and fatiguing to her.

Aimeé had for some time been aware that her friend's health was far from good. She had spared Mme. D'Allaire all the fatigue she could, contrived little surprises to stimulate her appetite, and finally caused her to speak to Grégoire. The sick woman had given her promise to consult her son's friend, but had not yet found what she considered a favorable opportunity for fulfilling it, when an event occurred which was destined to greatly influence the future of the persons in whom we are the most interested.

One day towards the end of September, when the siege had become a gloomy fact instead of a dreaded possibility, when the German guns roared out their hoarse defiance to the French artillery, which answered again, M. Magloire called to see Mme. D'Allaire, in whose troubles he took a kindly interest, and she conducted the priest to her son's room, in which Aimée sat reading to her patient, who had regained his love for books, or rather sufficient strength to be able to listen to them.

Aimée would have slipped away, but Mme. D'Allaire, laying her hand on her shoulder, arrested her flight, and presented her to M. Magloire. She longed to hear her own favorable opinion of Aimée confirmed by the man she was the most inclined to venerate. It was not that she doubted Mlle. Albert, her action was prompted simply by desire to hear the praise of the child she already loved.

"I have heard much, mademoiselle," said M. Magloire, "of your devotion in caring for our invalid—I may say our two invalids, for Mme. D'Allaire herself appears much out of health. I hear even that you have introduced into the sick-room some innovations not generally in use, which have produced an excellent effect. I trust you will pardon me if I should ask you a few questions about them. I have many poor among my people, and a priest can sometimes give to advantage a little good advice in things temporal as well as spiritual."

"I shall feel honored in placing my very limited experience at your service, *mon père*," answered Aimée. "I had the good fortune to see in England some very skilful nursing in the case of a lady who was dangerously ill, and it is from that I draw my little stock of knowledge."

"Don't believe it, father," exclaimed Maxime, looking with beaming eyes at Aimée. "Only from a heart like hers can she draw the treasures of tact and unselfishness, for which no knowledge could compensate."

"I can well understand that it is so," assented M. Magloire. "Still foreign countries may possess some good customs we have not, just as we could in return, no doubt, teach them many things they do not know. Are you English, mademoiselle, or have you simply visited England?"

"I and my sister were born and educated there," she answered.

"Ah! you have a sister!" said M. Magloire, and then with the simplicity which is apt to characterize those who have travelled little, and have no very clear idea of the extent of a foreign country, he added, "I suppose when you were in England you did not meet a family of Harrisons, M. or Mme. Albert Harrison?"

Aimée was already pale from watching and fatigue, but she turned so white on hearing these words that Maxime uttered a cry and stretched out a feeble arm as if to aid her. Mme. D'Allaire, alarmed, rose to fetch a smelling-bottle, but Aimée had already recovered, and

in obedience to a look from the priest she left the two young people alone and followed him to the *salon*. It was strange what a startling effect those few words had produced; even Mme. D'Allaire had felt, as she noted her young friend's agitation, that Aimée could give information of the lost Harrisons, but beyond this her thoughts had not yet travelled.

Through M. Magloire's mind a suspicion had darted, which he was impatiently waiting to verify; and Maxime, tormented by the idea that his dear little nurse was about to fall ill in her turn, reproached himself with selfishness in having allowed her to devote herself so completely to him; Aimée herself was striving to regain calm, and to determine in what way she should endeavor to obtain information from M. Magloire. It was impossible to rest now until she knew all that he could tell her, and she had, on insufficient evidence perhaps, jumped to the conclusion that the M. and Mme. Albert Harrison mentioned by him were indeed her parents. What a relief it would have been to tell Maxime her doubts, fears, hopes, but she dared not agitate him by doing so, and Valentine, that other confidant for whom she longed, was ministering to genius in the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré.

Meanwhile Mme. D'Allaire and the priest were deep in conversation. He had turned to her, when she entered the *salon*, with an eager brightness in his eye, which she had never seen there before.

"You think," she said, "that my little friend knew the Harrisons?"

"I think more than that; I believe that your prayers are answered, and that God has indeed come to your aid. Permit me, before I say more, to ask you a question or two."

"Ask, *mon pere*," rejoined Mme. D'Allaire.

"What is the exact name of this young lady?"

"Aimée Albert."

"The Christian names of Mme. and M. Albert Harrison," thought M. Magloire, but he only said "Right! right!" as he rubbed his hands joyously together.

"Am I correct in supposing that the sister she mentioned is her only one, and that she has no brothers?"

"Perfectly correct."

"And if, as I presume it will, her sister's name should prove to be Valentine, put all these things together and tell me what is the natural inference to be drawn from them," and he turned in his restless walk up down the room and saw that Mme. D'Allaire was trembling and agitated.

"It is impossible," she murmured.

"Nothing is impossible with God. How was it it did not sooner

suggest itself to you that this Mlle. Albert might well be the daughter of M. Albert Harrison?"

"I have scarcely thought of my poor cousin's story and request since the day you told me we had nothing to do but wait. Besides, you seem to have been aware of the names of the children. I was not, or at any rate if you mentioned them to me I had entirely forgotten them; and are you sure even now, *mon père*, that we are not building our hopes, on too slight a foundation, that we are not relying on what may be only a coincidence? It was so difficult for me to separate those two poor children who love each other, and yet I dare not allow myself to believe the obstacles to a union between them are removed, and that my son may yet be happy with the woman of his choice. Let us lose no time. Let us question her and set aside for ever this torturing uncertainty," and hoping, fearing, trembling, Mme. D'Allaire leaned back fainting and exhausted in her chair.

M. Magloire could not but acknowledge that there was still room for doubt, and half regretted not having sought an interview with Aimee before communicating his hopes to Mme. D'Allaire, who was evidently very weak and unwell. True, joy would not kill her; but if he had raised unfounded expectations the affair was more serious. He felt doubly anxious now to see his first impressions confirmed, and that they would soon be either confirmed or destroyed was evident; Mme. D'Allaire had risen, and, following the wall, as if she felt herself too unsteady to cross the room without aid, she opened Maxime's door, beckoned Aimee out, and then reseated herself and looked at the priest as if she wished him to speak.

"Mademoiselle," he began, "Mme. D'Allaire and I have for some time been seeking Mme. Albert Harrison. Are we right in supposing that you can give us some information about her? I am sure you will believe that our desire to find Mrs. Harrison, or her descendants, springs from the best of motives."

Aimee, who read, on both the faces before her, suppressed emotion, and found herself suddenly called to an interview which she would have sought with the priest alone, glanced towards Mme. D'Allaire and hesitated. If there was a stain on her birth, it was exquisitely painful to have it revealed now, but it was impossible to defer the coming explanation. "My sister and myself," she said, "have some reason to suppose that my mother was once known by that name, but we are not certain; we are sure only that she was good and honorable, and worthy of all our respect."

"*Chère enfant*," exclaimed Mme. D'Allaire, "we never doubted it—not only did not doubt it, but are ready to prove what your filial affection disposed you to take on trust."

"Stop," put in M. Magloire. "No one doubts but that Mme. Harrison was entitled to all respect; but this young lady appears to have been brought up in ignorance of her parentage, and, for her own satisfaction as well as ours, it would be well to settle definitively the question whether she is, or is not, the daughter of the M. and Mme. Harrison in question. If you, madame, can give me the certificate, that will, I think, prove an all-sufficient test."

"Tell me at least," said Aimée, as Mme. D'Allaire rose, "if Mr. Harrison is living."

"He died last spring," answered M. Magloire, and then both were silent, and the chirp of the bird was the only sound heard in the room until the return of Mme. D'Allaire, which was not long delayed.

"Will you kindly tell me the maiden name of madame your mother?" asked the priest when he had unfolded the document which Mme. D'Allaire handed him.

"Aimée Duchesne," she replied.

"And the names of your grandparents?" he asked, more than ever inclined to put faith in the inspiration that had seized him in Maxime's room.

"Jules Duchesne and Sophie Caroline Despard his wife."

"Inhabitants of Bordeaux?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"You were born, you say, in London; when did you first come to Paris?"

Aimée answered, "It must have been during the winter of 1850. My sister was born in the December of the year 1849, and she was six weeks old when we left London."

"But you were educated in England."

"Yes. We were sent to school at Folkstone when Valentine had passed her seventh birthday."

"Pardon all these questions, mademoiselle. You spoke just now of having only slight reasons for supposing your mother's name to have been Harrison. Is it possible that she never spoke to you of your father?"

"Never, and from what little we know we are inclined to suppose there must have been some misunderstanding between them."

"I think we need keep Mlle. Harrison in suspense no longer," said M. Magloire. "Her case is proved to my entire satisfaction, and I trust to yours."

"Give it her. Her mother is dead. It is hers," and Mme. D'Allaire indicated the certificate.

"Mademoiselle," contained the priest, laying the open paper on the table before her, "this document will, I hope, be instrumental not only in restoring you to your family, but in giving to you and your sister a very large fortune."

The lines and letters swam confusedly before Aimée's eyes. She could not read them, but her mind seized quickly the last words of M. Magloire, and she saw the barrier between herself and Maxime melting away.

"Then—then—" she exclaimed, throwing herself into Mme. D'Allaire's arms, and leaving the rest of her phrase unfinished.

Her companions looked at each other. They were at no loss to understand her unspoken meaning. The heart that had been Maxime's when she was poor and friendless was even more his now she had something to bestow. Mme. D'Allaire realized fully in that hour the value of the daughter-in-law she had once been inclined to refuse, but she had little opportunity for immediate reflection; this time Aimée had fainted outright, and to restore her was the first thing to be thought of.

M. Magloire wrote down the name and address of M. Paschard, the agent employed by the Harrisons, and then took his leave. It was well the ladies should be alone for the conversation and explanation which would follow Aimée's recovery, but the good man departed with a light heart, rejoicing in Mme. D'Allaire's deliverance from her troubles, and in the happy future he foresaw before the young people.

On many an incident of her youth Aimée beheld a new light cast, as she heard for the first time the tale of her mother's wrongs and sufferings, and of her father, abandoned by the woman he had deceived, and, in despair at her loss, drifting down to intemperance. She would not ask herself if her mother had been altogether blameless, if she had not shown herself hard and unforgiving. Her parents were gone, and over their memory she hung a veil of indulgent tenderness, and remembered always that she was their child and not their judge.

Valentine had clearly a right to hear the great news as soon as possible, and she resolved to see that Maxime was comfortable and then start at once for Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré. If he suspected nothing she would tell him nothing, for fear excitement might interfere with his night's rest. The morning, when he was fresh and bright, would be the time to speak to him, and yet it was very hard to keep from him the joy she was longing to impart, and Maxime's first words threatened to shake her resolution. "You have stayed away so long, and come back to me all flushed and strange. Are you not well, Aimée?" he asked with evident anxiety.

"Quite well," was her answer.

"Look at me," said Maxime, and she raised her eyes obediently and met his gaze, losing from that moment the power to keep her secret from him. "Yes, you are well," he continued, "but there is something you do not tell me. What is it, Aimée?"

And Aimée thus questioned easily persuaded herself that she had now

no resource but to take him at once into her confidence, since uncertainty would agitate him more than the truth. Maxime heard her story with more composure than she expected. During his convalescence he had been living so entirely in the present. Such a childlike confidence and quiet had come over him that he had well-nigh forgotten the struggles of the past and the uncertainties of the future. "Are you not glad?" she asked.

"Very glad," he answered, "but at the same time I am not sorry that it is only a small fortune you inherit."

"Why," asked Aimée, who was inwardly congratulating herself that she had been reticent as to the extent of the change in her pecuniary position.

"Because the gulf between us will not be so wide."

"Could money separate us?" she said reproachfully.

"No, it could not create a gulf wide enough for that: I think nothing could. Still you must not be angry because I rejoice that the gulf is not so very wide."

"I am not angry, I will never be angry, unless you are very slow in getting well," and then, remembering what his recovery implied, her eyelids drooped and her face grew hot beneath his gaze.

"I wish it depended on me," was all he said, but he drew her hand to his lips, and, thrilling through her with a thousand promises for the future, whispering of dark days brightened, and happy ones shared together, of all things good and true, of home and confidence, of strength that she could lean upon, of judgment that would rectify hers, of protection and sympathy, guidance and union, speaking a language more eloquent than words, and sweeter than music, his first caress impressed upon her mind the full value of her changed prospects.

(To be continued.)

GEORGE ELIOT'S FACE.

It is to be feared that posterity will never know exactly what was the living aspect of George Eliot's face; only a very great painter could have seized at once the outline and something of the varying expression, and her reluctance to have her portrait taken, her private person made to a certain extent public property in that way, has deprived us of any such memorial. Future generations will have to draw on their imagination to conceive a face cast in the massive mould of Savonarola, but spare and spiritualized into a closer brotherhood with the other Florentine of the *Divina Commedia*. The features might be too large and rugged for womanly beauty, but when the pale face was tinged with a faint flush of tenderness or animation, when the wonderful eyes were lighted up with eager passion, and the mouth melted into curves of unutterable sweetness, the soul itself seemed to shine through its worn framework with a radiance of almost unearthly power, so that a stranger, seeing her for the first time, asked why he had never been told she was so beautiful.—EDITH SIMCOX.

DHOLA AND MARU.

(Translated by *Braja Nath Bannerjee.*)

CHAPTER III.

DHOLA would fain have gone to Pingala soon after the minstrel left him, but the unbounded influence which his mistress had over him proved to be the greatest of all obstacles and stood between him and his wish, for what could he do without her consent and knowledge? With the thought of bidding farewell sitting heavily on his heart he went every night to her palace, but in her presence could not speak a single word on the subject. One night, however, summoning up all his courage, he asked her permission to go to Pingala; but she, cunning woman, with her fascinating manners, without giving a flat denial, pleaded the unsuitability of the weather to allow him to start from home. The rains, the autumn, the season of dews, winter, spring, summer, came each in its turn, but the fertile mind of Rewa brought forward objections to his going to Pingala, every time he requested her permission during the course of a year.

"Sweetest of sweets, lovely prince," said she, joining her hands, at the setting in of the monsoon, "it is no time to go now. Have our houses well thatched. See how lightning dances amidst the clouds! The songsters of the season sing in merry notes, inspiring love in the hearts of lovers, and making separation the most painful of all sufferings. Look at the black clouds yonder hovering in the air! See how the rain falls! Come, let us enjoy the sight arm-in-arm. The sweet festival of Teej is drawing nigh; think of going to Pingala at some other time." Autumn approached and she with her usual coquetry said, "Dear lord, horses are worshiped this season, and the Dashahara festival will be very shortly celebrated. It is not advisable to go from home at this time, if thou dost believe in the influence of the stars." At the advent of the season of dews she forbade him to start, alleging for a reason that the months of Lakshnee (the Hindu Diana), when lamps were lighted everywhere and women dressed themselves very fantastically, should not be spent in strange places. Winter came: "Think of the terrible cold!" said Rewa, folding him in her arms. "Is it meet for thee to go out now?" At the end of December she said, "I will strew flowers on our beds, and make nosegays and pretty wreaths of flowers for thee, and thou wilt wear them." When spring approached she persuaded Dhola out of his intention, saying, "This is spring, my lord, the season when Nature decks herself with beauty, when the flowers bloom, the bees hum, and the trees are clothed in green, when men and women, mad with pleasure, with drums in hand, celebrate the great festival of Holi, when lovers whom true love has joined can ill brook

separation even for a moment. I will fill a large vessel with essence of saffron, and another with that of sandalwood, and squirt both the liquids at thee. Besides, the festival of Gan Gauri is at hand." In summer she told the prince, "Sweet master of my love and life, see how the hot winds blow! Thy way to Pingala lies over parched and burning deserts, where no birds fly, nor can a well be found even at intervals of twenty-four miles. The scorching sun, assisted by the dry winds in his work of destruction, spreads ruin and terror all over the land. Wait, dear lord, for the next season. It does not become thee to leave thy house when the celebration of the Akshuya Tiritiya festival wants thy presence here." Thus the prince saw, to his mortification, what a great hold his mistress had on his will and affection.

CHAPTER IV.

Let us go to the castle of Pingala, where we shall see Maru eagerly looking forward to the time of the minstrel's return, for news of good or evil. How impatiently she ran to him when at last she saw him come to her chamber with a letter, a ring, and a suit of clothes! "Rest, my heart, rest a while," said she with her hand on her bosom, "till I read the letter of my love." She took the letter with trembling hand, trembling with the tumult of her thoughts, and thus begun to read :

"Accuse me not, sweet charmer of my soul, of having forgotten you, of being false to my vows of love. Believe me when I say that I had never heard your name mentioned before the minstrel came to the court with your ring and letter. I am as impatient for you as you are for me; I will come with all haste four hundred miles a day, and reach you soon after you receive my letter."

Tears of joy ran down her cheeks, and so great were her transports that she could scarcely contain them. "My lord is coming, maids," said she, "prepare yourselves and make everything ready for his reception." With great eagerness she expected every day the arrival of the prince of Narwar at Pingala, but days, weeks, and months passed away; where was he? Now she burst into tears, now she bemoaned her lot, and now she felt cheered by the rising of hope in her mind.

We shall here leave Maru in the castle in alternate expectation and disappointment, and describe the baneful effect of her extraordinary beauty. There lived a powerful raja called Omra Shomra somewhere in Cutch or Guzerat. He had twelve sons. They having heard of the uncommon beauty of Maru went to Pingala one after another, counterfeiting the prince of Narwar. Each had to lie the first night in a garden outside the city, where he was eaten up by a dreadful lion. The old king's rage knew no bounds when he was informed of the lamentable fate of the princes. Mad with grief and desperate, he made up his mind to revenge their deaths,

wrote a peremptory letter to the raja of Pingala demanding of him his fair daughter in marriage, with a threat that in case of refusal to comply with his demand he should be ready to meet him in battle.

The terrified raja of Pingala used expressions of fear and anger, indicative of the struggles in his mind between the thought of safety and that of insult, but at last the former got the mastery, and he sent a reply couched in the language of weakness,—of course, without the knowledge of Maru,—consenting to the marriage being celebrated after the rites of *ghagrana* (re-marriage), then in vogue among some houses of the Rajputs, if the prince Dhola did not arrive within a month after the date of the letter. A lucky hour was fixed for the celebration of the ceremony.

The joyful news reached Omra, who, inflamed with pride and passion, posted three very beautiful women along the way, of Narwar to Pingala to allure Dhola by their charms, and then to kill him having got him in their power. His nuptials with Maru were heralded all over his town, and great rejoicings were made there in honor of them.

Meanwhile Dhola no longer remained indifferent to his wife. Her picture would often call her to his mind, and the ring which he had put on his finger would rebuke him for his delay. Although he doted on Rewa, his mistress, and could not do anything but by her orders, yet the lovely form of Maru, her beautiful features, ever lived in his memory, urging him to leave home and its pleasures for a few days and start at once for the house of his father-in-law. Sometimes he would humbly pray to Rewa to let him go, at others give her harsh words and threats, but all to no effect. Nothing could move her from her jealous resolution.

He was impatient of delay and would fain have left her to weep at her obstinacy, but he could not, being bound to her by iron ties of love and affection. At last, however, on receipt of information of Maru from the mouth of a gipsy merchant his friend, who had recently come from Pingala, his love to her prevailed, and, taking the best and fleetest camel from one of the stables, he made up his mind to start at once, without going to Rewa to bid her farewell. But his mistress was too cunning for that, she was beforehand with him. Just as he was about to mount the camel, whom should he see but the woman whose sight he wished so much to evade, standing beside him and pulling him by his clothes, with suppliant looks and a feigned smile. "Go, now," said she, "go, dear, sweet lord, there to Pingala to see your wife, but grant me one request. I pray you, go after I fall asleep; if not, see me die in your presence before you advance a step further, for I shall die content having set my eyes on your lovely face. There is happiness even in death when you, my lord, are before me." These tender accents melted the heart of the prince, and he could not but give her his word to stay a little longer till she slept.

The following night came and went but she slept not. Fourteen days and nights passed but Rewa would not sleep, nay, nor even show drowsiness, but on the fifteenth night cruel sleep overpowered her, when she, in an agony of despair, looked at his eyes piteously, and having rested her head on his knee and put his thumb in her mouth sank to slumber with the words "Forget me not, lord," half escaping her lips.

Now the impatient prince, weary with waiting, lost no time availing himself of this opportunity, and made the best of his way to Pingala, placing her head on a clod of earth and the handle of a fan in her mouth.

On his way he passed through Chanderee, the capital of the Bundela Rajpoots, and Mirta, a town in Marwar, and having overcome numerous obstacles and temptations reached Pingala, after a journey of a single day, a little before sunset.

He alighted beside a well in a garden, where, turning the camel loose, he rested awhile; the camel happened to cry out, and it is said that an old shepherdess sitting near Maru, on hearing the cry, told her that her husband, the prince of Narwar, was at hand, because she said the cry she had heard was of no other camel but of that given to Dhola at the time of his marriage.

Maru in a fit of joy, being at once roused from the melancholy she had been in, presented to the shepherdess a necklace of pearls. How greatly was she delighted to hear from a gardener's wife, who came with haste to her with a basket full of garlands, of the arrival of her husband in a garden! Yet she had misgivings lest the stranger newly come should not be the genuine Dhola, and she therefore sent for the minstrel, Sheora, who had seen the prince, and when he came ordered him to go at once to the garden. She waited in dreadful suspense till he returned confirming the statement of both the above-mentioned women. Her left eye and arm fluttered, and she was full of excitement. Some minutes before she had wished for death, and resolved to hasten it rather than submit herself to be dishonored by marrying Omra Shomra. The bitter tooth of separation had cut her heart to the quick and spread a chill over her mind. Now reaction took place, and the happy thought of union put her blood in ferment.

All things were in a bustle against the celebration of the nuptials of Omra Shomra on the following night at an auspicious hour, when the minstrel Sheora, with his face beaming with joy, announced to the durbar the arrival of Dhola of Narwar. There was great confusion then; Pingala in humble submission offered thanks to God for thus protecting his honor as well as that of his daughter, while Omra with his followers went away to their tents full of anger and disappointment.

Rav Pingala with a train went down to receive the prince, who, riding on an elephant, came to the castle amidst the cheers of the people. With brim-

ming pitchers on their heads the maids gave him a very happy reception. They began to look at his handsome features, while from behind a screen peeped Maru at her husband. Dinner was served up on a small table, and he ate very heartily.

But all the mirth reigning in the house was sadly crossed by the arrival of a letter from Omra containing a threat to Pingala, to make the new-comer at his house stay during the first night in the fatal garden or in case of denial make preparations for battle. As the Rav's small means did not allow him to meet in the battlefield such a powerful king as Omra, he went to Dhola and told him all particulars, at which the prince laughed, remarking that he need not expose himself and state to the risk of battles, and that he himself had already made up his mind to try his strength and skill.

At nightfall he was shown the garden, which he entered, having left all his arms, and the door was shut on him and kept well guarded. He looked round and saw a hall with twelve arched gateways, and offered up a prayer to Ram Chandra, his great ancestor, humbly soliciting his aid in that hour of extremity. Then with his mind fully composed he rose and having cut a bamboo twig rudely fashioned it into a spear. In the dead of the night the lion came with fury, roaring and foaming at the mouth. It made a jump at him, but before securing its prey was struck to the heart with the dart and fell down dead.

Some writers say that the prince made one bamboo twig into a bow and another into an arrow and shot the lion dead.

The terrible roar of the beast, and finally its piteous and dying moans, were all heard by the sentinels, who concluded that the prince had certainly killed the lion. This happy news reached the ears of Maru, and she lost no time in going to the garden, clad in her best dress, wearing thirty-six kinds of ornaments, and attended by her maids. Having easily prevailed on the guards, she entered and presented herself before the prince, she bowed seven times, and was very warmly received. The night was spent there, and at daybreak she returned to her chamber full of joy. Early in the morning the news ran like wildfire, and could be read on the cheerful faces of one and all of the men of Pingala. The king himself with a splendid train went to congratulate his son-in-law on this happy occasion ; and all stood speechless seeing the monstrous size of the lion and wondering at the heroic feat of Dhola. Passing through the streets men flocked together to get a glimpse of his royal person. A grand durbar was held in honour of this auspicious event, and great rejoicings were made everywhere in the town. Nothing now could exceed the joy of the happy pair, whom long years of separation had taught how sweet and precious true love is.

(To be continued.)

CAMOENS AND THE LUSIAD.

LUSITANIA was the ancient name of Portugal, from *Lusus* or *Lysas*, who was the companion of Bacchus in his travels, and settled a colony in Lusitania. (Plin. I. iii. c. i.)

The Lusitanians long resisted the Romans, under their brave leader Viriathus, but were forced to submit, about the year 137, to D. Brutus. Lusitania constituted a Roman province under Augustus, and was overrun by tribes of Alani, Suevi, and Visigoths. In the eighth century it was subjected by the Moors, who in the thirteenth century were expelled from the kingdom.

After this period the Portuguese, like other European nations, began to riot in ignorance, anarchy, and confusion. The discordant elements of theocracy, monarchy, feudalism, and democracy were in ceaseless conflict, and the affairs of Portugal are so much mingled with those of the rest of Europe that we feel at a loss to briefly describe Portugal without giving a view of Europe at the same time.

According to Keightley—"At the commencement of the middle ages the great empire of Rome was fallen to pieces from internal corruption and decay; the stream of hardy population which poured down from the north had burst all the opposing mounds and dykes, and overflowed the whole of the Western empire. Taste and learning, long declining, were almost extinct; the Christian religion, now that of all parts of the empire, was corrupted and debased; and in that state it was embraced by the rude conquerors, and farther degraded by the admixture of their barbarous tenets and practices. The clergy acquired from the superstitious fears of the people wealth, influence, and power; they ruled the laity with despotic sway, and bishops made kings tremble on their thrones; the Pope, as head of the Church, sought to draw all this power to himself, and then to make it a source of emolument. The papal dominion had attained a height unparalleled in the history of man; but, like every other empire, its ascent only led to its descent. The extravagance of the papal pretensions became apparent when learning began to be cultivated, and its gradual decline has marked the last period of those ages.

"Gradually the night was seen to pass away; monarchs began to extend their power, and to perceive that it was their true interest to protect the people against the tyranny of the nobles, and to bring these last under obedience: the Church used her extensive power for the same purpose; the people began gradually to acquire wealth; their towns were secured by charters and immunities granted by the crown or feudal lord.

"The lamp of learning was rekindled; the study of scholastic theology and philosophy, and of the Roman law, sharpened men's intellects; travels into the East enlarged their knowledge of the earth; the use of the mariner's compass emboldened their navigation; gunpowder changed the face of war; paper, and at last, the art of printing, gave a more rapid diffusion to knowledge; the taking of Constantinople scattered the learning of the Greeks over the West; schools and universities were numerous; men were become eager for knowledge; classical

learning was in Italy cultivated with ardor, and a strong feeling of admiration for the institutions and philosophy of antiquity excited; the discourses and writings of Wickliffe, Huss, and their disciples awakened beyond the Alps drew attention to the important topic of religion; the discovery of India and the New World filled men's minds with vague aspirations after adventure, conquest, wealth, and knowledge. A universal fermentation was going on.

"When Europe was in this state, Portugal was in her golden age under Don Manuel, and had commenced her guilty but brilliant career in Asia. Under Don John III. the Portuguese power, owing to the valor and ability of the great Albuquerque, Almeida, Castro, and others, extended from the gulf of Persia to the isles of Japan."

In short, when the glory of the arms of Portugal had reached its meridian splendor Nature produced a great poet to record the numberless noble deeds performed by his countrymen.

The brilliant actions of the Portuguese form the great hinge which opened the door to most important alterations in the civil history of mankind, and to place these actions in the light and enthusiasm of poetry was *Luis de Camoëns*, the poet of Portugal, born.

Different cities have claimed the honour of his birth. His family was illustrious, and originally Spanish. They were long settled at Cadmon, a castle in Galicia, from which they probably derived their patronymic appellation.* In 1370 Vasco Perez de Caamans, disgusted at the court of Castile, fled to that of Lisbon, where King Ferdinand immediately admitted him into his council, and gave him the lordships of Sardoal, Punnete, Marano, Amendo, and other considerable lands, a certain proof of the eminence of his rank and abilities. Caamans was killed in the battle of Aljubarrota. His widow, the daughter of Gonsalo Tereyro, the Grand Master of the Order of Christ and general of the Portuguese army, had three sons, who took the name of Camoëns. The family of the eldest intermarried with the first nobility of Portugal, and even, according to Castera, with the blood royal. But the family of the second brother, whose fortune was slender, had the superior honor of producing the author of the *Lusiad*.

Early in life the misfortunes of the poet began. His father was shipwrecked at Goa, and with his life the greatest part of his fortune was lost. His mother, however, Anne de Macedo, of Santarem, provided for the education of her son Luis at the university of Coimbra, and he acquired there an intimacy with the classics, which his works prove to have been equal to that of Scaliger.

When he left the university he appeared at court. He was a polished scholar and very handsome, possessing a fine complexion and a most engaging mien and address, which, added to the natural ardor and gay vivacity of his disposition, rendered him an accomplished gentleman.

Lord Strangford says that love is very nearly allied to devotion, and it was in the exercise of the latter that Camoëns was introduced to the knowledge of

* Quarterly Review for July 1822.

the former. In the church of Christ's Wounds at Lisbon, on 11th April 1542, Camoëns first beheld Doña Catharina de Ataydes, the object of his purest and earliest attachment, and it was not long before Camoëns enjoyed an opportunity of declaring his affection, with all the romantic ardor of eighteen and of a poet. But the peculiar situation of the lady, as one of the maids of honor to the queen, imposed a restraint upon her admirer, which soon became intolerable, and Camoëns, for having violated the sanctity of the royal precincts, was banished from the court. (Richmond.)

Then followed a long train of persecution. He retired to Santarem, and here he began his great poem; but tired of his inactive and obscure life he went to Ceuta. In a naval engagement with the Moors in the Straits of Gibraltar Camoëns lost his right eye; but neither the hurry of active service nor the dissipation of the camp could stifle his genius. After a time he obtained permission to return to Lisbon. But the jealousy which others bore to him forced Camoëns to leave his native country. Accordingly, in 1553, he sailed for India, "a country which presents phases interesting to all sorts of men. The objects of beauty and interest which exist in India are, in their quality and variety, probably not surpassed in any country of the world, and exceed any description that can be given of them in words."* To this land Camoëns turned his eyes. As the ship left the Tagus, he exclaimed, in the words on the sepulchral monument of Scipio Africanus, "*Ingrata patria, non possidebis ossa mea*" ("Ungrateful country, thou shalt not possess my bones!")

After many hardships he arrived in Goa, the queen of the East, a city possessing two harbors, and well defended by various castles and batteries mounting very heavy cannon.

But here again Camoëns wrote an unfortunate satire against the vices and corruptions of the Portuguese authorities in Goa, which so roused the indignation of the Viceroy that the poet was banished to Macao. According to a tradition, not improbable in itself, he composed the greater part of his work in a natural grotto which commands a splendid view of the city and harbour of Macao. Thence he again turned his eyes towards the holy city of Goa. But on the death of his friend Don Constantino de Bragança his enemy Count Redondo became Viceroy, and put the innocent Camoëns in the common prison. He, however, was set at liberty by the gentlemen of Goa, and the poet resolved to return to his native country.

Thus, after many misfortunes, and after an absence of sixteen years, the great poet returned to Lisbon in 1569, to sink under the pressure of penury and disease. At last, in 1572, he printed his *Lusiad*. The king, Sebastian, then in his 18th year, was so pleased with its merit that he gave the author a pension of 4,000 reals on condition he should reside at court; but this salary was withdrawn by Cardinal King Henry, who succeeded to the crown of Portugal.

Certainly 'no talent could prosper in those dark and perilous ages, when,

* "India," by Sir R. Temple.

under the auspices of the *enlightened* Henry, that dread tribunal the Inquisition was erected at Lisbon, where he long presided as Inquisitor General, and, not content with this, established an Inquisition also at Goa, and, sent out a whole cargo of *holy fathers*.*

It was in the reign of this celebrated Catholic of Dominican ages, in 1579, that the greatest literary genius ever produced by Portugal, a man in martial courage and honor nothing inferior to her greatest heroes, died in an almshouse, and was buried in the Franciscan church of Santa Anna.

Soon after his death the second edition of the *Lusiad* was published. Then two Italian and four Spanish translations came forth. A hundred years before Castera's version it appeared in French. Thomas de Faria, Bishop of Targa, in Africa, translated it into Latin. Le P. Micéron says there are also two other Latin translations, and it is translated also into Hebrew, with great elegance and spirit, by one Luzzatto, a learned and ingenious Jew.

We have followed Camoëns to the end of his life, and will now briefly criticize his great work, the *Lusiad*.

It is not necessary for us to base our statements on Portuguese authorities. We shall not appeal to them, since many foreign celebrated men of recognized abilities have spoken highly in favour of Camoëns, and have thus done justice to their own talents. Conspicuous among them stands the learned Mr. Hodges, M.C.P.; this gentleman says:—

"We are sorry we cannot fully concur with the great Voltaire, the light of the world and key of modern civilization. The fault does not lie with Voltaire, for his knowledge of the *Lusiad* was entirely borrowed from the bald, harsh, and unpoetical version of Fanshawe. Yet Voltaire writes that while Trissino was clearing away the rubbish in Italy which barbarity and ignorance had heaped up for ten centuries in the way of the arts and sciences, Camoëns in Portugal steered a new course, and acquired a reputation which lasts amongst his countrymen, who pay as much respect to his memory as the English do to Milton's.

"But the great philosopher Voltaire says further on that the *Lusiad* is a sort of epic poetry unheard of before, since no heroes are wounded in a thousand different ways, no woman enticed away and the world overturned for her sake. But the very want of these, in place of supporting the objection intended by Voltaire, points out the happy judgment and peculiar excellence of Camoëns. If Homer has given us all the fire and fury of battles, he has also given us all the uninteresting and tiresome detail. What reader but must be tired with the deaths of a thousand heroes, who are never mentioned before, nor afterwards, in the poem. Now many lines in Homer's *Iliad*, book XI., correspond to Virgil's *Æneid*, book X., and so on.

"What can be more tiresome than such uninteresting descriptions and their imitation! If the idea of battle be raised by enumeration, still the copy and original are so near each other that they can never please in two separate poems. Nor

* Hodges.

are the greater part of the battles of the *Æneid* much more pleasing than those of the *Iliad*. Though Virgil with great art has introduced a Camilla, a Pallas, and a Lausus, still in many particulars and in the general action there is such a sameness with the *Iliad* that the reader of the *Æneid* is deprived of the pleasure inspired by originality. If the man of taste, however, finds pleasure in marking how the genius of Virgil has managed a war after Homer, he will certainly be tired with a dozen epic poems in the same style. Where the siege of a town, and battles, are the subject of an epic, there will be of necessity, in the characters and circumstances, a resemblance to Homer; and such a poem must therefore want originality. Happily for Tasso, the variation of manners, and his masterly superiority over Homer in describing his due's, has given to his Jerusalem an air of novelty. Yet, with all the difference between Christian and pagan heroes, we have a Priam, an Agamemnon, an Achilles, &c., armies slaughtered and a city besieged. In a word, we have a copy of the *Iliad* in Jerusalem Delivered. If some imitations, however, have been successful, how many other epics of ancient and modern times have hurried down the stream of oblivion! Some of their authors had poetical merit, but the fault was in the choice of their subjects. So fully is the strife of war exhausted by Homer that Virgil and Tasso could add to it but little novelty; no wonder, therefore, that so many epics on battles and sieges have been suffered to sink into utter neglect. Camoëns perhaps did not weigh these circumstances, but the strength of poetic genius directed him. He could not but feel what it was to read Virgil after Homer; and the original turn and force of his mind led him away from the beaten tract of Helens and Lavinias, Achillees and Hectors, sieges and slaughters, where the hero hews down and puts to flight whole armies with his own sword. Camoëns was the first who wooed the modern Epic Muse, and she gave him the wreath of a first lover: a sort of epic poetry unheard of before, as Voltaire calls it, '*une nouvelle espèce d'épopée*'; and the grandest subject it is that the world has ever beheld. A voyage esteemed too great for man to dare; the adventures of this voyage through unknown oceans deemed unnavigable; the Eastern world happily discovered, and for ever indissolubly joined and given to the Western; the grand Portuguese empire in the East founded, the humanization of mankind, and universal commerce, the consequence! What are the adventures of an old fabulous hero's arrival in Britain, what are Greece and Latium in arms for a woman, compared to this!

"Troy is in ashes, and even the Roman empire is no more. But the effect of the voyage, adventures, and bravery of the hero of the *Lusiad* will be felt and beheld, and perhaps increase in importance, while the world shall remain.

"Happy in his choice, happy also was the genius of Camoëns in the method of pursuing his subject. He has not, like Tasso, given it a total appearance of fiction; nor has he, like Lucan, excluded allegory and poetical machinery. To be short, we say that all the epics which have appeared are, except two, mere copies of the *Iliad*. Every one has its Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax, and Ulysses; its calm, furious, gross and intelligent hero. Camoëns and Milton

happily left this beaten tract, this exhausted field, and have given us pictures of manners unknown in the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, and all those poems which may be classed with the *Thebaid*. The *Lusiad* abounds with pictures of manners, from those of the highest chivalry to those of the rudest, fiercest, and most ignorant barbarism. In the 5th, 6th, and 9th books Leonardo and Veloso are painted more clearly than any of the inferior characters in Virgil. The base, selfish, perfidious and cruel disposition of the Zamorin and the Moors are painted in the strongest colours; and the character of Gama himself is that of the finished hero—his cool command of his passions, his deep sagacity, his fixed intrepidity, his tenderness of heart, his manly piety, his high enthusiasm and love of his country, all displayed in the superlative degree. Let him who objects to the want of character to the *Lusiad* beware lest he stumble upon its praise, lest he only say it wants an Achilles, a Hector, and a Priam. It has been said that the buckler, the bow, and the spear must continue the arms of poetry. Yet however unsuccessful others may have been, Camoëns has proved that fire-arms may be introduced with the greatest dignity and the finest effect in the epic poem.

“As the grand interest of commerce and of mankind forms the subject of the *Lusiad*, so with great propriety, as necessary accompaniments to the voyage of his hero, the author has given poetical pictures of the four parts of the world—in the third book a view of Europe; in the fifth a view of Africa; in the tenth a picture of Asia and America.

“Homer and Virgil have been praised for their judgment in the choice of subjects which interested their countrymen, and Statius has been as severely condemned for his uninteresting choice. But though the subject of Camoëns be particularly interesting to his own countrymen, it has also the peculiar happiness to be a poem of every trading nation.

“An unexhausted fertility and variety of poetical description, great elevation of sentiment, and a constant tenor of grand simplicity of diction, complete the character of the *Lusiad* of Camoëns; a poem which, though it has sometimes received from the public most unmerited neglect, and from the critics most flagrant injustice, was yet better understood by Lord Byron and by the greatest poet of Italy. Tasso never did his judgment more credit than when he confessed that he dreaded Camoëns as a rival, or his generosity more honor than when he addressed the elegant sonnet to the hero of the *Lusiad*, commencing

“Vasco, le cui felici, ardite antenne,
In contro al sol, che ne riporta il giorno.”

“It has been observed by some critics that Milton on every occasion is fond of expressing his admiration of music, particularly of the song of the nightingale and the full woodland choir. The favorite taste of Homer was describing the feast, the huge chine, the savory viands on the glowing coals, and the foaming bowl. The ruling passion of Camoëns is also strongly marked in his writings. One may venture to affirm that there is no poem of equal length that abounds with so many impassioned encomiums on the fair sex as the *Lusiad*. The genius of Camoëns seems never so pleased as when he is painting the variety of

female charms : he feels all the magic of their allurements, and riots in his description of the happiness and miseries attendant on the passion of love.

"Not to be very long, we shall at once speak of 'The Island of Venus.' From the earliest ages, and in the most distant nations, palaces, forests, and gardens have been the favorite themes of poets. Though, as in Homer's island of Rhadamanthus, the description is sometimes only cursory, at other times poets have lavished all their powers, and have vied with each other, in adorning their edifices and landscapes. The gardens of Alcinoüs in the *Odyssey*, and Elysium in the *Æneid*, have excited the ambition of many imitators. Many instances of these occur in the later writers. Among the Italians, on the revival of letters, Pulci, Boiardo, and others borrowed these fictions from Gothic romancers; Ariosto borrowed from them, and others have copied from Ariosto and Tasso.

"These subjects, however, it must be owned, are so natural to the genius of poetry that it is scarcely fair to attribute to an imitation of the classics the innumerable descriptions of this kind which abound in the old romancers.

"Camoëns read and admired Ariosto; but it by no means follows that he borrowed the hint of his island of Venus from that poet. The luxury of flowery description is as common in poetry as are the tales of love.

When incidents, characters, and conduct confess the resemblance, we may with certainty pronounce from whence the copy is taken. Where only a similar stroke of passion or description occurs, it belongs alone to the arrogance of dullness to tell us on what passage the poet had his eye. Every great poet has been persecuted in this manner, Milton in particular. When Gaspar Poussin painted clouds and trees in his landscapes he did not borrow the green and the blue of the leaf and the sky from Claude Lorraine. Neither did Camoëns when he painted his Island of Venus spend the half of his life in collecting his colours from all his predecessors who had described the beauties of the vernal year, or the stages of passion. Camoëns knew how others had painted the flowery bowers of love; these formed his taste and corrected his judgment. He viewed the beauties of nature with poetical eyes, from thence he drew his landscapes; he had felt all the allurements of love, and from these he describes the agitations of that passion.

"Nor is the description of fairy bowers and palaces, though a most favorite topic, peculiar to the romances of chivalry. The poetry and works of the Orientals also abound with them. The *Arabian Nights*, for instance, takes the reader through the gate that leads to an enchanted region; he comes upon valleys of diamonds, fairy palaces, stately castles, and gorgeous mosques, beautiful gardens, dark caverns, and strange magnetic mountains; he listens to singing trees and talking birds, sees wonderful lamps, flying horses, &c.

Yet though the fiction of bowers, of islands and palaces was no novelty in poetry, much remains to be attributed to the poetic powers and invention of Camoëns. The island of Venus contains, of all others, by much the completest gradation and fullest assemblage of that species of luxuriant painting. Nothing in the older writers is equal to it in fullness. Nor can the island of Armida, in

Tasso, be compared to it in poetical embroidery or passionate expression; though Tasso as undoubtedly built upon the model of Camoëns as Spenser appropriated the imagery of Tasso when he described the bower of Acrasia, part of which he has literally translated from the Italian poet.

"But the chief praise of our poet is yet unmentioned. The introduction of so beautiful a fiction as an essential part of the conduct and machinery of an epic poem does the greatest honor to the invention of Camoëns. The machinery of the former part of the poem not only acquires dignity, but is completed by it. And the method of Homer and Virgil in this not only finds a fine imitation, but a masterly contrast. In the finest allegory the heroes of the *Lusiad* receive their reward, and by means of this allegory our poet gives a noble imitation of the noblest part of the *Æneid*. In the tenth book of the *Lusiad*, Gama and his heroes hear the nymphs in the divine palace of Thetis sing the triumph of their countrymen in the conquest of India; after this the goddess shows Gama a view of the Eastern world from the Cape of Good Hope to the furthest island of Japan. She poetically describes every region and the principal islands, and concludes, 'All these are given to the Western world by you.' It is impossible any poem can be summed up with greater sublimity. The 'Fall of Troy' is nothing to this. Nor is this all; the most masterly fiction, the finest compliment, and the ultimate purpose of the *Æneid* is not only nobly imitated, but the conduct of Homer in concluding the *Iliad* is paralleled without one circumstance being borrowed. Poetical treatment cannot possibly bear a stronger resemblance than the reward of the heroes of the *Lusiad*, the prophetic song, and the vision shown to Gama bear to the games at the funeral of Patroclus, and the redemption of the body of Hector, considered as the completion of the anger of Achilles, the subject of the *Iliad*. Nor is it a greater honor to resemble a Homer and a Virgil than it is to be resembled by a Milton. Milton certainly heard of Fanshawe's translation of the *Lusiad*, though he might never have seen the original, for it was published fourteen years before he gave his *Paradise Lost* to the world. But, whatever he knew of it, every one must own that the two last books of *Paradise Lost* were evidently formed upon it. It is enough that the parts of Michael and Adam in the two last books of *Paradise Lost* are, in point of conduct, exactly the same with the part of Thetis and Gama in the conclusion of the *Lusiad*. Yet this difference must be observed: in the narrative of his last book Milton has flagged, as Addison calls it, and fallen infinitely short of the untired spirit of the Portuguese poet."

CABANIS D. F. DE MELLO.

. The writer of the above sketch has borrowed largely from various sources, and lays no claim to originality.

As an artist Miss Austin surpasses all the male novelists that ever lived; and for eloquence and depth of feeling no man approaches Georges Sand.—*George Eliot*.

SHOULD WE MARRY WHERE WE DO NOT LOVE ?

From Harper's Bazar.

Idly I read the old familiar score,
 Wistful I touch the sweet responsive keys;
 I feel the breath of days that are no more,
 I hear the night-wind's whisper in the trees.
 This yellowing sheet in every bar and line
 Reminds of happiness that once was mine.

Each note recalls a roseate vanished hour
 So full of pleasure that its ghost is pain;
 Each weird repeat is perfumed like a flower
 That pressed within an album's page hath lain.

Were I to sing, a melting baritone,
 A voice superb, would surely join my own.

Ah! let me try. The strain is meant for two—
 I never practised it alone before—
 The witching melody that was not new
 When courtly couples trod the polished floor
 In grandma's youth; the soft arpeggio
 Evoked for her the bloom of long ago.

Alas! the quick tears blur the words to-day—
 I had not thought myself so very weak.
 What! grieving for a friend who did not say
 "I love you," though he saw on brow and cheek
 Shy tokens of a secret unconfessed
 A tenderness I often fear he guessed!

'Tis passing strange what little things may start
 A sleeping world to vivid waking life
 Within the soul; what trifles send a dart
 To pierce a wound concealed; what sudden strife
 Of yearning, anger, and intense self-scorn
 May of a drifting random thought be born.

I'll fling the fetters of this mood aside.
 Last eve I answered yes to one who sought
 In manly fashion for his chosen bride;
 And though my heart to love must yet be taught
 I'll keep his troth when I shall wear his ring;
 But this old song for him I'll never sing.

THE LATTER LAW.

From the Examiner.

When schooled to resignation I had ceased
 To yearn for my lost Eden; when I knew
 No loving spirit brooded in the blue,
 And none could see his coming in the East,
 I looked for comfort in my creed; I sought
 To draw all nature nearer, to replace
 The sweet old myths, the tenderness, the grace
 Of God's dead world of faith and reverent thought.

Oh, joy! I found the stern new law reveal
 Romance more rare than poetry creates;
 Your blood, it said, is kindred with the sap
 Which throbs within the cedar, and mayhap
 In some dim wise the tree reciprocates,
 Even as a dryad, all the love you feel!

You and the great glad earth are kith and kin!
 There is one base, one scheme of life, one hope
 On that and this side of the microscope.
 All things now wholes have parts of many been,
 And all shall be. A disk of Homer's blood
 May redden a daisy on an English lawn,
 And what was Chaucer glimmer in the dawn
 To-morrow o'er the plains where Ilium stood.

No jot is lost, or scorned, or disallowed;
 One law reigns over all. Take you no care,
 For while all beings change, one life endures;
 And a new cycle waits for you and yours
 To melt away, like streaks of morning cloud,
 Into the infinite azure of things that were.

And soon the selfish clinging unto sense,
 The longing that this Me should never fail,
 Loosed quivering hands, for oh! of what avail
 Were such survival of intelligence
 If all the great and good of days gone by—
 Plato, Hypatia, Shakespeare—had succumbed,
 Had mingled with the cloud, the plant, the beast,
 And God were but a mythus of the sky?

And when I thought, o'ershadowed with strange
 awe,

How Christ was dead, had ceased in utter woe,
 With that great cry, "Forsaken!" on the
 I felt at first a sense of bitter loss, [cross,
 And then grew passive, saying, "Be it so!
 'Tis one with Christ and Judas. 'Tis the law."

But when my child, my one girl babe, lay dead—
 The blossom of me, my dream and my desire—
 And unshed tears burned in my eyes like fire;
 And when my wife subdued her sobs and said,
 "O husband, do not grieve, be comforted,
 She is with Christ!" I laughed in my despair.
 With Christ! O God! and where is Christ? and
 where

My poor dead babe? and where the countless dead?
 The great glad earth, my kin, is glad as though
 No child had ever died; the heaven of May
 • Leans like a laughing face above my grief.
 Is she clean lost forever? How shall I know?
 O Christ, art thou still Christ? And shall I pray
 For fullness of belief or unbelief?

QUOTATIONS AND CRITICISMS.

JOHN KENNEDY.

(Continued from No. X.)

Few men have felt a keener delight in the pleasures of country life and field sports than genial John Kennedy. He loved outdoor occupations, horses, dogs, and the chase, and, however quick he may have been to perceive the anomaly involved in the pursuit of a feeble and diminutive animal by a troop of men and dogs, he could not resist the instinct which impels most masculine creatures to hunt anything and everything from a tiger to a mouse.

His '*Possum Hunt*, so vividly and graphically narrated, probably embodies his experience of many an hour spent in the fields and woods.

When Carey came into the parlour he pulled off his hat and made a profound bow, and then advanced to the back of Ned's chair, where, in a low and orderly tone of voice, he made the following grave and interesting disclosure, namely, that the boys—meaning some of the other negroes that belonged to the plantation—had found out what had been disturbing the poultry-yard for some time past; that it was not a mink, as had been given out, but nothing less than a large old '*possum* that had been traced to a gum tree over by the river about a mile distant: that the boys had *diskivered* him (to use Carey's own term) by some feathers near the tree; and, when they looked into the hollow they could see his eyes shining "like foxfire." He said they had been trying to screw him out by thrusting up a long stick cut with a fork at the end (an approved method of bringing out squirrels, foxes, and rabbits from their holes, and much in practice in the country) and tangling it in his hair, but that this design was abandoned under the supposition that perhaps Master Edward would like to hunt him in the regular way.

Ned professed a suitable concern in the intelligence, but inquired of Carey whether, he as an old sportsman, thought it lawful to hunt an opossum at midsummer. This interrogatory set the old negro to chuckling, and afterwards, with a wise look, to putting the several cases in which he considered a hunt at the present season altogether consonant with prescriptive usage. He admitted that '*possums* in general were not to be followed till persimmon time, because they were always fattest when that fruit was ripe; but, when they couldn't get persimmon they were "mighty apt" to attack the young fowls and cut their throats. That it was good law to hunt any sort of creature when he was known to be doing mischief to the plantation. But even then Carey affirmed, with a "howsomdever," and "nevertheless," that if they carried young, and especially a "*possum*" (which has more young ones than most other beasts), he thought they ought to be let alone until their appropriate time. This, however, was a large male opossum that was known to be engaged in nefarious practices, and,

moreover, was "shocking fat;" and therefore, upon the whole, Carey considered him as a lawful subject of chase.

To this sagacious perpending of the question, and to the conclusion which the veteran had arrived at, Ned could oppose no valid objection. He therefore replied that he was entirely convinced that he, Carey, had taken a correct view of the subject, and that if Mr. Riggs and Mr. Littleton could be prevailed upon to lend a hand nothing would be more agreeable than the proposed enterprise.

We were unanimous on the proposition. Harvey agreed to defer his return to the Brakes until the next morning; and it was arranged that we should be apprised by Carey when the proper hour came round to set out on the expedition. Carey then detailed the mode of proceeding: a watch was to be set near the hen-roost; the dogs were to be kept out of the way, lest they might steal upon the enemy unawares and destroy him without a chase; notice was to be given of his approach, and one or two of those on the watch were to frighten him away; and after allowing him time enough to get back to the woods the dogs were to be put upon the trail and to pursue him until he was *treed*.

Having announced this, the old servant bowed again and left the room, saying that it would be pretty late before we should be called out, because it was natural to these thieving animals to wait until people went to bed, and that a *'possum* was one of the cunningest things alive.

Midnight arrived without a summons from our leader: the family had long since retired to rest, and we began to fear that our vigil was to end in disappointment. We had taken possession of the settees in the hall, and had almost dropped asleep, when, about half past twelve, Carey came tiptoeing through the back door and told us, in a mysterious whisper, that the depredator upon the poultry-yard had just been detected in his visit: that Big Ben (for so one of the negroes was denominated, to distinguish him from Little Ben) had been out and saw the animal skulking close under the fence in the neighborhood of the roost. Upon this intelligence we rose and followed the old domestic to the designated spot.

Here were assembled six or seven of the negroes, men and boys, who were clustered into a group at a short distance from the poultry-yard. Within a hundred paces the tall figure of Big Ben was discerned, in dim outline, proceeding cautiously across a field, until he had receded beyond our view. A nocturnal adventure is always attended with a certain show of mystery: the presence of darkness conjures up in every mind an indefinite sense of fear, faint but still sufficient to throw an interest around trivial things to which we are strangers in the daytime. The little assembly of blacks that we had just joined were waiting in noiseless reserve for some report from Ben, and upon our arrival were expressing in low and wary whispers their conjectures as to the course the game had taken, or recounting their separate experiences as to the habits of the animal. It was a cloudless night, and the obscure and capacious vault above us showed its thousands of stars with a brilliancy unusual at this season. A chilling breeze swept through the darkness and fluttered the neighboring foliage with

an alternately increasing and falling murmur. Some of the younger negroes stood bareheaded, with no clothing but coarse shirts and trowsers, shivering amongst the crowd, and, every now and then breaking out into exclamations in a pitch of voice that called down the reproof of their elders. Ned commanded all to be silent and to seat themselves upon the ground; and while we remained in this position Ben reappeared and came directly up to the circle. He reported that he had detected the object of our quest near at hand, and had followed him through the weeds and stubble of the adjoining field, until he had seen him take a course which rendered it certain that he had been sufficiently alarmed by the rencounter to induce him to retire to the gum. It was therefore Ben's advice that Ned, Harvey, and myself should take Carey as a guide and get as fast as we could to the neighborhood of the tree spoken of, in order that we might be sure to see the capture; and that he would remain behind, where, after a delay long enough to allow us to reach our destination, he would put the dogs, which were now locked up in the stable, upon the trail, and then come on as rapidly as they were able to follow the scent.

Ben had the reputation of being an oracle in matters of woodcraft; and his counsel was, therefore, implicitly adopted. Carey assured us that "there was no mistake in him," and that we might count upon arriving at the appointed place with the utmost precision, under his piloting. We accordingly set forward. For nearly a mile we had to travel through weeds and bushes; and having safely accomplished this we penetrated into a piece of swampy woodland that lay upon the bank of the river. Our way was sufficiently perplexed, and, notwithstanding Carey's exorbitant boasting of his thorough knowledge of the ground, we did not reach the term of our march without some awkward mistakes, such as taking ditches for fallen trees, and blackberry bushes for smooth ground. Although the stars did their best to afford us light, the thickness of the wood into which we had advanced wrapt us at times in impenetrable gloom. During this progress we were once stopped by Harvey calling out, from some twenty paces in the rear, that it was quite indispensable to the success of the expedition so far as he was concerned that Carey should correct a topographical error into which he, Mr. Riggs, found himself very unexpectedly plunged; "I have this moment," said he, "been seized by the throat by a most rascally grape-vine, and in my sincere desire to get out of its way I find that another of the same tribe has hooked me below the shoulders: meantime my hat has been snatched from my head; and, in these circumstances, gentlemen, perhaps it is not proper for me to budge a foot."

Notwithstanding these embarrassments, we at last reached the gum tree, and "halting in his shade," if the tree could be said to be proprietor of any part of this universal commodity, patiently awaited the events that were upon the wind. The heavy falling dew had shed a dampness through the air that had almost stiffened our limbs with cold. It was necessary that we should remain silent: and, indeed, the momentary expectation of hearing our followers advance upon our footsteps fixed us in a mute and earnest suspense. This feeling absorbed all other emotions for a time, when finding that they were not

yet afoot we began to look round upon the scene, and note the novel impressions it made upon our senses. The wood might be said to be vocal with a thousand unearthly sounds ; for the wakeful beings of midnight that inhabit every spray and branch of the forest are endued with voices of the harshest discord. The grove, that in daylight is resonant with melody, is now converted into a sombre theatre of gibbering reptiles, screeching insects, and night birds of melancholy and grating cries : the concert is not loud, but incessant, and invades the ear with fiendish notes : it arouses thoughts that make it unpleasant to be alone. Through the trees the murky surface of the river was discernible by the flickering reflections of the stars, with darkness brooding over the near perspective ; in the bosom of this heavy shadow a lonely taper shot its feeble ray from the cabin window of some craft at anchor, and this was reflected, in a long sharp line, upon the water below it. The fretful beat of the waves was heard almost at our feet, and the sullen plash of a fish, springing after his prey, occasionally reached us with strange precision. Around us the frequent crash of rotten boughs, breaking under the stealthy footstep of the marauder of the wood that now roamed for booty, arrested our attention and deceived us with the thought that the special object of our search was momentarily approaching.

Still, however, no actual sign was yet given us that our huntsmen were on their way. Harvey grew impatient and took our old guide to task for having mistaken his course ; but Carey persisted that he was right, and that this delay arose only from Ben's wary caution to make sure of his game. At length a deep-toned and distant howl reached us from the direction of the house.

"Big Ben's awake now," said Carey ; "that's Cæsar's voice, and he never speaks without telling truth."

We were all attention ; and the *tonguing* of this dog was followed by the quick yelping of four or five others. Ned directed Carey to seat himself at the foot of the gum tree, in order that he might prevent the opossum from retreating into the hollow ; and then suggested that we should conceal ourselves under the neighboring bank.

By this time the cries of the dogs were redoubled, and indicated the certainty of their having fallen upon the track of their prey. Carey took his seat, with his back against the opening of the hollow, and we retired to the bank, under the shelter of some large and crooked roots of a sycamore that spread its bulk above the water. Whilst in this retreat the halloos of Ben and his assistants, encouraging the dogs, became distinctly audible, and gradually grew stronger upon our hearing. Every moment the animation of the scene increased ; the clamor grew musical as it swelled upon the wind ; and we listened with a pleasure that one would scarce imagine could be felt under such circumstances, instantly expecting the approach of our companions. It was impossible longer to remain inactive ; and, with one impulse, we sprang from our hiding-place, and hurried to the spot where we had left old Carey stationed as a sentinel at the door of the devoted quadruped's home. At this moment, as if through the influence of a spell, every dog was suddenly hushed into profound silence.

"They have lost their way," said Ned, "or else the animal has taken to the

brook and confounded the dogs. Is it not possible, Carey, that he has been driven into a tree nearer home?"

"Never mind!" replied Carey, "that 'possum's down here in some of these bushes watching us. Bless you! if the dogs had treed him you would hear them almost crazy with howling. These 'possums never stay to take a chase, because they are the sorriest things in life to get along on level ground;—they sort of hobble; and that's the reason they always take off, as soon as they see a body, to their own homes. You trust Big Ben; he knows what he's about."

The chase in an instant opened afresh; and it was manifest that the pursuers were making rapidly for the spot on which we stood. Carey begged us to get back to our former concealment; but the request was vain. The excitement kept us on foot, and it was with difficulty we could be restrained from rushing forward to meet the advancing pack. Instead, however, of coming down to the gum tree, the dogs suddenly took a turn and sped, with urgent rapidity, in a contrary direction, rending the air with a clamour that far exceeded anything we had yet heard. "We have lost our chance!" cried Harvey. "Here have we been shivering in the cold for an hour to no purpose. What devil tempted us to leave Ben? Shall we follow?"

"Pshaw, master Harvey!" exclaimed the old negro, "don't you know better than that? It's only some *varmint* the dogs have got up in the woods. When you hear such a desperate barking, and such hard running as that, you may depend the dogs have hit upon a gray-fox, or something of that sort, that can give them a run. No 'possum there. Big Ben isn't a-going to let Caesar sarve him that fashion!"

Ben's voice was heard at this period calling back the dogs and reproving them for going astray; and having succeeded in a few minutes in bringing them upon their former scent, the whole troop were heard breaking through the undergrowth in a direction leading immediately to the tree.

"Didn't I tell you so, young masters?" exclaimed Carey.

"There he is! there he is!" shouted Ned. "Look out, Carey! Guard the hole! He has passed. Well done, old fellow! I think we have him now."

This quick outcry was occasioned by the actual apparition of the opossum, almost at the old man's feet. The little animal had been lying close at hand, and, alarmed at the din of the approaching war, had made an effort to secure his retreat. He came creeping slyly towards the tree, but finding his passage intercepted had glided noiselessly by, and in a moment the moving and misty object that we had obscurely discerned speeding with an awkward motion through the grass was lost to view. A few seconds only elapsed and the dogs swept past us with the fleetness of the wind. They did not run many paces before they halted at the root of a large chestnut that threw its aged and ponderous branches over an extensive surface, and whose distant extremities almost drooped back to the earth. Here they assembled, an eager and obstreperous pack, bounding wildly from place to place, and looking up and howling with that expressive gesture that may be seen in this race of animals when they are said to be baying the moon.

This troop of dogs presented a motley assortment. There were two conspicuous for their size, and apparently leaders of the company,—a mixture of hound and mastiff,—that poured out their long deep and bugle-like tones with a fullness that was echoed back from the further shore of the river, and which rang through the forest with a strength that must have awakened the sleepers at the mansion we had left. Several other dogs of inferior proportions, even down to the cross and peevish terrier of the kitchen, yelped, with every variety of note,—sharp, quick and piercing to the ear. This collection was gathered from the negro families of the plantation ; and they were all familiar with the discipline of the wild and disorderly game in which they were engaged. A distinguished actor in this scene was our old friend Wilful, who, true to all his master's pranks, appeared in the crowd with officious self-importance, bounding violently above the rest, barking with an unnecessary zeal, and demeaning himself, in all respects, like a gentlemanly, conceited, pragmatical and good-natured spaniel. This canine rabble surrounded the tree, and with vain efforts attempted to scale the trunk, or started towards the outer circumference and jumped upwards, with an earnestness that showed that their sharp sight had detected their fugitive aloft.

In this scene of clamor and spirited assault Ben and our old groom were the very masters of the storm. They were to be seen everywhere, exhorting, cheering and commanding their howling subordinates, and filling up the din with their no less persevering and unmeasured screams.

"Speak to him, Cæsar !" shouted Carey in a prolonged and hoarse tone—"Speak to him, old fellow !—That's a beauty !"

"Howl, Boson !" roared Ben to another of the dogs. "Whoop ! Whoop ! let him have it !—sing out !—keep it up, Flower !"

"Wilful, you rascal !" cried Ned. "Mannerly, keep quiet ! would you jump out of your skin, old dog ?—quiet, until you can do some good."

A rustling noise was heard in some of the higher branches of the tree, and we became advised that our besieged enemy was betaking himself to the most probable place of safety. The moon, in her last quarter, was seen at this moment, just peering above the screen of forest that skirted the eastern horizon ; and a dim ray was beginning to relieve the darkness of the night. This aid came opportunely for our purpose, as it brought the top of the chestnut in distinct relief upon the faintly illuminated sky. The motion of the upper leaves betrayed to Ben the position of the prey ; and in an instant he swung himself up to the first bough, and proceeded urgently upward. "I see the varmint here in the crotch of one of the tip-top branches !" he exclaimed to us, as he hurried onward. "Look out below !"

The terrified animal, on finding his pursuer about to invade his place of safety, speedily abandoned it ; and we could distinctly hear him making his way to the remote extremity of the limb. As soon as he had gained this point he became visible to us all, clinging like an excrescence that had grown to the slender twigs that sustained him. Ben followed as near as he durst venture with his heavy bulk, and began to whip the bough up and down, with a vehement motion

that flung the animal about through the air, like a ball on the end of a supple rod. Still, however, the waylaid freebooter kept his hold with a desperate tenacity.

During this operation the dogs, as if engrossed with the contemplation of the success of the experiment, had ceased their din, and at intervals only whined with impatience.

"He can never stand that," said Harvey, as if involuntarily speaking his thoughts. "Look out! he is falling! No, he has saved himself again!"

Instead of coming to the ground, the dexterous animal, when forced at last to abandon the limb, only dropped to a lower elevation, where he caught himself again amongst the foliage, in a position apparently more secure than the first. The dogs sprang forward, as if expecting to receive him on the earth, and with the motion uttered one loud and simultaneous cry; their disappointment was evinced in an eager and impressive silence. The negroes set up a shout of laughter; and one of them ejaculated, with an uncontrolled merriment:

"Not going to get 'possum from top of tree at one jump, I know. He comes downstairs presently. Terrible *varmint* for grabbing!—his tail as good as his hand,—Oh, oh!"

Ben now called out to know how far he had dropped, and being informed was immediately busy in the endeavor to reach the quarter indicated.

A repetition of the same stratagem that had been employed above produced the same result; and the badgered outlaw descended still lower, making good his lodgment with grasp instinctively unerring, but now rendered more sure by the frightful death that threatened him below. This brought him within fifteen feet of the jaws of his ruthless enemies.

The frantic howl, screech, and halloo that burst from dog, man, and boy when the object of their pursuit thus became distinctly visible, and their continued reduplications,—breaking upon the air with a wild, romantic fury,—were echoed through the lonely forest at this unwonted hour, like some diabolical incantation, or mystic rite of fantastic import, as they have been sometimes fancied in the world of fiction to picture the orgies of a grotesque superstition. The whole pack of dogs was concentrated upon one spot, with heads erect and open mouths, awaiting the inevitable descent of their victim into the midst of their array.

Ben, indefatigable in his aim, had already arrived at the junction of the main branch of the tree with the trunk, and there united in the general uproar. Hazard now interposed and commanded silence, and then directed the people to secure the dogs, as his object was to take the game alive. This order was obeyed, but not without great difficulty, and after a short delay every dog was fast in hand. We took time at this juncture to pause. At Ned's suggestion, Wilful was lifted up by one of the negroes with the assistance of Ben to the first bough, which being stout enough to give the dog, practised in such exploits, a foothold, though not the most secure, he was here encouraged, at this perilous elevation, to renew the assault. Wilful crept warily upon his breast, squatting close to the limb, until he reached that point where it began to arch downward, and from whence it was no longer possible for him to creep further. During this endeavor he remained mute, as if devoting all his attention to the

safe accomplishment of his purpose ; but as soon as he gained the point above mentioned he recommenced barking with unwearied earnestness. The opossum began now to prepare himself for his last desperate effort. An active enemy in his rear had cut off his retreat, and his further advance was impossible without plunging into the grasp of his assailants. As if unwilling to meet the irrevocable doom, and anxious to linger out the brief remnant of his minutes, even in agony,—showing how acceptable is life in its most wretched category,—the devoted quadruped still refused the horrid leap ; but, releasing his fore feet, swung downwards from the bough holding fast by his hind legs and tail, the latter being endowed with a strong contractile power and ordinarily used in this action. Here he exhibited the first signs of pugnacity, and now snapped and snarled towards the crowd below, showing his long array of sharp teeth, with a fierceness that contrasted singularly with the cowering timidity of his previous behavior. In one instant more Wilful, as if no longer able to restrain his impatience, or perhaps desirous to signalize himself by a feat of bravery, made one spring forward into the midst of the foliage that hung around his prey, and came to the ground bringing with him the baffled subject of all this eager pursuit.

Ned seized Wilful in the same moment that he reached the earth, and thus prevented him from inflicting a wound upon his captive. The opossum, instead of essaying a fruitless effort to escape, lay upon the turf, to all appearance dead. One or two of those who stood around struck him with their feet ; but, faithful to the wonderful instinct of his nature, he gave no signs of animation ; and when Hazard picked him up by the tail, and held him suspended at arm's length with the dogs baying around him, the counterfeit of death was still preserved.

More with a view to exhibit the peculiarities of the animal than to prolong the sport, Hazard flung him upon the ground and directed us to observe his motions. For a few moments he lay as quiet as if his last work had been done ; and then slowly and warily turning his head round, as if to watch his captors, he began to creep, at a snail's pace, in a direction of safety ; but, no sooner was pursuit threatened, or a cry raised, than he fell back into the same supine and deceitful resemblance of a lifeless body.

He was at length taken up by Ben, who causing him to grasp a short stick with the end of his tail (according to a common instinct of this animal) threw him over his shoulders, and prepared to return homeward.

It was now near three o'clock ; and we speedily betook ourselves to the mansion, fatigued with the exploits of the night.

"After all," said Harvey Riggs, as he lit a candle in the hall, preparatory to a retreat to his chamber, "we have had a great deal of toil to very little purpose. It is a savage pleasure to torture a little animal with such an array of terrors, merely because he makes his livelihood by hunting. God help us, Ned, if we were to be punished for such pranks !"

"To tell the truth," replied Ned, "I had some such misgivings myself to-night, and that's the reason I determined to take our captive alive. To-morrow I shall have him set at liberty again ; and I think it probable he will profit by the lesson he has had to avoid molesting the poultry-yard !"

ONE FAITH, IN MANY FORMS.

From the Spectator.

What is His Name? What name will all express
Him,

The mighty Whole, of whom we are but part,
So that all differing tongues may join a worship
Echoing in every heart?

Then answers one: "God is an endless sequence,
Incapable of either break or flaw,
Which we discern but dimly, and in fragments;
God is unchanging Law."

"Nay," saith another. "Law is but His method.
Look back, behind the sequence, to its source!
Behind all phases and all changes seek Him!
God is the primal Force."

"Yea, these are great, but God Himself is greater;
A living harmony, no dead-cold rule,"
Saith one who in sweet sounds and forms of beauty
Hath found his soul's best school.

"Law, force, and beauty are but vague abstractions,
Too unconnected with the life of Man."

One answers: "Man hath neither time nor power
Such mighty thoughts to scan."

"But here upon the earth we find him living,
And though in little time he fail and pass,
And all his faiths, and hopes, and thoughts die
with him

Surely, as ripened grass;

"Yet Man the race—man as he may be, will be,
Once he has reached unto his full-grown height;
Calm, wise, large-hearted, and large-souled, will
triumph

In self-renouncing might.

"Who will not own even now, with sight prophetic,
Life is divinest in its human dress,
And bend before it with a yearning reverence,
And strong desire to bless?"

Yea! Worship chiefly Love, but also Beauty,
Wisdom, and Force; for they are all divine!
But God includes them, as some great cathedral
Includes each separate shrine.

So, Brothers, howsoever we apprehend Him,
Surely 'tis God Himself we all adore.

Life of all life, Soul of all souls, the Highest,
Heart of all hearts, and more.—M. A. JEVONS.

HE DIED AT DAWN.

From St. James's Gazette.

"This is the night when I must die,
And great Orion walketh high
In silent glory overhead:
He'll set just after I am dead.

"A week this night I'm in my grave;
Orion walketh o'er the wave;
Down in the dark, damp earth I lie,
While he doth march in majesty.

"A few weeks hence and spring will come;
The earth will bright array put on
Of daisy and of primrose bright,
And everything which loves the light.

"And some one to my child will say,
'You'll soon forget that you could play
Beethoven; let us hear a strain
From that slow movement once again.'

"And so she'll play that melody.
While I among the worms do lie;
Dead to them all, for ever dead;
The churchyard clay dense overhead.

"I once did think there might be mine
One friendship perfect and divine;
Alas! that dream dissolved in tears
Before I'd counted twenty years.

"For I was ever commonplace;
Of genius never had a trace;
My thoughts the world have never fed,
Mere echoes of the book last read.

"Those whom I knew I cannot blame;
If they are cold, I am the same;
How could they ever show to me
More than a common courtesy?

"There is no deed which I have done,
There is no love which I have won,
That make them for a moment grieve
That I this night their earth must leave."

Thus, moaning at the break of day,
A man upon his deathbed lay;
A moment more and all was still;
The Morning Star came o'er the hill.

But when the dawn lay on his face
It kindled an immortal grace,
As if in death that life were shown
Which lives not in the great alone.

Orion sank down in the west
Just as he sank into his rest;
I closed in solitude his eyes,
And watched him till the sun's uprise.

SOME OF THE LAST WORDS OF SOCRATES BEFORE TAKING THE POISON.

I would not have you sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or Thus we follow him to the grave, or bury him; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that as is usual and as you think best.

MARRED LIVES.

It is with men as with trees; if you lop off their finest branches, into which they were pouring their young life-juice, the wound will be healed over with some rough boss, some odd excrescence, and what might have been a grand tree, expanding into liberal shade, is but a whimsical misshapen trunk. Many an irritating fault, many an unlovely oddity, has come of a hard sorrow, which has crushed and marred the nature just when it was expanding into plenteous beauty; and the trivial erring life which we visit with our harsh blame may be but as the unsteady motion of a man whose best limb is withered.—GEORGE ELIOT.

LEMON-FLAVORED WATERMELONS.

(From the Columbus Times.)

MR. JOE BEASLEY has been practising experimental gardening recently, and as a result of his labors he has succeeded in raising some delicious lemon-flavored watermelons. He has a method of making an incision in the vine a short distance from the root, to which he attaches a lemon, and by means of absorption the juice is taken into the melons.

A REVISED VERSION.

(From the Burlington Hawkeye.)

Shine with irregular intermitted light, sparkle at intervals, diminutive luminous heavenly body :
How I conjecture, with surprise not unmingled with uncertainty, what you are,
Located, apparently, at such a remote distance from and at a height so vastly superior to this earth
and planet we inhabit,
Similar in general appearance and refractory powers to the precious primitive octahedron crystal
of pure carbon, set in the aerial region surrounding the earth !

VOUS ET MOI.

Your eyes, serene and pure, have deigned to look upon me,
Your hand, a fluttering bird, has lingered in my hands ;
And yet the words I would—alas !—have all foregone me
Because your day and mine lie through such alien lands.

You are the rising sun that fair day follows after,
And I the deep of night, the gloomy clouds and gray :
You are a flower, a star, a burst of tuneful laughter,
I am December drear, and you the merry May !

You steep yourself in rays and breathe the breath of roses,
For you are dawn of day and I the twilight set ;
Needs must we say farewell, ere time the why discloses,
For you are very Love, and I am Love's regret.

MME. DE CASTELLANA, TRANSLATED BY W. M. HARDINGR.

ODDS AND ENDS.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER calls the Aryans of India "in many respects the most wonderful race that ever lived on earth."

THE reason men succeed who "mind their own business" is because there is so little competition in that line.

YOUNG people are always ready to adopt the "latest wrinkle." It is the first wrinkle that they object to.

THE man who was waiting for something to turn up was rewarded when he stepped upon the edge of a barrel hoop.

THE Paris *Figaro* strongly recommends a soup made of white paper torn small, milk, and sugar candy as a remedy for dysentery. Patients will be relieved to hear that it is only necessary to take a few plates of this novel soup, and that they need not all be swallowed at the same time.

Another remedy, less original, consists of half a pint of milk mixed with a pint of lime water. A small quantity to be taken at short intervals.

I HAVE seen death very near. I have lost the desire for the frivolities in which those who have not suffered can take pleasure. The pigmy cares in which life wears away have no longer any great meaning for me. I have, on the contrary, brought back from the threshold of infinity a lively faith in the superior reality of the ideal world. That exists, and the physical world only appears to do so. Strong in this conviction I calmly await the future.—*Rénan*.

THE Portuguese Government has just issued an official announcement of an exhibition of objects of Spanish and Portuguese decorative art which is to be held in Lisbon in the coming month of November. The idea is entirely due to the Peninsular exhibition now open at South Kensington. The Spanish Government has consented to allow all the contributions now at that place to be transferred to Lisbon, and our own Government will reciprocate the action of Portugal by lending an extensive series of objects. It is hoped, also, that many of the private contributors to the Kensington gathering, both English and French, will at the same time allow their loans to be sent to Portugal. All the finest treasures of the Portuguese Crown will be exhibited, and the cathedral churches and convents will furnish a far richer series of objects than it was possible to send to London. The exhibition is to be held in the newly-constructed buildings destined for the museum of the fine arts in Lisbon.—*Building News*.

THERE is no love but love at first sight. This is the transcendent and surpassing offspring of sheer and unpolluted sympathy. All other love is the illegitimate result of observation, of reflection, of compromise, of comparison, of expediency. The passions that endure flash like the lightning; they scorch the soul, but it is warmed forever. Miserable man whose love rises by degrees upon the frigid morning of his mind! Certain as the gradual rise of such affection is its gradual decline and melancholy set. * * * But amid the gloom and travail of existence suddenly to behold a beautiful being, and as instantaneously

to feel an overwhelming conviction that with that fair form forever our destiny must be entwined; that there is no more joy but in her joy, no sorrow but when she grieves; that in her sigh of love, in her smile of fondness, hereafter is all bliss; to feel our flaunting ambition fade away like a shrivelled gourd before her vision; to feel fame a jugglery and posterity a lie; and to be prepared at once for this great object to forfeit and fling away all former hopes, ties, schemes, views; to violate in her favor every duty of society; this is a lover, and this is love.—DISRAELI.

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THE ORIENT,"

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THE CHIEF OF DHUME.

By SHIVAJI.

[CONTINUED FROM No. XI.]

CHAPTER X.

The Bairági.

It was about eight in the morning, and as I sat worshipping my gods the Shástri gave an account of the Bairági, and my Minister listened to him. The ladies and the children surrounded me as usual, and I observed that the ladies were displeased, but I could not see any reason for their displeasure. The Shástri thus narrated his story:—

“I found the Bairági in a grotto near Jaladpur. The site is romantic, the grotto being high on a hillside, at the foot of which is a purling stream of transparent water, whose source is concealed by an intricate forest. A huge rock overhangs the mouth of the grotto, in which even at noon twilight reigns. From behind this rock and through the exposed roots of trees water dribbles, and falling on a rock below passes off in a stream. Before the grotto there is an open space where the Bairági sits in a particular posture (*padmāsana*) from morning till evening. At four in the morning only he comes out, when thousands of devotees crowd about him. On these occasions he carries a bunch of flowers, from which he extracts rupees or gems as it pleases him. Thousands press in, and many return blessed and enriched. The whole district resounds with the stories of the wonders he performs. He has another Bairági for his disciple, who goes into town, talks with people, explains different matters, arranges for the visits of rich devotees, collects the offerings made and disposes of them. He is a truthful man, and never appropriates anything to his own use. He carefully distributes among the poor whatever he gets. I met this disciple, and when I explained to him my errand he was satisfied, and he told me that his lord the Bairági had once or twice mentioned Dhume, where there is an interesting temple on the bank of a river. The God of Dhume once presented himself before his lord the preceptor, and

said that he was anxious to see him. I said, 'Do the gods visit your lord?' 'Yes,' answered he. I asked him to take me to the great Bairági; he said he would fix a time and let me know.

"The next day, at eight at night, I was introduced into the grotto, where I saw the Bairági. His presence inspires awe. His body is besmeared with ashes, and he wears matted hair; his face is concealed by the hair which is allowed to grow. His colour is fair and his make is beautiful. I prostrated myself before him, though, being a Shástri, I felt some scruples. We Shástris do not recognize these Bairágis as superior to us. I sat down and tried to compose my agitated feelings, for I was struck with wonder. 'Why,' said the big Bairági, 'why are you agitated? I am a Bráhmaṇa Bairági, and you need not think that you are my superior.' What was in my heart was being thus revealed by means of second sight. Then he said, 'Oh! your Mahárāja is bereaved of his son-in-law.' I bowed and said, 'Yes, he is.' 'Poor mortals, they run after what they consider happiness,' he cried, 'which they seldom or never secure. No happiness is to be had in this life. The more one seeks it the more he gets into difficulties.' I said, 'Yes, my lord, Tárá's marriage is delayed from day to day and Ratna is mad.' Upon this he said, 'Jamna is well: the river joins the Ganges, and the Ganges joins the sea, and the sea is agitated by the tides, and the tides are controlled by the moon.' When this was pronounced the inmost recesses of my heart were stirred up. Jamna is my young Mahárāja's wife, and the Ganges the big Mahárāja's wife; the Mahárāja is often in difficulties; who is the moon? Who is referred to under the name? I could not see this easily. I looked into his face and he saw the confusion of my mind at once. He said, 'Ratna resembles the moon.' 'Yes.' 'A son is the moon, a cause of agitation.' 'Yes.' 'A son-in-law is the moon.' 'Yes.' 'A granddaughter is the moon.' 'Yes.' 'A grandson is the moon.' And then he sighed and said, 'The young man of Gote is the moon.' I was troubled and I cried, 'Lord, you know the mysteries of human life! Tell me if Ratna can be cured of his madness?' 'Yes,' said he, 'in due time the devil will be cast out.'

"I was encouraged to ask him to come to Dhume, and was surprised to see him get up and begin to walk. The other Bairági and I followed him but he disappeared. The other Bairági said, 'Let us walk on and go to the temple in Dhume.' We walked for two days, and this morning at four I saw the Bairági in our river, and then with his body besmeared he entered the temple. He is now in the mango-grove behind the temple. His fame has already attracted thousands of the people of Dhume, and our town has never been so agitated before."

The ladies meantime were extremely excited by the Shástri's words:

"The young man of Gote is mentioned by the Bairági, the stars sanction his ambition of being married to our Tára," they exclaimed; "poor lad, he squints and his gait is so ugly!" They sat for a while sullen and silent, then Jamna emphatically declared that she would rather see her daughter dead than married to the young man of Gote. Her language was strong, and it expressed her feelings. She finally shed tears, and my wife thus addressed her, "My daughter, what is the good of your remonstrance? The Political Agent is opposed to the marriage with the young Chief of Rampur, and he proposes the young man of Gote. The Political Agent always carries his point. No political wisdom can make any impression upon him. The Agent's good offices can only be bought with much money, and when it is sparingly spent nothing in these days can be accomplished." Upon this Jamna said to me, "You do not wish to pay the dowry and the marriage perquisites; and therefore Rampur does not consent to our proposal."

Though bereaved and immersed in grief, my daughter joined the other ladies and opened a fire which I could hardly stand. "What, papa," said she, "you always talk of your politics, and of your achieving wonders by arranging things politically. For this, I believe, we have lost our kingdom," and she began to weep as she pronounced the following broken words:—"My good husband is gone, my wealth is gone, my everything is gone, because a small English official was offended; the Political Agent is a big man, he can make and unmake kings like ourselves. Submission is the height of political wisdom."

Even Tára said, "Papa, everything is lost," and Jamna a second time exclaimed violently, "I will not live; I will not see the face of Tára when she is married to Gote." The Shástri joined the ladies and said, "This conspiracy against the Mahárája threatens seriously the peace of the palace. The ladies are offended." "Well," I said, "I see they are offended, but no definite terms are offered to me. From the battle-field I am prepared to retreat and to surrender at discretion." At this my wife became strongly excited. "What!" she said, "you do not understand what is said: let millions of money be poured out, and then let the marriage with Rampur be consummated. Your political wisdom has invented a plea because you do not wish to spend money. I know the Political Agent has nothing to do with these matters, they are domestic; I have never heard of a foreigner being consulted in marriage affairs."

My daughter cried, "Papa, debts incurred may be paid off sooner or later." I said, "My daughter, and beloved wife, all this was true, but the times are altered now. The Political Agent tells us when to marry and how to marry,—yes, when to eat and what to eat, when to sleep and how to sleep." Jamna said, "Then better be poor beggars than kings, for

in these matters beggars can do as they please," and my daughter concurred in her opinion.

I asked the Minister to inquire into the cause of the agitation against me. Upon this my Minister explained, "The ladies wish to throw off royalty encumbered with obedience to the British rule, and think of wandering about like the wives of Bairagis." "Very true," said Jamna. "We do not desire wealth and royalty if the Political Agent tells us what to eat and when to sleep." Upon this I observed, "The Bairági of whom you have heard so much will help us out of our difficulty. We will visit him this evening at nine. Our Shástri will arrange this matter, and if Ratna gets well Apasáheb will be able to consummate the marriage." Moved by the story of the wonderful Bairági, confounded by the attitude of the ladies, and oppressed by the movements of the Political Agent, I thus soliloquised, "Ah! I once considered myself happy. The fame of the Chiefs of Dhume has never been sullied. Our suzerain lords have always flattered us. We have possessed immense wealth. Our Ministers have been honored at foreign courts. My word has been obeyed. But strange events have occurred during the last twenty years. I cannot see the cause of all this. All the princes in India are mere puppets insulted and injured by small men. Our suzerain lord takes pleasure in our humiliation. There is none to appeal to. Our treasury is empty though the revenue has increased, and even the ladies of my own palace do not obey me, because they see clearly that I have little power. All my political wisdom is antiquated. It is superannuated. Ah! even wisdom has its days of dotage. I feel I am now on the brink of misery. I cannot tell what may happen to me to-morrow. I may be deposed and loaded with chains, and sent off beyond the black water." I was awakened from this reverie by the announcement that Apasáheb had come. It was dinner time.

CHAPTER XI.

About twelve o'clock the graduate who was to teach Pratáp arrived. He was a relation of Rámabháu, who had furnished him with a letter of introduction to me, and my first impressions were favorable to him, for he talked mildly and only replied after sounding the views of others. The Minister, the Shástri, Apasáheb and I went into a parlor after dinner, and Rámabháu then joined us. I opened a conversation with the remark that the doings of the Bairági were really wonderful. The graduate said, "I believe in him." The Minister observed that we had a fair chance of the recovery of Ratna. The Shástri added, "We may safely expect the fulfilment of all our desires." Jamna, who, as usual, stood behind the door, and

who heard these remarks, said, "Our desires are incapable of fulfilment. The devil is to be exorcised, and an angel is to be secured for our Tárá, the angel without a surname and a clan." I knew whom she meant. She referred to Arjuna. I smiled and Apasáheb then began, "I have known the Bairági for some time. Once he performed a miracle. We sat near him, he was talking with us, and while we intently looked at him his face brightened, and a light beamed from his eyes. He seemed to fade away, and in a moment he was gone. We were thunderstruck. We searched the whole of the grotto, and the young Bairági said, 'Wait and let us sing.'

"He sang us a song, and a beam of light entered the grotto through the entrance. We looked down the footpath which led to the grotto, the Bairági was seen walking gently up it. In an instant he was among us with a bunch of flowers which filled the grotto with a fragrance unknown before. We then all fell prostrate before him and he blessed us." •

"This is all true," observed the graduate. "There is a class of people known as spiritualists who perform similar wonders." Upon this Rámabháu said, "There are impostors and they have been exposed," and my wife said, "Among us alone such Yogis are to be found; among the English they cannot exist, because the English cannot deny themselves." The Minister and the Shástri corroborated her statements, and the Shástri observed, "One who is able to sit in a particular posture, to contemplate the inner man, to be absorbed for hours, to be above all flesh, and who has overcome six enemies,—lust, anger, pride, envy, selfishness, and vanity,—such a one alone can be a Yogi." "Europeans are most irritable," said Rámabháu, "they cannot be Yogis." My wife concurred and said, "There are such a variety of Yogis. Some are scholars and can repeat any passage of the Veda. Some are soldiers and are never defeated. Some can produce countless wealth. Others can bear any amount of pain. These were Bráhmaṇas, Kshatriyas, Vaishyas, and Shudras respectively in their former lives, and having died in the bloom of their lives and laid by a large stock of activity they are re-born in this life as Yogis, when they spend their activity." I remarked, "Yogis play a game of politics. They know the circumstances in which they are placed, and are practical enough to adapt the means in their power to the ends they seek. And what can political wisdom not accomplish?" My daughter remarked, "Political wisdom can make a Political Agent an enemy, deprive and kill a prince, and bring poverty, and poverty is the direct way to the wisdom of a Yogi." I replied, "These Britons are Yogis. See what wonderful contrivances they have got, their doings are wonderful. They are real Yogis. Have they not accomplished all this by means of their political wisdom?" This part of my speech Rámabháu commended. Apasáheb

seemed to be opposed to it, and he said, "I believe these Britons are politically wise, but they cannot be called Yogis. They are full of tricks which cannot bear the light of day." I answered that I approved of the political wisdom of the clever men who rule over us. Apasáheb, my Minister and the Shástri opposed me. Rámabháu and the graduate took my side. "Well," I suggested, "let us discuss this question. My wife, while counting beads on her rosary, and laying by a stock of activity for her next life, will act as an umpire," but just at this moment Tárá announced that Ratna was come, and remarked that he would make a good umpire. Our plans for a thorough political discussion were deranged, and we deferred it till the noon of the next day.

Ratna said, "I am to be cured. The Bairági will exorcise the devil in me. Ah, the devil is outside of me. He pinches me in my allowances. He reduces the number of my horses, he dictates to me how my daughter is to be married. I will kill the devil and I shall then be cured. But why are you executioners here? Whom do you wish to behead? Your strange dress convinces me that you are low-caste men." He then intently looked at the ceiling. His state was really horrible. He danced, and cried, "I see a horse prancing there—yes, he is loaded with diamonds. He has gone into the air. No, no, my wife is dragged at his heels and Tárá is riding him."

We were alarmed by his incoherent speech. Jamna came and, helped by Tárá, induced him to go into the inner room, and he sat there quietly by the side of my wife. Thus relieved we determined to discuss the bearings of the doings of our rulers the next day. The evening approached. I proposed that we should all visit the Bairági at eight at night, and I asked Apasáheb and Rámabháu to accompany us. I told the servants to prepare our supper in a building beside the flight of steps on the bank of the river, and to take our beds too, that we all might pass the night there. My proposal was approved. The ladies left in a carriage, and in half an hour we followed them. When we arrived at the bank there was a regular fair. Thousands of men and women, who had heard of the wonderful doings of the Bairági, had assembled. Booths were erected, tents were pitched. The poor and the rich had settled in a temporary town, for the Bairagi was to stay for three nights in the mango-grove. Everybody was extremely anxious to see him. Hundreds shouted, "Victory, victory to the Bairági!" Hundreds merely contemplated what they thought was before them. Others were worldly-minded, and plied their trades and sought to make money.

There was a woman who particularly attracted the attention of the multitude. She declared she had been cured of a malady from which she had suffered for years. Her withered arm had been made whole.

Many presented gifts to her. She had a train of servants who collected whatever was presented to her. It was believed that she had made a fortune in two days. I asked my Shástri to arrange our interview with the Bairági. He went into the mango-grove and returned in an hour. He declared that it was the pleasure of the Bairági to eat his supper from the hands of the daughter of the Mahúrāja, and that all the ladies and we ourselves should assist her. Upon this Apasáheb said, "These Bairágis will test our faith in various ways. They are not whimsical. They do things to repel us." I boldly answered, "My daughter, prepare a supper for the Bairági; let this be done piously, zealously, and meekly; let my wife and Tárú assist you. We will do whatever the Bairági bids us. Apasáheb will advise us. The Shástri will reveal to us what the Bairági desires, and Pratáp and Surge Ráw will be our pages on this occasion." While making these arrangements the hour for the interview with the Bairági arrived. The grove was filled with a strange dim light. The Bairági sat in the centre, and a powerful star gleamed on his chest. I thought it was a diamond.

(To be continued.)

A SERENADE.

I.

Silently upon the earth the shades of eve are falling,
 A behind the mountain fades the sun's last quiv'ring ray;
 Loudly to the scattered kine the herdsman now is calling,
 While the vesper bell is tolling forth its farewell to the day:
 Silently upon my scul dark shadows too are falling,
 As within my bosom fades false Hope's faint flick'ring ray;
 Loudly unto thee my fond spirit now is calling,
 While my heart, my heart is throbbing with the burden of this lay.

II.

Softly through the sombre groves the breath of eve is sighing,
 And one by one the withered leaves fall flutt'ring to the ground;
 Swiftly on his homeward flight the raven now is hieing,
 While Echo idly, vainly stands listening for Sound:
 Softly through my gloomy breast the breath of Love is sighing,
 And one by one Hope's promises like dead leaves seek the ground;
 Swiftly to thy blest retreat my fancy now is flying,
 While my spirit vainly longs to hear thy gentle voice's sound.

III.

Tranquilly the moon's pale light upon the landscape's beaming,
 And one by one the bright stars rise to deck heaven's azure crest;
 Gently from Night's secret founts the kindly dews are streaming,
 And grateful Nature kneels to pray before she sinks to rest:
 Tranquilly pale Mem'ry upon the Past is beaming,
 And long-lost joys of other days awake within my breast;
 Gently down my burning cheeks the kindly tears are streaming,
 And my spirit breathes a fervent prayer—that thou may'st e'er be blest!

DAN, LAWRENCE KEARNEY

A FIERY ORDEAL.

A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

(Written expressly for the "ORIENT.")

CONTINUED FROM No. XI.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DARKER and darker grew the war cloud that settled over Paris, and closer the German circle of fire and sword that girdled her. There was blood and terror by day and by night, the roar of artillery, and the moan of the wounded. There was sometimes no news, sometimes bad news, from without, and within the city the shadow of approaching famine. There was drilling of troops, forging of arms, fabrication of proclamations and of fragile balloons to which were committed official documents and letters to distant friends. There was much flowery and bombastic utterance on the part of Victor Hugo and some others. There was loudly spoken confidence in the ultimate issue of the war, and much secret discouragement, fed by the sight of the ragged and dispirited stragglers from MacMahon's army, and the want of decisive result to the few sorties attempted during the earlier days of the siege. Dissensions and distrust were fast gaining ground, and the most penetrating of the Parisians had already divined in General Trochu a man full of caution and prudence, but destitute of the bold resolution which the crisis demanded of a military leader, and all too likely by his want of promptitude to favor the Prussian design of starving out the doomed city.

The poorer and less provident of the Parisians were beginning to feel the torture of habitual hunger. Already at the end of October milk, fresh eggs, and butter were difficult to obtain. Horse-flesh was still cheap and plentiful, so were coffee, wine, and sugar ; but the poor, and especially the women of the working class, felt the loss of the *charcuterie*,* *café au lait*, and cheese, that usually formed so large a part of their diet. Day by day, and week by week, the slender bill of fare grew more restricted, and one familiar article of food after another became rare and finally unprocurable. Tinned and preserved provisions could only be purchased at exorbitant rates, and fresh vegetables, fruit, and salad soon disappeared from the market.

Antoine Martin had joined the Garde Mobile and grown grave and thin, so grave that his mother wondered often whether the grief he felt at the death of his father and the sad plight of his country could account for his depression. "Be sure," said the old grandfather when she mentioned the

* Pork and the various preparations made from it.

subject to him, "you say nothing of this sort to Tony. The poor boy has had many hard trials, and we must avoid annoying him by remarks on his pale face and quiet ways." And Marie, who had learnt from her troubles some little self-control, asked as few questions as she could, and contented her maternal affection by a thousand contrivances to make the most of the fare at their command.

The truth was Tony really had a secret grief which he carefully kept from his mother, but had communicated to the dear old grandfather, the most sympathizing and discreet of confidants.

Valentine Albert's bright face was never seen at his mother's when there was the slightest chance of his being at home, and once when he had met her in the Rue de Rivoli she had fled precipitately into an open yard and up a staircase to avoid him.

"Depend on it, she had on an unbecoming bonnet, or a shabby gown, or thought her nose was red. Women will do these foolish things," said the old man ; but Tony shook his head and refused to believe it. Valentine, according to him, was above feminine weaknesses, and ran away from him because his company was distasteful to her. "And I don't wonder at it," the poor fellow would add. "I am not fit for her, I am rough and stupid, and she is as pretty and delicate as a little white flower, and as much above me as the stars. I was mad to think it was possible that she should ever be for me. Yet she will never find a truer heart, or an arm more ready to work for her and protect her. I could die happy to-morrow if I might only die in her service."

"Your duty, my boy," the grandfather answered, "is to live, not to die. Your poor father left me and your mother to you. You are all our hope, and I do not yet despair of seeing your children before I die. I believe that the *bon Dieu* does not often allow a man or woman to marry the one they love first and best. That dream is sent to us to open our minds, that we may be able to understand and take hold of the great joys in reserve for us, if not in this world, at least in another, when we shall be pure enough to be worthy of them. You will wake from the dream, as so many have done before you. Marry some honest girl, love her and your children, and as the years go on you will learn to believe that if any faculty or power of your being has not been able to blossom here it will have a chance given to it above : for God created nothing in vain, and stamps out nothing that he has planted." But the old man, in spite of his philosophy, would wipe away a secret tear as he thought of his grandson's disappointed hopes, and saw him patiently trying to hide his dejection.

Meanwhile Titine was not much happier than her would-be lover. She felt ashamed and unhappy when she remembered her flight, the result of a foolish impulse to which she had yielded on seeing Tony approach

her, and she felt still more ashamed of the want of determination that had helped to place them both in their present position. "It would never have happened to Aimée," she said to herself, "Aimée, always knew her own mind," and poor penitent Valentine worried a good deal in secret over her various causes of trouble.

Miss Wetherall had not yet changed her ways, and still insisted on devoting an occasional afternoon to literary composition, during which, rather than cramp the imagination she had taken so much trouble to stimulate, she would locate Vienna in Asia, or elephants and giraffes in Iceland.

These unsatisfactory attempts always ended in sleep, and made Valentine feel as if she were aiding and abetting Miss Wetherall on her downward road.

"Did you ever notice the expression of a man's face when he is smoking?" the lady had asked Valentine on the morning of the very day when Aimée made her great discovery.

"No."

"Well, I have, and it can be compared to nothing under the sun but the look you see in an infant when it is taking its natural sustenance. Now as smoking cannot be supposed to nourish the body I have not the least doubt it strengthens and clears the mind. What a shame it is that women are cut off from so many good things!"

"They are cut off from some very disagreeable duties as well. We stay at home in safety, while the men go out to fight the Prussians, and come home with all sorts of frightful wounds. But, you know, many women do smoke," said Titine, who foresaw that the attempt Miss Wetherall was meditating would end in discomfiture and discomfort.

"My dear, I am resolved to give it a fair trial. Angélique!" And as the young person bearing the celestial sobriquet, but looking as little like an angel as possible, made her appearance, Miss Wetherall commenced the shouting with which she was in the habit of supplementing her imperfect French.

Valentine came to the rescue, and reluctantly explained that cigars were wanted.

"*Pour moi*," said Miss Wetherall triumphantly, indicating with her forefinger her broad chest, the better to point her words.

The experiment was hardly attended with the result the lady had hoped, and as much brandy was required to correct the effect of one cigar Miss Wetherall spent the greater part of that day in retirement. There was, however, some expectation of her emerging about the time that Aimée, excited, and breathless from having rushed up the three flights of stairs, asked for her sister.

"What is it? What is it?" said Valentine, divining some news of more than usual interest.

"Come upstairs and I will tell you."

"Tell me here : Miss Wetherall has been lying down, and I expect her to ask for me every minute."

"For once Miss Wetherall must do without you. I cannot run the risk of being interrupted," and sitting by Aimée's side on a trunk in the still unfurnished room Valentine heard the wonderful story, and examined the certificate which was such a triumphant refutation of their fears.

No confidence can be stronger than that of two sisters who sympathize with each other. They have usually all in common—home, friends, and interests. The same mother's smile is imprinted on each heart, the same early influences have left their indelible mark on both characters ; but it is not often one listens, and the other tells, such news as Aimée brought to-day, and when after an hour's talk she rose to go Valentine clung to her and protested against separating so soon.

"Put on your bonnet, then," said Aimée, "and walk back with me. I dare not remain absent any longer, and you know you are to meet me at Mme. D'Allaire's door at ten to-morrow morning that we may go together to see M. Paschard."

There was small danger Valentine would forget the appointment, and when on the morrow Aimée went down, looking languid and tired in spite of her contentment at the turn affairs had taken, she found her waiting in the outer doorway. M. Paschard, whom they were fortunate enough to find at his office, asked them many questions, submitted the certificate to a strict examination, and finally congratulated them with much warmth and deference, which did not prevent him from secretly promising himself to make assurance doubly sure, and occupy the next few days in the most rigorous investigation into the truth of their story. This intended precaution, however, he did not consider it necessary to confide to them, and the sisters left him with no suspicion that he had not entirely and implicitly accepted their statement, which had, supported by the certificate, really made a strong impression on him.

"Let us get out of this horrible street, and sit down somewhere and talk it over," said Valentine, as they followed the narrow pavement of the ill-built and badly-smelling Rue Montorgueil.

"I cannot sit down, Titine. I must hurry back as quickly as possible. Mme. D'Allaire is so ill this morning that she is quite unable to rise, and Dr. Grégoire fears the illness may be serious."

"My poor Aimée ! What will you do ?"

"The best I can : I must get some one to help me ; Mme. D'Allaire's servant went away a few days ago, and she has not yet taken another. I am afraid she is very poor ; not that that would matter much as things have turned out, if she were not also very proud."

"There will be no trouble about your marriage now.—But don't walk quite so fast, Aimée. It is hot this morning, and I can hardly keep up with you."

"No, that would be all right if only Maxime were well and safe out of Paris," said Aimée, moderating her pace in compassion to her sister, who had undertaken the walk back to the Rue de Seine solely that she might be a little longer in her company, and discuss the recent revelation in all its bearings.

There was no doubt but that Mme. D'Allaire's indisposition was calculated to alarm her friends, and had been aggravated by her previous fatigue and anxiety, as well as by her strenuous efforts to keep up, and to overcome and conceal her growing malady. "M. Grégoire fears the disease is gastric fever, and that she may be ill a long time," said Aimée to M. Magloire, who had called to learn the result of her visit to the Rue Montorgueil. "My poor child, that is indeed a sad sequel to our rejoicings yesterday. Life is made up of contrasts and vicissitudes, and I have never realized this as fully as since the siege began. This is a responsible position for you, but I trust you have good and efficient help."

"I have no one, father, no help whatever."

"But it is impossible that you should suffice for all. Why not send for a Sister?"

"They have so much to do that it is doubtful if one could come; besides Mme. D'Allaire objects to a Sister. She thinks a woman who could do the house work and assist in the sick rooms would be better."

"Then I have your affair—a poor girl who has not always been under good influences, but who is nevertheless faithful, honest, and industrious."

"If you think she will be kind and attentive to my poor patients, you will do us all a great service, *mon père*, by sending her here as soon as possible," said Aimée.

And a few hours from that time our old friend Louison, slightly improved as to costume, but awkward and simple as ever, took up her abode under Mme. D'Allaire's roof.

"Louise," said Aimée, soon after her arrival, "you will find a great deal of hard work and weary watching to do here, but if you do your best I promise you you shall not go unrewarded."

"I would do it for you, mademoiselle, let alone those who are sick and can't help themselves," responded Louise heartily, and Aimée felt she had gained a valuable assistant at a moment when she sorely needed help.

Several days passed and brought no great change in Mme. D'Allaire. She appeared little worse, and certainly was not better. Maxime had not seen his mother since the commencement of her illness, and Aimée, who was convinced that he was now able to rise and would be benefited by

doing so, used his natural desire to visit Mme. D'Allaire as a lever to stimulate him to make an effort he appeared to dread. Getting up after a seven weeks' stay in bed really assumes almost the proportions of an adventure, and Maxime celebrated the occasion by fainting almost before they had time to establish him in the nest of pillows arranged in the great arm-chair. Louise hastened to call Grégoire, who happened to be in Mme. D'Allaire's room ; and Aimée, as she supported Maxime, could not restrain her tears at this termination to a step from which she had hoped so much.

Grégoire, however, seemed to consider the fainting no more than a trifling accident. He speedily re-deposited Maxime on the bed and restored him to consciousness. "I ought to have warned you," he said turning to Aimée, "that this was to be expected. It almost invariably happens to patients after a severe illness. Maxime will not faint to-morrow, and the day after that, I expect, will be able to bear transportation to his mother's room."

"I am so tired," said Maxime, who was conscious of a new and luxurious delight in his bed.

"Tired of course you are, and feel no doubt as if you had done a hard day's work, and so you have. He has borne it very well, mademoiselle, and must make another attempt to-morrow." It was impossible, however, to reassure Mme. D'Allaire until the next day, when Maxime really remained up for half an hour without fainting, and on the strength of this exploit positively declined for the future to allow a night watcher in his room ; so Aimée moved her couch into Mme. D'Allaire's chamber, and contented herself by listening occasionally at Maxime's door, and providing him with a hand bell wherewith to summon aid if he should require it. She did not gain by the change all that Maxime had hoped she would. Mme. D'Allaire was restless and feverish, and Aimée herself appeared to have lost the habit of sound and continuous sleep. Still the very fact that her patient could dispense with a guard at night was significative of returning health, and she could compare favorably her sensations of this time with the fears that had oppressed her during the lonely watch she had kept through the night that followed Maxime's seizure. Then she had scarcely dared to hope that his life might be spared ; now he was convalescent, and not even the boom of the artillery could altogether deter her from dreaming of peace and love, and of a happy future with the man who was all the dearer because she had done so much for him, and stood ready to do so much more if he should need it. Mme. D'Allaire had slept a little during the early part of the night, and more than once feigned sleep that her nurse might rest ; but just as the great clock of St. Sulpice struck two, Aimée, stealing round to look at her, saw by the dim light of the *veilleuse* that her eyes were open, and after administering her medicine sat down in the chair by her bedside.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"My daughter," said Mme. D'Allaire, letting one of her thin yellow hands drop on Aimée's arm, "it is well that Maxime should come to me to-morrow, for I shall never rise again to go to him."

Aimée uttered a murmur of deprecation and dismay, and the sick woman continued, "I am not speaking lightly, this has been my conviction for several days, and even Grégoire acknowledged yesterday that my case was very serious."

"You must see another doctor to-morrow," Aimée exclaimed.

"It would be useless; but we will talk of that later; at present I have much to say that is more important, and I must take advantage of my strength while it lasts. Aimée, think what would be your position and Maxime's if a few days should end my life. You could not stay here alone with him, and if you abandon him he will die."

"But you will not leave us," exclaimed Aimée.

"I must, dear child. But if I have put the case thus clearly before you it is because I see a remedy. Aimée, if you were less single-hearted, if you loved my poor son less, it would be difficult to bring myself to say what I must. As it is, your generous heart will not misunderstand me when I ask you, who are rich in all things, to marry my sick and penniless son."

There was only a moment's hesitation, and then Aimée laid her cheek to Mme. D'Allaire's thin face, and answered, "As you and he will, mother."

It was the first time Mme. D'Allaire had heard the word "mother" from her lips, and she responded by an embrace.

"It must be very soon, *chère enfant*," continued the invalid.

"How can it be until Maxime is well enough to go out?"

"If we wait till he can go out I shall not live to see it. No, it must be a marriage *in extremis*."

"But Maxime, thank God, is recovering, not dying."

"He is not yet out of danger, and if there are any difficulties Grégoire and M. Magloire can smooth them away. I will see Maxime and Grégoire to-morrow, and we will send Louise to ask M. Magloire to come to me. It will not be, my poor child, the marriage you had a right to expect. It will resemble a sacrifice instead of a fête, and there will be no outward rejoicing on your wedding day."

"The siege alone would be sufficient to make rejoicing out of place," answered Aimée. "But you are weak and exhausted, you have talked too much. Promise me you will see a doctor to-morrow, and then try to sleep."

The invalid shook her head.

"Why not?" asked Aimée.

Mme. D'Allaire drew from beneath her pillow a pocket-book. "There,"

she said, as a flush too faint to be seen in the dim light rose to her cheek, "there is all I have, all I am likely to have for several months to come, and it is hardly enough to bury me. You see now how poor I am, what a pauper I have asked you to marry. No, my daughter, I require no doctor but Grégoire."

"Mother," exclaimed Aimée, "you are unkind now. Is not all that is Maxime's yours? You would sacrifice everything for your son, and yet refuse to let him share with you. That is not generous, and you need have no fear, we shall not run short of money. Valentine and I have a considerable sum left, and M. Paschard told her to-day that he would be ready to make us any reasonable advance on our united security. Don't let money separate us, or I shall think you do not love me well enough to accept me truly for your daughter."

A pale smile wandered on Mme. D'Allaire's lips, and Aimée fancied that she was praying. So she left her seat, and going into the kitchen warmed a little cup of soup over the covered fire which was never allowed to go entirely out, and returning to the sick room persuaded the invalid to swallow a few spoonfuls. "Now try to sleep," she said as she smoothed the crumpled sheets and pillows.

"Not till I have kissed you and blessed you, Aimée, and thanked you for all you have done for me and mine. May God return it to you a thousand-fold!" and Mme. D'Allaire laid her thin hands on the dark head that was bent towards her.

There was something of touching solemnity in the action, that drew forth the tears that lay so near the surface, and sinking on her knees Aimée buried her face in the bedclothes, and sobbed out with a twinge of real self-reproach; "I have not been good to you, I was thinking so much of Maxime. Forgive me and try to get well, that I may make you forget I am not indeed your daughter."

"It is already done, my child: henceforth you and Maxime are one in my thoughts and my affections."

Aimée rose on the morrow filled with the conviction that what she had so long desired was to be hers at last. But the gift would come to her mingled with so many drawbacks and anxieties that she could only rejoice in fear and trembling. For many a long week Maxime must be her charge rather than her husband: on her side there would be guidance and protection; on his, dependence. None of the happiness a woman feels in merging her existence and her will in that of the man she truly loves could yet be hers. Still she would feel herself bound to him by a tie none could sever, she would gain a right to minister to him, and that was something. Anxiously she awaited his interview with his mother. Would he refuse what he might consider a

sacrifice from her, and in that case would it be her duty to use her personal influence over him? She shrank a little from taking such a step, for in all deep affection there is apt to be an inherent timidity which refuses to take for granted what has not yet been plainly uttered.

Grégoire arrived early that morning, but Mme. D'Allaire was too weary to do more than ask him to return in the course of the day, and Aimée before he left the house begged him to bring with him the most reliable physician he could find. "I know," she said, "that you will not think this a reflection on your skill, for you yourself proposed it to Mme. D'Allaire."

"Yes, I was anxious to have further advice, but she refused."

"She consents now."

"I am very glad of it."

"She has told me you consider her in great danger."

"No, I think her seriously ill, but I anticipate no immediate danger."

"And, Maxime?" asked Aimée, a little relieved about Mme. D'Allaire.

"Maxime's state is satisfactory: if he desires it he can be wheeled into his mother's room to-day."

Of course Maxime did desire it, and having helped Louise to push his chair across the *salon* and to Mme. D'Allaire's bedside Aimée awaited the result of this, poor Mme. D'Allaire's last attempt at matrimonial scheming.

She encountered opposition; she expected that. Maxime's one great desire was this union, but feeling now that no obstacle stood between them, and conscious of fast-returning strength, he would have liked to wait until he could at least walk to the altar, and against this wish his mother brought her great argument, the injury that was likely to result to Aimée's good name from her prolonged attendance on him.

"Under your roof who would dare to assail her?" he said.

"But if anything should happen to me," rejoined Mme. D'Allaire, obliged to run the risk of alarming him.

And though her son would not allow himself to believe in the reality of her danger he finally acceded to her request, and Aimée was summoned to the room. A glance at the faces of her companions showed her in what way the conference had ended, but, fearful of agitating her patients, she repressed all signs of emotion both in them and herself. A few quiet words, her hand in Maxime's for an instant, and then she resolutely dismissed the subject and enjoined repose on them both.

The next person to be consulted was M. Magloire, and he yielded a ready consent to the project. Strange to say, he had from the beginning foreseen a fatal termination to Mme. D'Allaire's illness, and saw in the proposed marriage a simple measure of expediency which he was bound to forward by all the means in his power.

Grégoire returned in the afternoon and brought with him a well-known

physician, who saw Mme. D'Allaire, advised a slight change in the treatment which had been followed, and confirmed Grégoire's opinion that there was no immediate danger.

By this time Mme. D'Allaire felt herself unequal to more conversation, and sent a request to her son, who had again retreated to bed, that he would speak to Grégoire, little anticipating that from this side would come the most serious objection to her project.

"Why not wait a while?" asked the young doctor.

"My mother wishes it, and she is ill," said Maxime. He did not add that by this time he also wished it.

Grégoire paced the room in silence and reflected. He knew from M. Magloire of Aimée's accession to fortune, he was also aware that the D'Allaires were in very straitened circumstances, and he understood that his mother's death, which was at least possible, would leave Maxime without resources.

The marriage had then its obvious advantages.

He drew a chair to the bedside and tendered his hand to Maxime: "Come, *mon vieux*," he said, "let us both be reasonable. You believe, I know, in the sincerity of my regard for you. True we do not always see things just alike, but that only adds a little more spice and zest to our friendship. As a doctor you have confidence in me, have you not? As a friend you would yield to a whim of mine?"

Maxime made a sign of hearty affirmation, and pressed the broad hand that held his.

"Hear me, then. I have the highest appreciation of Mlle. Albert. She has shown herself unselfish, devoted, full of tact and determination. She is a woman in a thousand, a treasure you do well to covet." Maxime smiled, and the tinge of color in his cheek showed that so far his friend's words were agreeable to him, and Grégoire continued: "In one sense I heartily approve this marriage. It will give Mlle. Albert the shelter of your name, and enable her the better to care for you. It will be also a satisfaction to your mother. But on the other hand, my friend, it will be the merest mockery of a wedding—no jocund bridegroom, no feasting and no dance, not even a mass in the church or a *repas des noces*, and I had set my heart on these things."

"I did not know," said Maxime, "that you were either a *dévo*t or a *gourmand*."

"Perhaps I am not not in a general way, but in this case my heart was set on these things and I do not like to be balked."

"But what is to be done?" asked the invalid. "Even if it were possible to procure the materials for a wedding feast, there could be no real merriment in the present crisis, and both my mother and myself would be but sorry wedding guests."

"Then we had better postpone the marriage, for I am not at all disposed to give up what I consider my rights in the matter."

"But my mother will object to postponement."

"Then we must compromise the matter, and satisfy both your mother and myself. We will have a mock marriage as soon as it can be brought about, and a real one, accompanied by a mass at Notre Dame des Victoires, easting, and merrymaking, when the siege is over. Is it a bargain, *mon vieux*?"

"Yes," said Maxime, clasping the hand his friend extended to him. "It shall be so."

Evidently the young doctor regarded the matter as settled, for when Aimée met him as usual to receive his opinions and directions he communicated to her his glowing anticipations of the joyous wedding feast they would have when Maxime was well and the Prussians repulsed, and expatiated on the unreal and incomplete nature of the contemplated marriage *in extremis*.

(To be continued.)

THE FIFTEEN PUZZLE.

Nor a few people in this country are by this time familiar with a game which some time ago achieved extensive popularity in England, and became quite the rage in America: I allude to the "Fifteen puzzle." A friend of mine who is an adept at the game recently informed me that it is not a new game, but an old game revived. Where or how he gained this information I cannot say, but in looking over a volume of pictures lately I met with the famous allegorical design by Albert Dürer entitled "*Melancholy*," which it is quite impossible to analyze with any certainty of arriving at its meaning, and to which critics have been puzzled to give anything like a reasonable elucidation. Hanging from a wall, immediately below a bell and beside an hourglass, is a rectangular frame containing 16 squares, which are all numbered, and which one critic speaks of as a "sort of calendar." The figures are irregularly placed, and in the following order—16, 3, 2, 13, 5, 10, 11, 8, 9, 6, 7, 12, 4, 15, 14, 1. Now what does this mean? Is it the veritable 15 puzzle, or is it "a sort of calendar"? If it is the former I do not pretend to say what connection it has with the allegory; but it seems just as likely to be this very game, which Americans recently seized upon as if it had fallen from the clouds, as it is to be a sort—and certainly a very unintelligible sort—of calendar.

H. C. V.

A LOVER'S WISH.

From the Chicago Tribune.

If face of mine this night
My lady dreaming see,
I pray that kind and bright
With gentle thoughts it be.

May no rude look of mine
Trouble my lady's breast,
But dreams of me incline
Her soul to sweeter rest.

DHOLA AND MARU.

(Translated by *Braja Nath Bannerjee.*)

CHAPTER V.

To return to our story in Narwar. Rewa awoke with a start, and saw, to her bitter sorrow, not the knee of Dhola under her head nor his thumb in her mouth, but a clod of earth and the handle of a fan in their stead. "O cruel, cruel prince!" cried she, "ought you to leave me thus to die, deserted and soul-stricken? Is there no tender spot in your heart which the dart of affection can ever pierce? Is it made of adamant? Shame to your sex! [Turns to the fan.] Thou faithless, merciless dog, hast thou not a spark of feeling in thee? Why didst thou let him go? Why didst thou not seize him? [Tears it to pieces.] Take this thy well-deserved reward! Oh, why, thou accursed Fate, didst thou ordain things thus?"

Mad with despair she went out, and going a little way off said with tears flowing down her cheeks, "This, I see, is the track of my sweet prince, who has carried my life and all with him. My body is here, but how can it live when the soul is far away? [Places some earth containing a footprint of the prince's camel on her bosom.] With this precious relic I will throw myself into the well yonder and thus put an end to my sufferings. Give place to me in this hour of distress, faithful well, calling to mind the former favors I have done thee. This and only this I pray thee, that when my Dhola comes thou wilt tell him that here in thy womb lies an unhappy creature who died in the agony of disappointed love."

Just as she was on the point of throwing herself down she was caught by one of her attendant maids, who had been wise enough to follow her, and now begged her to return to her palace and cease weeping. "There is no world, maid, but where my love dwells," replied she. "He has gone—that cruel love has gone, stealing my heart, and leaving my corpse here. When I look towards my palace it seems that numbers of black serpents bite me, and that I suffer countless pangs. Life, bitter Life, why dost thou yet remain when thy sustenance has left thee? Sweet Death, come, I pray thee, come and cure forever my heart of the pangs of separation. I can bear them no more. Terrible art thou, Death, to others, but desired, thrice desired, by me. Wretch that I am, that pearl of my bosom which I kept carefully, valuing it more than life, which I could never part with, for without it a moment seemed to be an age, cruel Fate has snatched away, removing it out of my reach beyond rivers and mountains." She fell into a swoon, and the maids taking her under the shade of a *banian* tree began to fan her. After a time she revived and uttered in sobs, "Oh, cruel, cruel,

cruel ! How have I been deceived in thee ! How couldst thou forget me thus after so many professions of love ? But I am wrong in accusing thee : perhaps thou feelest for me and thy heart burns to see me ; yet in that case thou wouldst have returned by this time. Ah me ! poor creature, unfriended and unpitied ! [Looks up towards the heavens.] May that flower by which thou art drawn from me, cruel prince, for which thou hast torn asunder my life-strings, wither as soon as thou goest mad with hope and impatience to seize it ! Great Heaven, grant my prayer ! then and only then my heart will be light." She reflected in silence for some time and then said with a sigh, "Alas ! but a few minutes ago here was shadow, but now it is full of sun. How changeable then is the condition of man !" and yielding to their solicitations she was taken to the palace by the maids.

CHAPTER VI.

The Prince of Narwar stayed for a fortnight in the house of his father-in-law, and the night before the appointed time of her departure in company with her husband Maru went to bid farewell to her mother and the wives of her brothers. Every eye was wet with tears. Very valuable jewels, ornaments, and clothes were given to her. The myrtle was applied to her hands and feet, and the Rani of Pingala could not suppress her feelings. She said weeping, "Dearest daughter, I commit you to the hand of your sole partner forever more. In him should be your joy and comfort, courage and fortune. His pleasures should please you, and his sorrows make you sad. To his service should you devote all your life, and his feet you should worship every day keeping them on your bosom. Treat your superiors with respect and honor befitting their rank, and your inferiors with kindness and affability. See you quarrel not with that charming gardener's wife. Beware of her and of taking food of her cooking. Between you and me the distance will be very great, and so it will seldom be that we shall meet again. Suit yourself to the temper of your husband and obey him, then God will bless you and make you happy." According to custom, the maids began singing obscene songs about Prince Dhola.

When the hour fixed for departure arrived the Queen-mother came with a golden plate on which were two cups, one full of sandalwood paste and the other of saffron, a golden cocoanut, and pearls of price, placed in order. The maids, taking earthen jars of water on their heads, followed, singing songs of joy and wishes of happiness to the royal pair. The Queen applied a *tilak* of saffron and the sandalwood paste to the Prince's forehead, and having passed the plate and other things over his head gave them to the barber in attendance. Then she said, "May the gods guide

you, good prince, and keep you safe from all harm. The jewel of our house which we have given you is yours forever. Take care of it. I ask you only this—I pray you be always kind to my poor Maru. She is unused to troubles of any kind : see that she remain happy, and that your favor to her be steady and unchanged.”

“Rest content,” answered Dhola, “you need not be anxious about her. She is the lotus of my house, the diamond of my head. None can be compared to her in beauty either of mind or body. Know to a certainty that all the maids will be at her command. I shall always see her well served, and will myself act according to her pleasure.”

Then came the wives of Maru's brothers. They said weeping, “Sister Maru, we shall never be able to forget you. Your lovely features will daily come to our mind. Your empty chamber, your vacant bed, will always draw tears from our eyes.” They gave her four suits of dress and ornaments, and the Princess, with her heart full of emotions of affection, replied, “Live long and reign with your dear husbands! Thrive like the fresh grass and give birth to *brave* sons! You are very dear to me, and therefore I ask you to write to me as often as you can about your health.” They having greeted her went away, and the Rao *Bhati* of Pingala, her father, addressed himself to her :—“Sweet daughter, let me fall on your neck. We never knew a moment's separation, but now you are going to be removed to a great distance.” Both the father and the child burst into tears, and full of emotion the father said, “Go, child, and obey your lord forever. May sons famous both for wisdom and bravery be born to you, and may the favor of Hari always resting upon you increase your days on the earth.” He gave in dowry twenty horses, five camels, one elephant, two carriages, twenty maids, one hundred turbans, and one hundred suits of clothes. Dhola told him to send all these things after them, because to take these with them would cause much delay, and having bid farewell and bowed to all assembled there, mounted with Maru his fleet camel and departed.

The minstrels of Pingala, whom he had amply satisfied by the gift of rupees, mohurs, and ornaments, followed him to a distance blessing him and singing his praises.

(*To be continued.*)

SLANDERERS.—Have nothing to do with those good-natured friends who make a practice of letting you know all the evil which they may hear spoken about you.

Drop by drop falls into the clear well-spring of youth the bitter water of experience; and there is no filterer this side of the grave that can restore the old purity.

ENGLAND IN INDIA.*

SKETCH No. II.

A MATHERAN MYSTERY.—By R. BATES.

Grand old points and headlands from whose sunburnt summits the eye looks down on fields and palm trees, on the belt of darker foliage marking the passage of some mountain stream, on the mushroom-like huts of the Thakurs, or the grove that hides the rude shelters where the Doongurs dwell.

Slumbrous nullahs, green when the hilltops round them are parched and dry, with the fern springing up near the still undried watercourse, and the masses of tangled jungle from which one can imagine the tiger's eyes glaring from his lair, or the terrible little snake hidden in the herbage and ready to avenge the pressure of an unwary foot.

Temple of Babdev on the hillside, where the hideous red trunk of the image stands under the trees among the reddened stones and the bells, near the rude enclosure whose shiny black-coated earth tells of the blood of the sacrifice.

Bungalows nestling in the shade of the trees.

Castellated peaks of the distant range.

Ancient hills with the shadows creeping up and down their sides.

Wind that stirs the mountain-flower and the leaves of the jambool and the peepul.

Surely if all these had voices they could tell strange tales of the days when the foot of the shikaree or the hillman alone invaded their solitudes, when wild game abounded on the slopes, and the dreaded Khatkuri pillaged his more peaceful neighbours; or of later times, when the pioneers of Matheran traced out sites and paths, and the oldest of the hotels was but a little forest lodge standing in solitude on the hill.

The ancient hills are silent too in regard to the more modern dramas and tragedies they may have witnessed, and none can read their record of the passionate words uttered in their midst, of the hearts that have glowed and grown cold, of the weary and world-worn that have come to them for rest and forgetfulness.

But though from Nature comes no clear whispering voice that speaks of human joys and sorrows, there are other sources of information open to those who know where to seek them, and from them I gathered a tale which I tell as it was told to me, with only such necessary reserves and changes of names and place as discretion may suggest.

A few hours more and the sun would dart his vertical rays hot and scorching on the Matheran bazaar, and on the elevated natural plateau where the Sunday *hât* was being held, but at present it was little more than nine o'clock, and the grain merchant squatting by the side of his shining heap of

* Under the heading of "England in India" the management of the *Orient* proposes to publish a series of sketches, by various authors, illustrative of Anglo-Indian life and character. The numerous friends and well-wishers of the magazine, who must—many of them—have met with interesting incidents, adventures, or persons, are invited to contribute to the collection.

bajri, wheat, or rice, ready to treat with a customer or repel a marauding goat, found the beams of the sun pleasant enough as they fell on his white *bandi* or warmed his sandaled feet; and the Thakur, accustomed to his sheltered valley and sunlit fields, drew around his otherwise almost naked form, the *dhotur* in whose folds he had brought up his scanty garden produce for sale. The Marwari sitting on the ground behind his great heap of Peishwai pice, the seller of salt and condiments, the Bombay merchant with his stock of *sarees* and coarse *cholis*, all found the air fresh and cool enough; but not so a tall quiet European in attendance on his young wife as she flitted from group to group. "Come home, Marion," he said at last. "It is getting too hot to be out, and you have seen all there is to be seen here."

"Not half!" she answered, turning on him a face beaming with youth and animation, "and I want to talk to these people; but you need not wait, dear, for here comes Mr. Wharton, and he is an excellent interpreter, and will see me home." Possibly the sight of the young man, who had stopped his horse where theirs were waiting for them in the road, and was evidently about to join them, was one of the reasons why Mr. Lovat had felt a desire to return home, but he said no more on the subject, and patiently resigned himself to await his wife's pleasure. There was a shade of something that was not contentment on his brow, but neither of the young people observed it; she found so much that was new and interesting, fresh as she was from her English home, and he was as gay and animated as she was, delighted to satisfy her curiosity and humor her caprices, delighted even to transfer to the pocket of his riding jacket the great handful of clumsy Peishwai pice which she had just purchased and asked him to keep for her until she wanted it. "Marion!" remonstrated her husband, but she only laughed, and rejoined that her habit had no pocket, and Mr. Wharton was so good-natured. It was not well to tax good-nature too far, Mr. Lovat remarked; but she did not heed him, her attention had wandered to a graceful bare-limbed Thakur girl and a little imp of a Mahomedan boy who had picked up one of the two huge cucumbers that formed the principal part of her stock in trade, and appeared to be making proposals which she refused to entertain.

"What is it?" asked Marion, "I can understand nothing but 'Thakurnee.' What are they saying?"

"It is a question of one pice or two, that is all," said her companion; but Marion was not so easily satisfied, and having learnt that the girl valued her entire stock at five pice, and intended to purchase a little tobacco, salt, and chilli with the money she received for it, she still required information as to why she climbed the long steep mountain-side for so little, whether the stones and brambles did not hurt her bare feet, what she intended to eat with her salt and chillies, whether she ever combed her short, tangled, tumbled, sunburnt locks, why she wore all those strings and strings of beads upon her neck, and why brass chains went from the ornaments in her ears to the little apology for a *chignon* at the back of her head.

"Her name is Bawee, and she is only fourteen and not married," she said, turning to her husband, when her thirst for information was somewhat assuaged.

"I heard," he answered, for his command of the vernacular, though not as complete as Wharton's, was by no means despicable. "But for heaven's sake, Marion, don't touch her! Her acquaintance with water is probably as limited as with combs."

"Why, you dear old fidget, I only laid the tip of my finger on her bracelets. What a lot of them she wears! Please, Mr. Wharton, do find out if the old woman near her is her mother, and why her upper lip is all torn away, and her face so seamed and scarred."

"A case of tiger," responded Wharton after a brief investigation. "Ten years ago a tiger carried off their sheep and goats, killed two persons, and would have made short work of the poor old woman if a shikari's well-placed bullet had not saved her."

Of course Marion dropped a handful of pice into the sufferer's extended brown palms, then she declared the black ribbon edged with old gold that encircled her throat made her hot, and tossed it to Bawee, which was childish and extravagant no doubt, but Wharton thought very charming. Even Mr. Lovat looked on with some degree of interest as she let fall more pice over the shoulder of a stupid-looking Thakur man, and watched his expression of surprise slowly give place to satisfaction as the magic word "backsheesh" helped his dull imagination to seize the idea that some one had really given him money and required nothing in return; but the sight became less pleasant to him when his wife's liberality attracted a following of naked brown children, beggars, and curious individuals, and she, in the excitement of the constant demands upon her, plunged her hand into Mr. Wharton's pocket in search of the last remnants of her stock of pice. The action was, to say the least, exceedingly childish and inconsiderate, and as her husband watched her his brow grew dark, and the demon of jealousy that had been hovering around him for days made good its entry into his breast, and cast out peace and confidence, reason and self-control.

"Come!" he said. "It is growing intolerably hot, and I should think you have seen enough of these people by this time. They seem for the most part dirty and stupid."

Those who loved and understood her had usually found it tolerably easy to bend Mrs. Lovat to their wishes, but the least trace of harsh opposition was to her wilful nature like a spark to gunpowder, and her blue eyes flashed and her fair cheeks glowed as she indignantly responded—"Perhaps you would have them buy soap, and combs, and perfumes on five pice a week, and spend the time, when they should be cultivating grain and things for their miserable food, on improving their minds! You have money and servants, food and wine, fine houses and good beds, books and time to read them. They have none of these things, they sleep on a dirty mat, they live in huts we should consider too wretched for our cattle, their poor old people and their little children do not look as if they knew what a sufficient meal meant: some of them have hardly any

clothes, and when they toil miles up steep rocky paths to sell two cucumbers and a handful of beans for five pice, you in your fine clothes think of the breakfast that is waiting for you at home, and despise their nakedness and their dirt, and their scars and their stupidity."

He made no attempt to stop her,—it would have been as easy to stem a mountain torrent,—but when she did pause he told her she was not quite just. The people were less wretched than she imagined, and he, in common with most other persons, was hardly quixotic enough to imagine that any personal sacrifices of his could perceptibly alleviate the mass of poverty and ignorance existing in the world.

"I did not mean you in particular," she said; "I am at least as bad as you, I deny myself nothing; but if I were the Government——"

"Before you dream of governing others you should learn to govern yourself," he responded.

"Yes," she answered meekly, "it is easier to see faults in others than to correct our own. I am tired, let us go home."

Mr. Wharton walked his horse along the dusty road by the side of theirs, and even accompanied them as far as — Lodge, which they had rented furnished, but neither of them asked him to come in, and without exchanging a word they went to their respective dressing rooms to prepare for breakfast. Marion was more silent than usual during the meal, and quite sensible of a new constraint in her husband's manner, but she attributed it to her outburst on the plateau, and thought it had disappeared when after breakfast she leant her two round white arms on his shoulders and kissed him over the back of his chair. Never yet, during the six months of their union, had he resisted a pleading caress of hers, and it did not occur to her that his heart could hold one bitter thought against her, or that during that very moment heaven and hell were warring within him for the mastery.

"Going to take your *siestà*?" she asked as he threw the end of his cigar away and rose from his seat on the verandah.

"Yes," he answered, "and you?"

"I shall lie down a while on the sofa and finish 'Undine' if I do not fall asleep. Of all the stories I have read that seems to be the strangest."

But he was not disposed to discuss "Undine," and closed his chamber door as she finished speaking. It was not to sleep that he sought solitude; the battle in his heart raged too fiercely, and picture after picture passed before his mind's eye as he tossed on his pillows. He saw once more his first wife, the mother of his two children in England. He repassed his life on the plantation with her. She had been older than he, and staid and calm in her feelings and demeanor, and little by little after years spent together, the atmosphere of repression had so modified his outward seeming that when he lost her none knew if he grieved truly for her, or if her death made but a little ripple in his life, and involved only a slight change of habit. He knew well how painful had been the change to him, and how gladly he had left his affairs in the hands of his brother, and turned

his back for a time on the house from which her face and the sound of her voice had vanished for ever. Yet when he had seen Marion Morris he knew that he had not deeply loved Louisa, and that the passion and glory of life had dawned on him now for the first time. He, the man of thirty-five, trembled at the strength of the sensations this romping blooming girl of seventeen had awakened in him. In her childish soul he saw the universe reflected, and in her all the long-repressed passion and romance of his nature had found an object. And she had loved him, why otherwise had she taken him? there were already others who sought her, and she had been no dowerless maiden seeking a settlement. She had left for him a happy home and a father who was loath to let her go. She had brought to him, he thought, all a woman's trusting love, all a child's sweet innocence. She had astonished him by the richness of the treasure he had won, and the depths of feeling she had stirred in him. So much the more bitter had been his first feeling of distrust, so much the more maddening the jealousy that had taken possession of him. The idea that she, his wife, could give one thought to another came to him with the sharp agony of a scorpion's sting. And yet the memory of her kindred's love and trust, of her words in his ear, of her arms around his neck, pleaded for her now. She was a child, and pure and thoughtless as a child. He would take her away, far from the man who had sullied her by a look. They would be alone where he could not penetrate, there would grow up new ties around her, ties that would bind them yet closer together, and the agony of the last few days should be to him as a nightmare that is passed. In this calmer mood he would have gone to her, and carried her all his heart and his trust in a kiss, but he feared to awake her, and while he listened for some movement on her part he fell asleep. The sleep was dreamless and deep, but he was aroused from it by the sound of voices near the closed blinds of his window, her voice and Wharton's, and as he moved noiselessly from his couch and looked through the slats of his blind, he saw her kneeling on the verandah with her head bending over one of the shiny striped lizards that are common at Matheran, and he stooping so near her that the watcher fancied her breath must fan his face, and that it was her presence that brought the color to his cheek and the light to his eye. The sight called up a thousand kindred ones: he saw again Wharton's arm outstretched to help her over some trifling obstruction in her path, he saw her stand once more with him on the edge of Echo Point as she had done the day before. He saw Wharton holding her hat as she twisted up the long shining hair that had broken loose from her comb, and as his mind dwelt on these things, and on the figures before him, jealousy, that terrible form of madness, took full possession of him again. He came out and greeted them calmly, and Wharton at least saw no change in his bearing, but to Marion's finer perception there was a something that told her a cloud was between them, and led her to suppose he had not yet forgiven her.

The unwelcome guest, who had come on foot, took his leave when he heard his hosts intended to be present at the evening service at the little church, and again

some measure of calm came to Mr. Lovat. The demon in his breast fell asleep as he sat by his wife's side in the quiet somnolent atmosphere of the mountain church, where the monotonous voice of the clergyman alternated with the lazy movement of fans and the rustle of women's garments. It slept still as, detaching themselves from the stream of worshippers that left the church at the conclusion of the service, they went arm in arm down the steep long flight of steps that led to the little cemetery, where the graves were few and far between and the place hemmed in and lonely.

"How dark and gloomy it is here!" exclaimed Marion. "If I were to die at Matheran I had rather lie on the open hillside, where there is light and air, than here where the trees stifle me."

"Under a few feet of earth one could hardly have much to do with light and air, and logically I do not see why we should be so much more anxious about our cast-off bodies than we are about our cast-off clothes."

"I never pretended to be logical, and I do not like this cemetery. Promise me I shall never be buried here."

As she clung to his arm he felt a shiver run through her frame, and glancing down at her face in the dim light he fancied it had grown pale and troubled.

"Why, what has come to you, silly child?" he said, drawing her closer to him. "The gloomy spot has begotten gloomy fancies, let us get back to our horses and home before it is quite dark."

"No, it is not the place; I think it is my dream that has chilled me. I fell asleep this afternoon."

"You could not have slept long," he said, frozen again by the remembrance of the visitor he had found with her on awakening from his sleep.

"No, but I had a dream, a horrible one: I held in my hands a wreath of white flowers, like those we saw in the market at Bombay, and suddenly some one—I do not know if it was you, but you seemed to be there—snatched at the chain and it broke, and while I still held it in my hands the center of every flower grew red and from each white blossom fell a drop of blood. Was it not horrible, Mark?"

"Very horrible, but a mere dream after all. Come, let us get out of this dismal hollow. It is still light enough for a canter, and that will help you to shake off your gloomy fancies."

The gallop did cheer Mrs. Lovat, but it had hardly any perceptible effect on her husband, and the heartburnings and troubles of that memorable day were not yet over. The air indeed was so full of explosive elements that any chance spark was liable to produce an explosion, and after they had finished their tête-à-tête dinner and returned to the moonlit verandah the spark came.

"Mark," said Mrs. Lovat, "Mr. Wharton wants us to ride with him to-morrow to Louisa Point. He has been there already and says it is well worth seeing. Don't you wish to go?" she asked, perceiving that a sort of stony rigidity had seized upon her husband and that he made no reply.

"Cannot we go anywhere without that fellow?" he answered as she bent forward to look at him.

"That fellow! Why, he is the most entertaining and best-natured man in the world; I thought you liked him as much as I do."

"I think hardly as much," he said with a hard and bitter laugh, and as she heard it a new light broke in upon her. For a moment she sat stunned and still, and then, in a voice as hard as his own, she asked, "You are not jealous, I presume."

"I hardly do him such honor and you such dishonor as to be jealous of him," said Mr. Lovat, "but I think you will find it hard to convince me that your childish impetuosity does not lead you to give him more praise than he deserves, or that it is quite the thing for young married women to plunge their hands into strange men's pockets."

Marion rose up superbly indignant, her dress gleaming white and her eyes flashing in the moonlight.

"I have no wish to convince you of anything. I have nothing to tell you," she exclaimed. "I shall not stop to excuse or explain what I may have done," and taking up one of the shaded candles that stood on the table in the room behind them she walked into her dressing room, closed the door behind her and locked it, leaving her husband to the agreeable reflection that he had said the very thing he should not have said, and done the thing of all others he should specially have left undone. He retired to his bed penitent and ashamed, and once or twice during that long night, in spite of her closed door and the room that lay between them, he heard his wife's sobs and longed to go to her. The desire became so strong that he did once creep to her door and hazard a light knock, but the sobs ceased at once and she vouchsafed no answer to his signal. His future and hers hung upon that moment if he had only known it. A second knock might have drawn a response from her, or, failing that, he could have entered easily enough by some of the badly secured doors and windows and forced a reconciliation. If he had done so there would have been no tale to tell of them; nothing before them, in all probability, but a quiet domestic life, with an atmosphere of connubial happiness, in which they would grow old together, and see their children and children's children spring up around them. But that was not to be. Love urged him to make a second attempt at reconciliation, but pride and jealousy forbade it,—the morning would be soon enough,—and turning away from the closed door he went back to his own room and sealed her fate and his.

Probably Mrs. Lovat passed a restless night on her dressing room couch, for before it was light her husband heard the splash of the water in her bath, followed by the opening of a door that led to the verandah, and quick steps on the gravel of the garden path. The servants too heard her go out, but they did not venture to follow her, and if they had any fears they were relieved when the sahib, having dressed hurriedly, and without waiting for his cup of tea, went out, to rejoin their mistress, as they supposed.

It was nine o'clock, and the sun was high and bright when Mr. Lovat returned alone. The ayah, who spoke to him to ask at what time he would like breakfast, was struck by a peculiar gray shade that seemed to rest on his face, and which she attributed to his having left the house that morning without his usual tea and toast.

He ordered breakfast to be ready in half an hour, but took no notice of the ayah's question—Was Mem Sahib coming soon? He went into the room in which his wife had passed the night and fastened himself in, came out when they summoned him to breakfast, swallowed a cup of coffee, and told one servant to pack his valise and another to fetch a coolie and a mountain tat. He was going to Bombay, but would not take his own servants or horses with him. They were to remain where they were until he came or sent. "And Mem Sahib?" ventured the ayah once more. The shade on his face grew darker, and it seemed that something rose in his throat and obstructed his speech, but his hesitation was only momentary, and he answered quietly that Mem Sahib would not return there, she was going to Bombay too, and would meet him at the Narel station.

To the servants it was plain enough there had been a serious quarrel, but they were discreet and kept their convictions to themselves, the low castes among them being occupied in the discussion of the neglected breakfast, and all of them regarding the sayings and doings of the "sahib logue" as inexplicable, and therefore not deeply interesting except in their bearing on their own interests. Even when the coolie who had carried down their master's valise returned, and reported that no lady had joined the sahib on the road, and he had left the station alone, the announcement appeared to excite no more than a passing surprise.

(*This Sketch to be continued.*)

ADDRESS TO MY ARYAN SERVITOR.

AIR :—"Mary, I believed thee true."

1
RAMA, I believed thee true,
But was wrong in thus believing;
And now I swear I never knew
Such a *nowkur* for deceiving.

2
Few have e'er surpassed me
In trusting *nowkurs* so sincerely;
And few have e'er deceived like thee,
So now I'll beat thee most severely.

3
As thou weepest, think awhile
On the *sahib* who treasured thee,
And do not fancy that his smile
Will e'er again alight on thee.

4
Fare thee well. 'Tis good for thee
That the words which I have spoken
Allow thee to depart from me
With all thy pay—thy spleen unbroken.

NILKSAJ.

A PASTORAL.

Soon as, with neighbor hinds, I've led
My flocks and herds from stall and shed,
I'll go to-morrow, pretty Frances,
To sell a bullock at the fair,
And buy what serge the fashion fancies,
To make a kirtle for your wear.

There will I buy bright knives for you,
And scissors, and a girdle too,
That purse with pincushion enhances;
And these shall be my gifts. But smile,
And kiss me, I pray thee, pretty Frances,
Once and again this waiting-while.

Then come to-morrow evening back,
When night puts on her garb of black,
And fetch my presents, pretty Frances,
Here in this copse; for surely thus
Not all your mother's prying glances
Shall guide her to discover us.

VAUQUELIN DE LA FRESNAYE,
Translated by W. M. HARDINGE.

QUOTATIONS AND CRITICISMS.

GEORGE CRABBE.

Himself of humble origin, few men have surpassed Crabbe in their descriptions of country life and country scenes ; few have seen deeper into that most intricate of all puzzles, the human heart ; few have satirized more severely human weaknesses, follies, and crimes, and yet a vein of kindly humor and pathetic pity runs through all his writing, and assures us that he was, as he himself said, a hater of crime, but full of compassion for the criminal, and far too sensible of his own weaknesses and shortcomings, to visit his fellow-sinners with harsh condemnation.

Born of poor parents in the county of Suffolk, Crabbe first studied medicine, but obtaining very limited success in that field, and his literary talent having brought him into notice and given him some reason to hope for preferment in the Church, he was ordained in 1782, and from that time enjoyed prosperity and an assured position.

Great powers of imagination or invention he did not possess, but he was the Meissonier of poets, and for minute, incisive, and truthful description of everyday life and character he is unsurpassed ; and the eulogium Byron pronounced on him as "Nature's sternest painter, but her best" is well deserved.

"The Wager," selected from his "Tales," illustrates the peculiarities of his style, and the vigor and skill with which he could delineate character.

THE WAGER.

'Tis thought your deer doth hold you at a bay.

TAMING THE SHREW, Act V., Scene 2.

I choose her for myself,

If she and I are pleased, what's that to you ?

Act V., Scene 2.

Let's send each one to his wife,

And he whose wife is most obedient

Shall win the wager.

Act V., Scene 2.

Now by the world it is a lusty wench,

I love her ten times more than e'er I did.

Act II., Scene 1.

Counter and *Clubb* were men in trade, whose
pains,

Credit, and prudence brought them constant
gains :

Partners and punctual, every friend agreed

Counter and *Clubb* were men who must succeed.

When they had fix'd some little time in life,

Each thought of taking to himself a wife :

As men in trade alike, as men in love

They seem'd with no according views to move ;

As certain ores in outward view the same, [came.

They show'd their difference when the magnet
Counter was vain ; with spirit strong and high,

'Twas not in him like suppliant swain to sigh :

"His wife might o'er his men and maids preside

And in her province be a judge and guide ;

But what he thought, or did, or wish'd to do,

She must not know, or censure if she knew ;

At home, abroad, by day, by night, if he

On aught determined, so it was to be :

How is a man," he ask'd, "for business fit

Who to a female can his will submit ?

Absent a while, let no inquiring eye

Or plainer speech presume to question why ;

But all be silent ; and when seen again

Let all be cheerful—shall a wife complain ?

Friends I invite, and who shall dare t' object,

Ox look on them with coolness or neglect ?

No ! I must ever of my house be head,

And, thus obey'd, I condescend to wed."

Clubb heard the speech—"My friend is nice,"
A wife with less respect will do for me: [said he;
How is he certain such a prize to gain?
What he approves a lass may learn to feign,
And so affect t' obey till she begins to reign;
Awhile complying, she may vary then,
And be as wives of more unwary men:
Beside, to him who plays such lordly part
How shall a tender creature yield her heart?
Should he the promised confidence refuse,
She may another more confiding choose;
May show her anger, yet her purpose hide,
And wake his jealousy, and wound his pride.
In one so humbled who can trace the friend?
I, on an equal, not a slave, depend;
If true, my confidence is wisely placed,
And being false she only is disgraced."

Clubb, with these notions, cast his eye around,
And one so easy soon a partner found.
The lady chosen was of good repute;
Meekness she had not, and was seldom mute:
Though quick to anger, still she loved to smile,
And would be calm if men would wait awhile:
She knew her duty, and she loved her way,
More pleased in truth to govern than obey;
She heard her priest with reverence, and her
spouse
As one who felt the pressure of her vows;
Useful and civil, all her friends confess'd—
Give her her way, and she would choose the best;
Though some indeed a sly remark would make—
Give it her not, and she would choose to take.

All this, when *Clubb* some cheerful months had
spent,
He saw, confess'd, and said he was content.

Counter meantime selected, doubted, weigh'd,
And then brought home a young complying
maid;—
A tender creature, full of fears as charms,
A beauteous nursing from its mother's arms:
A soft, sweet blossom, such as men must love,
But to preserve must keep it in the stove:
She had a mild, subdued, expiring look—
Raise but the voice, and this fair creature shook;
Leave her alone, she felt a thousand fears—
Chide, and she melted into floods of tears;
Fondly she pleaded and would gently sigh,
For very pity, or she knew not why;
One whom to govern none could be afraid—
Hold up the finger, this meek thing obey'd;
Her happy husband had the easiest task—
Say but his will, no question would she ask;
She sought no reasons, no affairs she knew,
Of business spoke not, and had nought to do.

Oft he exclaim'd "How meek! how mild! how
kind!

With her 'twere cruel but to seem unkind;
Though ever silent when I take my leave,
It pains my heart to think how hers will grieve:
'Tis heaven on earth with such a wife to dwell.
I am in raptures to have sped so well;
But let me not, my friend, your envy raise,
No! on my life, your patience has my praise."

His friend, though silent, felt the scorn im-
plied—

"What need of patience?" to himself he cried:
"Better a woman o'er her house to rule
Than a poor child just hurried from her school,
Who has no care, yet never lives at ease;
Unfit to rule, and indisposed to please;
What if he govern? there his boast should end,
No husband's power can make a slave his friend."

It was the custom of these friends to meet
With a few neighbors in a neighboring street;
Where *Counter* oft times would occasion seize
To move his silent friend by words like these:
"A man," said he, "if govern'd by his wife,
Gives up his rank and dignity in life;
Now better fate befalls my friend and me"—
He spoke, and look'd th' approving smile to see.

The quiet partner, when he chose to speak,
Desired his friend "another theme to seek;
When thus they met, he judged that state affairs
And such important subjects should be theirs:"
But still the partner, in his lighter vein,
Would cause in *Clubb* affliction or disdain;
It made him anxious to detect the cause
Of all that boasting—"Wants my friend applause?
This plainly proves him not at perfect ease,
For felt he pleasure, he would wish to please."—
"These triumphs here for some regrets atone,—
Men who are blest, let other men alone."
Thus made suspicious, he observed and saw
His friend each night at early hour withdraw;
He sometimes mention'd *Juliet's* tender nerves,
And what attention such a wife deserves:
"In this," thought *Clubb*, "full sure some
mystery lies—

He laughs at me, yet he with much complies,
And all his vaunts of bliss are proud apologies."

With such ideas treasured in his breast,
He grew composed, and let his anger rest;
Till *Counter* once (when wine so long went round
That Friendship and Discretion both were
drown'd)
Began in teasing and triumphant mood
His evening banter—"Of all earthly good,
The best," he said, "was an obedient spouse,

Such as my friend's—that every one allows ;
 What if she wishes his designs to know ?
 It is because she would her praise bestow ;
 What if she wills that he remains at home ?
 She knows that mischief may from travel come.
 I, who am free to venture where I please,
 Have no such kind preventing checks as these ;
 But mine is double duty, first to guide
 Myself aright, then rule a house beside ;
 While this our friend, more happy than the free,
 Resigns all power, and laughs at liberty."

"By Heaven," said *Clubb*, "excuse me if I swear,
 I'll bet a hundred guineas, if he dare,
 That uncontroll'd I will such freedoms take
 That he will fear to equal—there's my stake."

"A match !" said *Counter*, much by wine inflamed ;
 "But we are friends—let smaller stake be named ;
 Wine for our future meeting, that will I
 Take and no more—what peril shall we try ?"
 "Let's to *Newmarket*," *Clubb* re, lied ; "or choose
 Yourself the place, and what you like to lose ;
 And he who first returns, or fears to go,
 Forfeits his cash.—" Said *Counter*, "Be it so."

The friends around them saw with much delight
 The social war, and hail'd the pleasant night ;
 Nor would they further hear the cause discuss'd,
 Afraid the recreant heart of *Clubb* to trust.

Now sober thoughts return'd as each withdrew,
 And of the subject took a serious view :
 "'Twas wrong," thought *Counter*, "and will grieve my love ;"
 "'Twas wrong," thought *Clubb*, "my wife will not approve ;
 But friends were present ; I must try the thing,
 Or with my folly half the town will ring."

He sought his lady—"Madam, I'm to blame,
 But was reproach'd, and could not bear the shame ;
 Here in my folly—for 'tis best to say
 The very truth—I've sworn to have my way ;
 To that *Newmarket* (though I hate the place,
 And have no taste or talents for a race,
 Yet so it is—well, now prepare to chide—)
 I laid a wager that I dared to ride ;
 And I must go ; by Heaven, if you resist
 I shall be scorn'd, ridiculed, and hiss'd ;
 Let me with grace before my friends appear,
 You know the truth, and must not be severe ;
 He too must go, but that he will of course ;
 Do you consent ?—I never think of force."

"You never need," the worthy dame replied ;
 "The husband's honour is the woman's pride ;
 If I in trifles be the wilful wife,
 Still for your credit I would lose my life ;
 Go, and when fix'd the day of your return,
 Stay longer yet, and let the blockheads learn
 That though a wife may sometimes wish to rule
 She would not make th' indulgent man a fool ;
 I would at times advise—but idle they
 Who think th' assenting husband *must* obey."

The happy man, who thought his lady right
 In other cases, was assured to-night ;
 Then for the day with proud delight prepared
 To show his doubting friends how much he dared.

Counter, who grieving sought his bed, his rest
 Broken by pictures of his love distress'd,
 With soft and winning speech the fair prepared :
 "She all his councils, comforts, pleasures shared,
 She was assured he loved her from his soul,
 She never knew and need not fear control ;
 But so it happen'd—he was grieved at heart,
 It happen'd so, that they awhile must part,
 A little time—the distance was but short,
 And business call'd him ; he despised the sport,
 But to *Newmarket* he engag'd to ride [sigh'd.
 With his friend *Clubb*," and there he stopp'd and

Awhile the tender creature look'd dismay'd,
 Then floods of tears the call of grief obey'd :

"She an objection ! No !" she sobb'd, "not one ;
 Her work was finish'd, and her race was run ;
 For die she must, indeed she would not live
 A week alone for all the world could give ;
 He too must die in that same wicked place ;
 It always happen'd—was a common case ;
 Among those horrid horses, jockeys, crowds,
 'Twas certain death—they might bespeak their shrouds ;
 He would attempt a race, be sure to fall—
 And she expire with terror—that was all ;
 With love like hers she was indeed unfit
 To bear such horror:; but she must submit."

"But for three days, my love ! three days at most—"
 "Enough for me ; I then shall be a ghost."
 "My honour's pledged,"—"Oh, yes, my dearest life,
 I know your honour must outweigh your wife ;
 But, ere this absence, have you sought a friend ?
 I shall be dead—on whom can you depend ?—
 Let me one favor of your kindness crave,
 Grant me the stone I mention'd for my grave."

"Nay, love, attend—why, bless my soul—I say
I will return—there—weep no longer—nay!"

"Well! I obey, and to the last am true,
But spirits fail me; I must die; adieu!"

"What, madam! must? 'tis wrong—I'm angry
—zounds!"

Can I remain and lose a thousand pounds?"

"Go then, my love, it is a monstrous sum,
Worth twenty wives—go, love! and I am dumb—
Nor be displeased—had I the power to live,
You might be angry, now you must forgive;
Alas! I faint—ah! cruel—there's no need
Of wounds or fevers—this has done the deed."

The lady fainted, and the husband sent
For every aid, for every comfort went;
Strong terror seized him; "Oh! she loved so well,
And who th' effect of tenderness could tell?"

She now recover'd, and again began
With accents querulous—"Ah! cruel man—"
Till the sad husband—conscience-struck, confess'd
'Twas very wicked with his friend to jest;
For now he saw that those who were obey'd
Could, like the most subservient, feel afraid;
And though a wife might not dispute the will
Of her liege lord she could prevent it still.

The morning came, and *Clubb* prepared to ride
With a smart boy, his servant and his guide;
When, ere he mounted on the ready steed,
Arrived a letter, and he stopp'd to read.

"My friend," he read—"our journey I decline,
A heart too tender for such strife is mine;
Yours is the triumph, be you so inclined;
But you are too considerate and kind:
In tender pity to my *Juliet's* fears
I thus relent, o'ercome by love and tears;
She knows your kindness; I have heard her say
A man like you 'tis pleasure to obey:
Each faithful wife, like ours, must disapprove
Such dangerous trifling with connubial love;
What has the idle world, my friend, to do

With our affairs? they envy me and you:
What if I could my gentle spouse command,—
Is that a cause I should her tears withstand?
And what if you, a friend of peace, submit
To one you love,—is that a theme for wit?
'Twas wrong, and I shall henceforth judge it
weak

Both of submission and control to speak:
Be it agreed that all contention cease,
And no such follies vex our future peace;
Let each keep guard against domestic strife,
And find nor slave nor tyrant in his wife."

"Agreed," said *Clubb*, "with all my soul
agreed,"

And to the boy, delighted, gave his steed;
"I think my friend has well his mind express'd,
And I assent; such things are not a jest."

"True," said the wife, "no longer he can
hide

The truth that pains him by his wounded pride;
Your friend has found it not an easy thing
Beneath his yoke this yielding soul to bring;
These weeping willows, though they seem
inclined

By every breeze, yet not the strongest wind
Can from their bent divert this weak but stub-
born kind;

Drooping they seek your pity to excite,
But 'tis at once their nature and delight;
Such women feel not; while they sigh and weep,
'Tis but their habit—their affections sleep;
They are like ice that in the hand we hold,
So very melting, yet so very cold;
On such affection let not man rely,
The husbands suffer, and the ladies sigh:
But your friend's offer let us kindly take,
And spare his pride for his vexation's sake;
For he has found, and through his life will find,
'Tis easiest dealing with the firmest mind—
More just when it resists, and, when it yields,
more kind."

LOGIC.

From Texas Siftings.

A few days ago Gilhooly met Uncle Mose on Austin avenue. The old man was looking very gloomy, so Gilhooly asked him what was the matter.

"Old Uncle Nace is done gone. He died las' night."

"What did he die of?"

"Shot in de back wid a pistol."

"Why, I never heard of it!"

"I hasn't turned him ober for ter see, but I reckon dat's what de doctors is gwine ter say. When de President was shot in de back dey said he died ob neuralgia ob de heart, and as old Nace died ob neuralgia ob de heart I reckon somebody must hab shot him in de back."

A CHAT ABOUT TOM HOOD.

By ROBERT HAWTHORN.

Though Shakespeare asks "What's in a name?"

(As if cognomens were much the same)

There's really a very great scope in it?

MISS KILMANSEGG.

True indeed! The name of the gifted author of the above lines can never be heard without tender emotion. It will not, cannot die, albeit its late owner's body has rested in Kensal Green Cemetery these thirty years. He left behind him no uncertain sign. The clear bold strokes of his pen told with as much effect upon the sheets of paper on his desk as the chisel of Michael Angelo upon the blocks of Carrara marble in his studio. His poems are finished with as much taste and truth as the enchanting picture of fruit by Zeuxis, which really deceived birds. Sympathy was his forte. He had but to write and the people hanging upon his pen swayed to and fro with it. Now, like Chibialos, he stirred their souls to passion; now he melted them to pity. Extremes meet; in the breast of our greatest writers the sublime and the ridiculous flow side by side. Who so absurdly comical as Dickens but at the same time so pathetic? The self-same powers move us to laugh in chorus and to weep in unison. He who laughs most heartily with them that laugh weeps most sincerely with them that weep. Both Mirth and Sympathy are contagious, and of the two the latter is the more difficult to excite. Hood was perfect in both branches of his art.

We love his memory because he understood our inmost nature—our heart of hearts. He possessed one great advantage over Dickens: he told his tales in rhyme, thus arriving more directly at the heart—by a short cut as it were.

Who among us can peruse the "Bridge of Sighs" without actually *seeing* each minute circumstance with the mind's eye. Do not we stand in the crowd and watch with interest the poor "unfortunate," and drop a tear of genuine pity over her sad, sad life, and yet sadder death? Ay, verily.

Poetry is strangely diversified. The development of the lofty idea, the majestic swelling of the ambitious thought, the sublime description of Nature in her varied seasons, the delicate picturing of home life in its beautiful simplicity—these are all part and parcel of poetry. But there is yet another manner in which the true poet shines forth most radiantly, expresses himself most happily. It is not so broad a road, nor so straight. Its hedges are not always trimmed with such accurate nicety. Now and again a puddle, maybe, lies in the path. But we can leap over it, or pick our way round, glancing as we go at the dazzling ray of sunlight reflected from its surface. A rest on one of the many lovely grass-plots studded with flowerets amply repays our exertion.

This way Hood frequented. He didn't choose the macadamized turnpike road, but made a track of his own over here a hedge and there a ditch, enjoying thoroughly each breach of etiquette, and though perchance some critical policeman would follow hard upon his heels he always managed to escape. "X 10" was enchanted, fascinated, compelled to let him off scot free: moreover the iron

bracelets would not fit. Britain, with her phlegmatic temperament, her pompous conventionalisms and inflexible circumstantialia, was carried away in spite of herself. After all'said and done, she appreciates a rough and ready run across country more than her stately drive in the park during orthodox hours.

Hood ridiculed the vagaries of fashion, as the "Two Peacocks of Bedford" can testify. He admired order and decency, but freezing formality he could not abide. Deeply he felt for the hard-worked, under-paid sempstress. His "Song of the Shirt" has preached its stirring sermon in a thousand homes, producing in many of them a welcome transformation.

How telling is the "Dream of Eugene Aram"! How awful is the "Visit to the Haunted House"! We cringe and start as we read,

"O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear—
The place is haunted !"

"Miss Kilmansegg," although a Golden Legend, is full of well-directed arrows aiming at the inordinate love of the glittering metal. It is entertaining to a degree! It exhibits a marvellous knowledge of our language. The play upon words therein has rarely or never been equalled. "Gold" is the key-note of the piece. From birth to death, costume, education, love (or rather matrimony), are all impregnated with "gold—yellow gold." Its moral would be obvious even were it not inserted at the close.

Companionless humanity sighs for friendship: occasionally it gets taken in and done for, inasmuch as unprincipled men sometimes pretend friendship for selfish purposes. Their ends gained, they leave former acquaintances in the lurch and form new ones. There are many of us who on looking back over our past life recall to mind times of unrequited affection. We fear that Hood must himself have suffered the agony which deception of this kind causes, otherwise he could never have guessed at the feeling so fitly portrayed in the lines headed

"TO A FALSE FRIEND."

<p>"Our hands have met, but not our hearts, Our hands will never meet again. Friends if we have ever been, Friends we cannot now remain. I only know I loved you once, I only know I loved in vain: Our hands have met, but not our hearts, Our hands will never meet again.</p>	<p>Then farewell to heart and hand: I would our hands had never met, Yet e'en the outward form of love Must be resigned with some regret. Friends we still might seem to be, If I my wrongs could e'er forget. Our hands have joined, but not our hearts: I would our hands had never met!"</p>
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Have you a firm love of the beautiful in Nature—of the mighty mountain and the verdant valley, the rushing river and the trickling streamlet, the grand old ocean and the placid lake? Hood writes charmingly of these and more. Young lady, are you succeeding satisfactorily in the cruel art of flirtation? Are you now leading an unsuspecting mortal to his dolorous doom? Turn to those arguments enumerated in the "Address to a Cold Beauty." If they do not prevail upon you to throw up the cards and begin the game anew, nothing—save a breach of promise—will! Young man, has one of Eve's lovely daughters

played at ball with your susceptible heart? Read the "Romance of Cologne," and take a lesson therefrom. Do not, pray do not commit suicide, though—but choose another blushing damsel. Capture a "fair Ines" or a matchless "Ruth." A truthful, trusting glance from the eyes of the latter will make amends for all.

"The Two Twins" is truly a fairy tale for all ages. Its diction is elegant and graceful, its pathos effective and romantic. Writings such as these do not tire us on a second or even a third perusal. In each line we discover some new delight. Hood is always fresh and sparkling, ever gay and joyous. Even in the midst of a perfect hurricane of tribulation he exhibits a piece of the silver lining of each cloud, and introducing a ludicrous trifle or two creates a running ripple of laughter, and sorrow vanishes like "the sere and yellow leaf" of autumn before the breath of blustering Boreas. Whilst regretting "The Departure of Summer" he introduces the joys and pleasures peculiar to King Winter's reign in glowing terms.

His "Odes and Addresses to Great People" have experienced a most extraordinary sale, and have sustained with complete *sang froid* the attack of unfeeling critics. In the one dedicated—if we may here use that term—to Mr. Graham we have a striking instance of Hood's power of imagination. Not only does he mount up in a balloon himself, but he makes space in the moon's silken car for each and every one of his delighted readers.

No old English gentleman of fourscore could read or listen to his "Ode on a distant prospect of Clapham Academy" but he too must recollect dozens of those important nothings which are veritable things of moment to the schoolboy. And with the poet he wonders what time has done with those in whose society he passed his days some sixty years ago:—

"Alack! they're gone one thousand ways,
And some have perished young.
Jack Baylis drives the 'wane of life,'
And blithe Carew—is hung!

Grave Bowers teaches A, B, C,
To savages at Owbyhee.
Poor Chase is with the worms."

Solomon has sagely remarked that "as face answereth to face in water, so the heart of man to man." This is especially the case with men who have attained celebrity in the same literary rank. And with poets—real poets, not sham-like that one whom Artemus Ward describes to have written "Verses to our Darter, about the roses as growses, and the breezes as blowses"—it is more particularly visible.

For instance Thackeray, in his "Ballad of Bonillabaisse," has similar lines commencing, "Where are you, old companions of early days?" Most of us ruminate over these things, but only one in a million gives his reflections so fortunate an utterance.

We have chatted about our author's writings as memory suggests them. We haven't begun at the beginning, reading without pause from the P in the preface to the S in the *finis*. We don't think he would have done so. Those upon which our conversation has turned are choice specimens culled from volumes of healthy, invigorating efforts of genius. Hood's character may be summed up

in two words—honest, persevering. He told the world his opinion of its doings frankly and unhesitatingly. Pride, vain-glory, hypocrisy, each cowered in turn beneath his vigorous lash, and the breath of life left his feeble body whilst supported in the arms of loving friends: “his brain was busied in composition.”

Born the son of a bookseller May 1799, he died May 1845 one of the most distinguished literary men of whom Britain can boast.

THE OTON-TALA.*

From the “Indian Mirror.”

I.

Late I watched the evening darken
When the sun had gone to rest,
Gone to rest upon his pillow—
On his pillow in the west;
And I saw the Ganga rolling—
Rolling with a mighty sweep,
Rolling onwards, ever onwards—
Rolling to the boundless deep.

II.

Myriad little lights were gleaming,
Gleaming on the silver tide—
Like rich jewel on a garment
They were gleaming far and wide;
Brighter still the lights were gleaming—
Gleaming like Giamschid's gem,
Like the jewels of Istakhar,
On the Ganga's diadem.

III.

And the river sparkled onwards
Dotted with each drifting light,
Looking like the clouds of azure
Studded with the stars at night.
Brighter still each drifting jewel,
Brighter than proud Istakhar's,
Drifting on the silver water,
Oh! it was a Sea of Stars.

IV.

There I saw a Hindu maiden,
In her simple vest and kirtle,—
By the bank I saw the maiden,—
Twining there the gul and myrtle.
Soon she twined them in a garland—
Twined them with her tiny hand,
Placed it on her earthen lamplet,
Sent it drifting from the land.

V.

Then she watched it sailing onwards
Out upon the running stream,
Like a golden cup of Eden
As she'd seen it in her dream;
And a wild and glad emotion
Rose within her swelling breast
As she saw it floating onwards
To the haven of its rest.

VI.

But it drifted into mid-stream—
Drifted there and gurgling sank,¹
And the blue wave closed upon it—
Closed and rippled to the bank;
And the maiden saw the omen—
Saw it with an aching heart,
Read its dark and dreadful meaning,
And that meaning broke her heart.

ORPHE. A. SAVIELLE.

JOSH BILLINGS has found one thing that money cannot buy, and that is the wag of a dog's tail. It is an honest expression of opinion on the part of the dog.

* This epithet, *The Sea of Stars*, might well be applied to certain parts of the Ganges, which in the dusk of the evening is often seen glittering all over with lights. The Hindus offer vows by floating little lamps upon the sacred stream for the safe return of friends and relatives who have gone on dangerous voyages. If the lamp sinks immediately, the omen is considered disastrous; but if it goes shining down the stream, and continues to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object is considered as certain.—*Vide Grandore's Voyage in the Indian Ocean.*

VOLTAIRE.

In his *Life of Voltaire* Mr. James Parton says:—"He (Voltaire) went to bed about ten, and usually slept until five in the morning. Barbara, his housekeeper, whom he used to call *bonne-Baba*, would then come into his room and bring in his breakfast, which was ordinarily coffee and cream. 'Another day, my *bonne-Baba*,' he would say when she appeared, 'to-morrow, perhaps, you will be no longer troubled about me. When I shall be out yonder, asleep in my tomb, there will be no more bother of getting my breakfast, nor fear of being scolded.' One day, Duvernet adds, after she had brought him his coffee and gone out again, he took it into his head to perfume the coffee from a bottle of rose-water at his side. This mixture immediately produced nausea and palpitation. He rang violently, and Baba, terrified, ran to him as fast as she could. 'What is the matter, then, monsieur?' she cried on entering. 'My good Baba,' said he, 'I am in the agonies of death. I put some rose-water into my coffee and it is killing me!' She replied, 'Oh, monsieur, with all your *esprit* you are sillier than your own turkeys.' 'I know it well, good Baba,' he replied; 'but you, who are a woman of good sense, hinder me from dying!' He was speedily relieved, and the story remained one of the numerous jests of the château."

The same author says of Mlle. Reine Philiberte de Varicourt, the young lady whom Voltaire saved from life in a convent, and adopted with the full consent of his niece Mme. Denis—"She made herself the solace and charm of his existence, enlivening every day, adorning every festival, greeting him with caresses in the morning, and giving brilliancy and gladness to the evening. At the fête of St. Francis, celebrated every year in Ferney by the whole colony with great enthusiasm, she shone with engaging lustre, walking in the procession adorned with flowers, and carrying in her hand a basket containing her two pet doves with white wings and rosy feet, smiling and blushing as she passed.

"She loved to wait upon him. He had contrived a hanging-desk over his bed, which he could lower or raise at pleasure, upon which were placed all the means of continuing his work at any hour, day or night. It was her hand that put this apparatus in order at night, and arranged his bed as he liked to have it. She took charge of the minor needs and habits of the old man; while he, on his part, loved to give her lessons in dancing, and to show her how the great ladies of the court paid their homage to the king and queen. On his table he always kept a box with money in it for the poor, and now this store was given in charge to Belle-et-Bonne (Mlle. Varicourt). 'She is,' he would say, using a convent expression, 'my *sœur du pot*,' and she carried the purse of the poor *ex officio*. It was remarked by the household that in her presence he was never in ill-humor, and that in the midst of his demonstrative and harmless anger if she appeared upon the scene the tempest was instantly stilled. 'You put me upon good terms with myself,' he would say to her. 'I cannot be angry before you.' When she entered in the morning he would say sometimes 'Good-morning, *belle nature*,' as he kissed her forehead. She, apt to catch the humor of the place, would reply, as she kissed his cheek, 'Good-morning, *mon*

dieu tutélaire ! ' He wondered how she could be willing to place her smooth young face against his death's-head, and when she repeated the application he would say it was Life and Death embracing.* Not the least of her triumphs was that she could be all this to the uncle and yet retain the lively affection of the niece."

THE SLIM TEACHER.

HOW HE MANAGED THE SCHOOL AT CRANBERRY GULCH.

From the San Francisco Bulletin.

"Mister, no doubt you have all the learnin' that's required in a school teacher, but it wants more than learnin' to make a man able to teach school in Cranberry Gulch. You'll soon find that out if you try. We've had three who tried it on. One lays there in the graveyard; another lost his eye; the last one opened school and left before noontime, for the benefit of his health. He hasn't been back since. Now you're a slender build, and all your learnin' will only make it worse, for all our young folks are roughs, and don't stand no nonsense."

This was what one of the trustees of the district said to my friend Harry Flotoe when he applied for the vacant post of teacher.

"Let me try. I know I am slender, but I am tough and have a strong will," said Harry.

"Jest as you like. There's the schoolhouse, and I'll have the notice given if you want it done," said the trustee.

"I do," said Harry, "and I'll open next Monday at 9 A.M."

The notice was given, and there was a good deal of excitement in the gulch and along the Yuba flats. More than fifty young people of both sexes made an excuse to drop into the tavern to get a sight at the fellow who thought he could keep school in that district, and many a contemptuous glance fell on the slender form and youthful face of the would-be teacher.

Eight o'clock on Monday morning came, and Harry Flotoe went down to the schoolhouse with a key in one hand and a valise in the other.

"Ready to slope if he finds we're too much for him," said a cross-eyed, broad-shouldered fellow of eighteen.

The schoolhouse was unlocked, and the new teacher went to his desk. Some of the folks went to see what he was going to do, though school was not called.

Harry opened his valise and took out a large belt. Then after buckling it around his waist he put three Colt's navy revolvers there, each six barrels, and a bowie knife eighteen inches in the blade.

"Thunder! he means business!" muttered the cross-eyed chap.

The new teacher now took out a square card about four inches each way, walked to the other end of the schoolhouse, and tacked it up against the wall. Returning to his desk he drew a revolver from his belt, and, quick as thought,

* Duverniet, page 435.

sent ball after ball into the card till there were six balls in a spot not much larger than a dollar.

By this time the schoolhouse was half full of large boys and girls. The little ones were afraid to come in.

Then the teacher walked halfway down the room with a bowie knife in his hand and threw it with so true a hand that it stuck, quivering, in the centre of the card.

He left it there, and quietly put two more of the same kind in his belt and reloaded his yet smoking pistol.

"Ring the bell; I am about to open school."

He spoke to the cross-eyed boy, the bully of the crowd, and the boy rang the bell.

"The scholars will take their seats; I open school with a prayer," he said, sternly, five minutes later.

The scholars sat down silently, almost breathless. After the prayer the teacher cocked a revolver and walked down on the floor.

"We will arrange the classes," he said. "All who can read, write, and spell will rise. Of them we will form the first class."

Only six got up. He escorted them to upper seats, and then he began to examine the rest. A whisper was heard behind him. In a second he wheeled, revolver in hand—

"No whispering allowed here!" he thundered, and for an instant his revolver lay on a level with the cross-eyed boy's head.

"I'll not do so any more," gasped the bully.

"See you do not. I never give a second warning," said the teacher, and the revolver fell.

It took two hours to organize the classes, but when done they were all organized.

Then came recess. The teacher went out too, for the room was crowded and hot. A hawk was circling overhead, high in the air. The teacher drew his revolver, and the next second the hawk came tumbling down among the wondering scholars.

From that day on Harry kept school for two years in Cranberry Gulch; his salary doubled after the first quarter, and his pupils learned to love as well as respect him, and revolvers were out of sight within a month.

They had found a man at last who could keep school. This is a fact.

A CYNICAL Benedict says that one gets an adequate idea of the desperate straits to which Ruth was reduced in the land of Moab only by remarking that she clave unto her mother-in-law.

"NEVER milk while the cow is eating," is the advice of a bucolic contemporary. Judging by the character of much of the milk that comes to market, it would be more to the point never to milk while the cow is drinking.

BEE-CULTURE.

IN the June number of the *Orient* we strongly advocated bee-culture in India, and gave some practical information as to the management of the lively and useful little insect. We now quote an interesting article on the same subject from the pages of our esteemed contemporary, the *Indian Spectator* :—

A valued friend at home sends us the following note, which is at the service of our readers. To our Missionary friends in different parts of the country we send a number of copies, hoping the little matter will interest them. Other worldly-minded people too might do worse than looking into the matter, which is likely, in the end, to prove more profitable than many a gold-mining concern in India.

"In India, so far as I know, there is no bee-culture except amongst jungle-wallas, and your only bee-master is the hairy Bheel. Nevertheless, India needs more variety in its rural pursuits; and it seems to me the ryot might as easily tame bees sufficiently to get their produce under his control, as he can turn the tusser silk moth to account, which Major Coussmaker is taking too many years to domesticate. By way of roundabout illustration to the general remark on apiculture, I will send you a leaf or two from the *Journal of Horticulture and Cottage Garden*, which contains, copied from your contemporary the *Ceylon Observer*, a long and lively account by Mr. Frank Benton, an enthusiastic bee-master, of his pursuit and capture in the Bambarayala Mountains of Ceylon of two colonies of the *Apis dorsata*. This creature is described as 'the most marvellous and most valuable bee of the world.' Mr. Benton took his specimens of this precious bee tribe to the Levant, intending apparently to settle them at Cyprus, but he was detained at Beyrout, where they died. This seems like an anti-climax, but not so for my purpose. Please take the extract, which reappears in its English form after having gone through a German translation, hand it to one of your natural-history-and-cottage-industry-minded contributors, and see if he cannot draw a moral for the benefit of the Deccan ryot or the Guzerat Kunbi. With very simple inexpensive appliances the *Apis dorsata* or other prolific producing bees might be induced to hive near the ryot's homestead, and by their wax and honey add largely to the cultivator's income. In your climate there is no long winter in which the bees must hybernate and be fed whilst idle. They can store their cells literally all the year round, and as wherever there is forest or jungle within a few miles the bees can find unfailing supplies of raw material to work upon, to say nothing of the fields where the millet, oil plants and cotton are found, the aggregate production of domesticated bees' products might come to form a new resource for the villagers, with an expenditure of the least possible amount of capital. But the ryot will have to be taught: who will do this for him—the Missionary, the Mamlatdar, the Collector, or the Bania who will have to buy the wax and honey? Perhaps only amongst the first of these classes will men be found self-denying enough to take the trouble to act as bee-masters for Kunbi-gaum; but if any one is inclined thus to act as pioneer in this promising line of rural industry let him apply to Mr. Alfred Neighbun of

Regent Street (who sends the communication about the Ceylon bee to the above-named journal), who, from the large variety of hives and contrivances that his firm has been inventing and sending out for many years past, could easily select one or two inexpensive bee boxes which might serve as models for the still cheaper materials that could be worked up in the Indian village. Now try if you cannot start this new line of rural industry."

FUNERAL OF THE BRITISH FLAG.

(*From the Pall Mall Gazette.*)

The *Transvaal Argus* of the 6th of August contains a long account of a ceremony which took place on the 3rd in Pretoria. A number of Englishmen there had decided to "commit to the earth the emblem of their country's greatness." This was regarded as a "solemn and emphatic protest against the treatment which British subjects and the British flag have received at the hands of the British Government." The funeral was arranged to take place as nearly as possible at the time when it was expected that the convention would be signed. A vehicle draped with black was provided, drawn by two horses clothed in sables. Inside the carriage a raised platform was placed to receive the coffin, upon the lid of which the following inscription was placed: "In Loving Memory of the British Flag in the Transvaal, who Departed this Life on the 2nd August 1881, in her Fifth Year. 'In other climes none knew thee but to love thee.' Resurgam." The coffin which contained the flag was placed upon the platform provided, amid the deepest silence and the uncovered heads of the people assembled. About 350 white people followed the hearse, and a large number of Kaffir chiefs and their retinues fell in, making the total number about 600 in the procession. On arrival at the grave the coffin was taken from the hearse and lowered into the place prepared for it "with the greatest reverence and decorum," and an oration was delivered referring to the glories associated with the British flag for a thousand years—a flag now "laid low in the dust, wounded to the heart by an unkind thrust, shorn of a portion of her honor." At the head of the grave was placed a tombstone bearing the same inscription as that on the coffin.

From Lines to T. L. H., six years old, during a sickness :—

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid
Thy heart in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears—
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

To say 'He has departed'—
'His voice'—'His face'—*is gone*;
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on;
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe
Unless I felt this sleep ensue
That it will not be so.

LEIGH HUNT.

AMERICAN LUXURY.

We quote the following para. from the *N. Y. Sun*:—

“THE DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS MINSTREL—HER BRIDAL ROBE AND
COSTLY PRESENTS.

“Marie Florence Bryant, eldest daughter of the late comedian and minstrel Dan Bryant, was married in St. Louis on Wednesday last to James Bernard Reilly, the son of a wealthy railroad contractor of Lancaster, Pa. The ceremony was performed in St. John's Roman Catholic Church at 7 o'clock in the morning. The two little sisters of the bride, Nellie and Teresa, approached the sanctuary in advance of the bride. They wore Watteau dresses of pink striped glacé, the full paniers and long bodices being trimmed with Valenciennes lace, also large Leghorn hats with white plumes. They carried baskets of white carnations and rosebuds, and were followed by Mrs. Dan Bryant and her father, and other members of the family. The bride's dress, as described by a St. Louis reporter, “was all of the finest real Valenciennes lace, the diaphanous muslin that made its foundation being completely concealed by the waves of lace that as flounces and ruffles covered the skirt and mingled with medallions of embroidery outlining the short scarf that swept across the front, its curve followed by a long garland of pond lilies, their open golden-hearted cups and creamy buds half folded in their own green calices, trimmed with the drooping bells of the pure white lilies of the valley, falling fringe-like to mingle with fine lace ruffles that covered the tablier of this charming dress. The lace draperies of the back were caught into *bouffant* fullness by clusters of the pond lilies, and the corsage of the high-cut bodice was quite covered from throat to waist by a cluster and trailing sprays of the graceful garniture. The beauty of the rounded and dimpled arms could not be concealed by the long lace sleeves, nor could the folds of the voluminous tulle veil that completely covered the face and form of this girlish bride do more than add a modest grace to the chasteness of her toilet, and soften the rosy blushes of her lovely face, whose clear-cut features had all the purity of outline called ‘classic.’ She wore no jewels except a pair of great diamond solitaires at her ears, the gift of the groom.”

The St. Louis *Republican* adds :

“The trousseau of this bride was a marvel of beauty and elegance. It is rich in laces, and of notable worth is a set of point d'Alençon, including an overdress, flounce, parasol crown, handkerchief, and fichu collar. A set of six real lace curtains is among the laces sent from Paris. All the underclothing was made in Paris, and the stockings were manufactured especially for Marie Bryant, the harp of Erin embroidered as a shield for the monogram that is wrought on every pair. The bridal hose were of pearl white silk Valenciennes lace let in, and the spans between, across the instep and ankle, embroidered in lilies with real gold thread. The harp and its monogram on those dainty hose were worked in gold thread.

SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH.

A WRITER in an English journal gives the following :—

The first is a *critique* of Dickens's "David Copperfield," written on the last sheet of that popular novel :—"I surprize that this book's author being the composer of many other novels has got such a style without taste. Though its style is very regularly made, yet the mind of the reader is never willing to see even a page thoroughly. It seems to me that its author was not an intelligible. Those difficulties which I suffered during the course of the study of this idle book I can't express them. Sometimes the wretched author tries to write and deliver some oration, yet suddenly he falls in a pit of dullness. In short, this book is quite an unpleasing to the heart of the glowing heart. Let the reader see and confess my observation.—S.S.R."

The last of the selections is a letter addressed to the editor of a paper in India :—"Honored Sir,—By the death of my male parent's the cares of my innumeros famillies has devolved on my poor helpless sholders to meat the wants of their bellys of all sizes, viz., from small children's to biggest individuals. But how can I do this onores duty when I am not able to give satisfaction to my own belly, which remains hungry for want of proper nourishments so undispsable to sustain the mortality of my vital breath, as Coper has said in his potry. If you will give me any situasion; I shall do my duties to plees you in this world and in the next. I have passed the Entrance of University but no gentlemens takes heed to me in providing birth. By your doing so you can be thus my male parents for helping. Hoping you will send erly replies, I am yours faithful obedient ———"

There are some other specimens, and an interspersed running commentary on all; but what we have culled will, we hope, amuse our readers without being tiresome.—*Calcutta Magazine*.

A fit pendant to the above is the following quotation from a rather long letter sent to the *Indu Prakash* and published in a recent issue of that paper :—

"It is indeed, Sir, to be pitied, that our educated Natives have taken so much fancy to theatrical performances in these days. To my own experience I found this art decidedly with unconquerable charms, but indisputably not to be of very great use. Perhaps on the contrary it may work up some bad effects in young minds, such as we mostly see in these so-called Educated Theatrical Societies. To think on the wretched condition at least of those who act for the fair ones is indeed a task very painful to any human being. Who can tell of what use will their womanish actions and gesticulations, studied with the minutest care, be in their future path of life, the difficulties and horrors of which they little guess now? What! Will the soft tread of footsteps, the enchanting contortions of their lively eyes, the modest and bewitching way of handling their ५५८, and other actions, I say, be of any use to these young lads, who have fallen into this horrible pitfall, what by their own folly and what by the peculiar influence created by the undue importance given to Dramas by our educated circle? What indeed might have driven our men so much on this side can only be guessed by

themselves. For I myself with all my might and main tried the utmost to come to it. But I am sorry to say that I could conceive nothing of it. The more I mused on this the more it drove me to the reverse. My musings had on me so great an effect that they made me the hater of Dramas, while they proved to me to be peculiarly injurious to individual morality. They have also made me bold enough to believe that should any one happen to think on this subject he would invariably agree with me. To enumerate the disadvantages arising from Dramas would be encroaching too much upon the valuable space of your paper. What should be then the aims of these educated Dramatists? 'Entertainment' might perhaps flutter as an answer on the lips of some men. Entertainment !!! If it indeed be an entertainment, I ask them if there be no other honorable entertainment than this evil-producing one. Has reading indeed no charms worth attention? Can writing produce no influence? Have other arts lost their spell? Have not other manly exercises anything entertaining and useful in them? Why should then these vain persons be addicted so fondly to this particular vice? What! is man born but to do such things? Is he only to acquire money at the cost of anything? Is he ever to be blind to his own good and to that of his countrymen? Shame! shame!! indeed!!! to you, you learned Dramatists!"

ROLL CALL.

(From the Argonaut.)

"Corporal Green?" the Orderly cried.

"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,

From the lips of the soldier who stood near;

And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then silence fell—

This time no answer followed the call;

Only his rear man had seen him fall,

Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,

These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,

As plain to be read as open books,

While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hillsides was splashed with
blood

And down in the corn where the poppies grew,

Were redder stains than the poppies knew,

And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side

That day in the face of a murderous fire,

That swept them down in its terrible ire,

And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call there came

Two stalwart soldiers into the line,

Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,

Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered "Here!"

"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.

They were brothers, these two; the sad wind
sighed,

And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:

"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said;

"Where our ensign was shot I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;

I paused a moment and gave him drink;

He murmured his mother's name, I think,

And death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory, yes, but it cost us dear—

For that company's roll, when called at night,

Of a hundred men who went into the fight,

Numbered but twenty that answered "Here!"

"AMANTHA," he murmured, with pathos in his voice, "why do you quiver at my touch? Why do you shrink from my embrace as the startled fawn-trembles at the rustling of the autumn leaves?" "I've been vaccinated," she replied.

PANTHER-HUNTING.

A CORRESPONDENT of a prominent N. Y. paper writing from Monticello, N. Y., says :—

“Panther-hunting was a favorite pastime fifty years ago in this county. I shot a panther on the headwaters of the Neversink when I was twelve years old. We used to have dogs trained on purpose to hunt this game. It was hard to get a dog with pluck enough for the sport. A man who had a good panther-dog was the envy sometimes of the whole region. They were scarce, and a good one would be in demand from all parts of the county. Sam Darbee, who lived in Rockland, had a dog sixty years ago that was the best one for panthers ever in the county. He wouldn't hunt anything else. He got killed in a funny way. Darbee had a fox-trap set in his barnyard. It was covered over with chaff. One night he heard a panther yelling in a piece of woods on the edge of which his doghouse was built. He got up, took his gun and dog, and went out to kill the animal, which he knew was prowling around after a calf or sheep. He had hardly stepped out of his door when he saw the panther bounding toward his barnyard. He fired and hit it just as it leaped over the log enclosure. Maje, the dog, followed the panther into the yard, and pounced upon it. The dog was well posted in the tactics of these animals, but he had scarcely commenced the fight when he struck both forefeet in the fox-trap. The trap closed on him, and before Darbee had arrived on the scene the panther had torn Maje to pieces. A second shot killed the panther. But Darbee never got over the way his dog fell a victim to its foe, and never set another fox-trap in his life.

“There were some famous panther-hunters in Sullivan County in those days. Besides Darbee there were the Overtons, Peter Stewart, Cyrus Dodge, Nelson Crocker, and many others. Peter Stewart is still alive, I believe, and must be getting along toward ninety years of age. He lives in Rockland, where he was born. The narrative of his adventures would make a book. I suppose that Cyrus Dodge killed more panthers on one single hunt than any other hunter that ever lived. He killed seven in less than one hour. He was hunting one day in the spring of 1818, and when in the neighborhood of Long Pond discovered a panther's den. It had two kittens in it, the old panthers being away on a foraging expedition. He took both the young ones and started home with them, placing them inside his hunting shirt. He hadn't gone far before he heard the mother yelling behind him. He knew he was in for a fight, and placed himself in a position to do his best. Pretty soon the panther came tearing along through the woods. When she caught sight of Dodge she bounded to within thirty feet of him and couched for a spring. He shot her, but did not kill her. Her cries were terrible, and Dodge knew that in a short time any other panthers there might be in the vicinity would hasten to the scene. She was disabled, and another shot put an end to her. Then Dodge made for the pond, which was a half-mile or so away. Cries from all sides told him that he was not yet through with his work. By the time he reached the pond he could hear panthers leaping through the branches of the trees. A panther

will not enter water. Dodge waded out as far as he could and prepared for business. Within gunshot of him he discovered five large panthers in the trees. He killed one at the first fire. The loud mewing of the kittens under his shirt could evidently be heard by the old panthers, for none of them left the spot at the sound of the gun. They bounded frantically in the branches, and two of them rushed to the water's edge and shrieked and lashed their tails in fury. Dodge shot both of these, and killed the other two, and two more that reinforced them, without leaving his place in the pond. The skin of the largest of these panthers is still preserved by the family. Dodge took the kittens home, but as they grew they became so savage that they had to be killed."

"GO, LOVELY ROSE!"

Go, lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee—
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Edmund Waller.

THE ÆSTHETE TO THE ROSE.

Go, flaunting Rose,
Tell her that wastes her love on thee
That she naught knows
Of the new Cult, Intensity,
If sweet and fair to her you be.

Tell her that's young,
Or who in health and bloom takes pride,
That bards have sung
Of a new youth, at whose sad side
Sickness and pallor aye abide.

Small is the worth
Of Beauty in crude charms attired,
She must shun mirth,
Have suffered, fruitlessly desired,
And wear no flush by hope inspired.

Then die, that she
May learn that Death is passing fair;
May read in thee
How little of Art's praise they share
Who are not fallow, sick, and spare!

Punch.

ODDS AND ENDS.

MORE TO THE POINT.—They say that Fanny Parnell can out-talk her brother. Ay, but can she *talk out* her brother?

WHO'S GOT THE LAST?—Aunt Towzer very properly surmises that if many more Irish Leaguers take to running, the seven League boots won't go far. Why didn't the League supply more?—*Funny Folks.*

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says what's the good of knowing geography when she has bought half-a-dozen maps of the world and can't find the Specific Ocean on any one of them?—*Punch.*

ARTISTIC POLITENESS.—A lady with a fatal squint came once to a fashionable artist for her portrait. He looked at her and she looked at him, and both were embarrassed. He spoke first. "Would your ladyship permit me," he said, "to take the profile? There is a certain shyness about your ladyship's eyes which is as difficult in art as it is fascinating in nature."

SOLD!—Neighbor's Pretty Daughter: How much is this a yard?—Draper's Son (desperate "spoons" on her): Only one kiss.—N. P. D.: I will take three yards. *Grandma will pay.*

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"THE ORIENT."

DECEMBER NUMBER.

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